

# **THE PSALMS OF DAVID**

**CHRISTOPHER SMART**

**1765**

**Wipf and Stock Publishers**  
**Bible Versions Reproduction Series: Volume #81**

**PSALMS OF DAVID**

**A TRANSLATION**

**Attempted in the Spirit of Christianity, and adapted to the Divine Service**

**Translated by: CHRISTOPHER SMART**

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Jim Baden shares the reverence for Scripture that has moved the leaders of our Society to give so freely of their time and energy for the past thirty-five years. He has profound respect and gratitude for the heroes and heroines of Bible translation—from Wycliffe and Tyndale down to the present time—who worked so hard, even sometimes at the risk of life—to make the Bible so readily available to the world today. Like other members of the ISBC, Jim regards the Bible as more than just a great book to be collected. To use his own words, he speaks of the Scriptures as "God's method of communicating with his intelligent creatures . . . to be most carefully read and contemplated to discover its meaning and value for life in the present and future."

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P S A L M S O F D A V I D,  
ATTEMPTED IN THE  
S P I R I T O F C H R I S T I A N I T Y,  
AND ADAPTED TO THE  
D I V I N E S E R V I C E.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, A. M.  
SOME TIME FELLOW OF PEMBROKE HALL, CAMBRIDGE,  
AND SCHOLAR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

*Τὰς ψαλμοὺς δ' ἑξήκων, ὃ ἀνέθεν, ὁ ἱερεὺς τῶν βασιλῶν τοῦ Δαβὶδ.*

Rev. iii. 7.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXV.





A

T R A N S L A T I O N

O F T H E

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A 2

**I**N this translation, all expressions, that seem contrary to Christ, are omitted, and evangelical matter put in their room;—and as it was written with an especial view to the divine service, the reader will find fundry allusions to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, which are intended to render the work in general more useful and acceptable to congregations.

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A

# TRANSLATION

OF THE

# PSALMS OF DAVID.

## PSALM I.

**T**HE man is blest of God thro' Christ,  
Who is not by the world intic't,  
Where broader ruin lies;  
Nor has descended to a seat,  
Where scoffers at the gospel meet,  
Their Saviour to despise.

But for himself is wise to chuse  
God's holy law, which he pursues  
With all his means and might;  
This as his exercise he takes,  
And working morn and midnight makes  
His duty his delight.

He like the tree, that bow'ring wide  
Upon the river's sunny side  
Has timely fasten'd root;  
Shall duly each succeeding year,  
In beauty and abundance rear  
His bud, his bloom, and fruit.

His leaf shall spread a lasting shade,  
Of ever-green that may not fade,  
Or wear a languid hue;  
And look ye forward to his end,  
Success shall every work attend,  
He takes in hand to do.

But otherwise with those it fares,  
Whose life against the gospel dares,  
And with their impious race;  
They like the chaff from off the land  
Shall by dispersing winds be fann'd,  
From earth's offended face.

The sinners therefore shall be far  
From confidence, when at the bar  
Of God's tribunal tried;  
Nor can the folk, with hearts unsound,  
Asssemble to maintain their ground  
With men to Christ allied.

For God his special grace bestows  
On him, whose work and way he knows,  
The perfect man and just;  
But not a path of the profane,  
Nor shall a monument remain  
To frowardness and lust.

## PSALM II.

**W**HY do the heathen zealots rage,  
So boist'rous and so blind;  
And all the people pre-engage  
To vanity their mind?

B

The kings upon their God have warr'd,  
 Assembling all their might;  
 And worldly pow'rs against the Lord,  
 And Christ his Son unite.

Let us, each impious rebel cries,  
 Their bonds in sunder break;  
 We will not hold us to their ties,  
 Nor such salvation seek.

He that in heav'n supports his reign,  
 Of spotless virgin born,  
 Shall give them blessing for disdain,  
 And charity for scorn.

Then shall he make his day-spring shine  
 In evangelic peace;  
 And sinners from the wrath divine,  
 Thro' faith in him release.

I chose my king, whose worth and weight,  
 Have all compeers excell'd;  
 And, Zion, on thy topmost height  
 His coronation held.

This is my gospel and my lot,  
 That God himself should say—  
 "Thou art my Son whom I begot,  
 "And magnify this day."

Desire, and I thy boon will bless,  
 And open to thy knock;  
 All earth thy pasture to possess,  
 And all mankind thy flock.

Their fictitious gods of brass and stone,  
 Thine iron rod shall wound;  
 Like vessels of dishonour thrown,  
 And trample'd on the ground.

Be wise now therefore, O ye kings,  
 From blood and rapine pause;  
 And come to learn celestial things,  
 Ye judges of the laws.

Come in the Christian cause sincere  
 Your services employ,  
 With godly love, and manly fear,  
 And with angelic joy,

Embrace the doctrine and the priest,  
 In which ye shall not die;  
 And bidden to the bridegroom's feast,  
 With lively faith comply.

## P S A L M III.

**L**ORD, how my bosom foes increase,  
 How num'rous their allies;  
 The troublers of my peace  
 In multitudes arise!

For many a taunting wretch I grieve,  
 That scoff at God, and say,  
 'Tis hopeless to believe,  
 Nor is there fruit to pray.

But thou, Lord Jesus, art my fort  
 From every hostile dread;  
 My worship and support  
 Of this my drooping head.

When to the Lord my voice I sent  
 My hardships to recount,  
 A gracious ear he lent  
 From out his holy mount.

For due repose my couch I press'd,  
 And rose to pray'r again;  
 For God my slumbers bless'd,  
 My spirit to sustain.

Thro' him I will not be dismay'd,  
 Tho' thousand thousands rage;  
 And rank and file array'd  
 Domestic warfare wage.

Up, Lord, and as my foes rebel,  
 Let thy controuling might  
 Their fierce attacks repel,  
 And disannul their spite.

Salvation is from God to man,  
 Whom he delights to spare;  
 Our host from rear to van  
 His gen'ral blessing share.

## P S A L M IV.

**T**O the call of pressing need,  
 Christ my righteousness repair;  
 Thou, whose blood my bondage freed,  
 With compassion hear my pray'r.

O ye sons of sinful dust,  
 Will ye still my fame belye;  
 As for vanities ye lust,  
 And to fond delusion fly?

Know ye this, that God has made  
 Men of piety his choice;  
 Wherefore, when I call for aid,  
 He will hearken to my voice.

Flee from sin, and stand in awe,  
 Sift thyself to curb thy will;  
 To thy private pray'r withdraw,  
 To thy conscience and be still.

Offer thou the righteous gift,  
 Which sincerity bestows:  
 All your thoughts to Jesus lift,  
 And in God your trust repose.

Some have made an impious doubt,  
 And descending grace withstood;  
 Saying, who shall help us out,  
 And describe the way to good?

Lord, do thou the blind illumine,  
 From thy glorious presence dart  
 Rays of light to clear the gloom,  
 That surrounds the harden'd heart.

Thou hast made my joy compleat,  
 Since thro' thee my people thrive;  
 Such a crop of choicest wheat,  
 So much wine and oil they hive.

On my peaceful pillar thrown,  
 I myself of rest assure;  
 For 'tis thou, O Lord, alone,  
 In whose help I dwell secure.

## P S A L M V.

**W**EIGH the words of my profession,  
 Lord, in thine indulgent scale;  
 Of a father's prepossession,  
 Let my thoughts themselves avail.

Give my suppliant voice the hearing,  
 To mine orisons repair;  
 For my God, my king appearing,  
 At thy shrine I make my pray'r.

At the dawn of morning soaring,  
 Thou shalt hear my voice betimes;  
 Lifted eyes and hands imploring,  
 As my soul herself sublimizes.

For thou hast no inclination  
 To the vicious and the vain;  
 Nor in thy blest habitation  
 Shall a wicked thought remain.

Worldly fools and self-deceivers  
 Shall not rank within thy sight;  
 Impious men and unbelievers  
 Are offensive to the light.

Him that makes a lye his study,  
 And against his Saviour wars,  
 Men of subtle minds and bloody,  
 In his nature God abhors.

But my soul, in full persuasion  
 Of thy mercy, shall be meek;  
 And at all times take occasion  
 In thy church thy grace to seek.

In thy righteousness direct me,  
 Lord, because my friends are few;  
 Clear my passage, and protect me,  
 In the path that I pursue.

For with faithless lips they flatter,  
 And their speeches frame with art,  
 Clean without the cup and platter,  
 Foul within the head and heart.

With their breath their throats are tainted,  
 To the quick their conscience stung;  
 Yet like tombs inscrib'd and painted,  
 They dissemble with their tongue.

Save them, Jesu, lest they perish  
 Thro' their own debas'd conceit;  
 Give them Christian hope to cherish,  
 And the tempter to defeat.

And with thanks their praises blending,  
 Let thy faithful saints be glad,  
 For their innocence defending,  
 Thou their souls in joy hast clad.

To the good thou wilt be gracious,  
 In the fort or in the field;  
 And with kindness efficacious  
 Shalt protect him as a shield.

#### P S A L M VI.

O Gracious God, rebuke me not,  
 What time thy wrath is at the height;  
 Nor as resentment waxes hot,  
 Let David feel its weight.

O Lord, have mercy on my groans,  
 Let mine infirmities be spar'd;  
 My Saviour heal me, for my bones  
 Are harass'd and impair'd.

My troubled spirits also droop  
 With all that puts my frame in fear;  
 But how much longer must I stoop  
 To trials so severe?

O captain of salvation, turn  
 My vessel from the nether lake,  
 Let mercy stand upon the stern  
 For my Redeemer's sake.

For all that grace and goodness gave,  
 What men in death a sense retains;  
 And who from forth th' ungrateful grave  
 Shall raise the sacred strains?

In this my lamentable plight,  
 Ev'n unto weariness I weep;  
 And all the melancholy night  
 My couch in tears I sleep.

My healthy bloom thro' such excess  
 Of grief is wasted and declin'd;  
 Because of all the woes that press  
 At once upon my mind.

Away, and let my coast be clear'd  
 Of all the worldly men and vain;  
 For God, thro' Jesus Christ has heard  
 My voice as I complain.

God has received my soul's appeal,  
 And does her faithfulness allow;  
 God shall with David kindly deal,  
 And sanctify his vow.

But all that my good works defame,  
 Shall shame and terror overtake;  
 And may that terror and that shame  
 For true repentance make.

#### P S A L M VII.

O Lord, my God, I ground my creed  
 In thine almighty pow'r;  
 Preserve me, and their course impede,  
 Who chase me to devour.

Left like the lion and the bear,  
 That came upon my fold,  
 They set about my soul to tear,  
 By no rebuke controul'd.

O Lord, if I have done the crime  
 Whereof I stand accus'd;  
 Or hand or heart at any time  
 To mischief have abus'd;

If e'er with them that well deserve  
 I treacherously deal;  
 Yea, rather if I cease to serve  
 My causeless foe with zeal;



Then let mine enemies be sped,  
Nor give me to respire;  
Yea, let them take my life, and tread  
My trophies in the mire.

Stand up, O Lord, and plume thy crest  
Against my rival's rage:  
Arise—thy judgment be the test,  
As we the contest wage;

So shall thy congregation make  
Toward thy hallow'd fane;  
And therefore for thy people's sake  
Exert thyself again.

The Lord shall judge the common cause,  
My plea, O Christ, admit;  
As I have kept thy holy laws  
\* Mine innocence acquit.

O let all wickedness and lust,  
In penitence conclude;  
But govern thou the good and just,  
With grace and peace renew'd.

For God in righteousness explores  
A man's interior part;  
The reins, and all the secret pores  
Of his deceitful heart.

My sole security from force  
In God's assistance lies;  
To his defence I have recourse,  
Who saves the good and wise.

God is all-gracious to decide  
For those that weep and pray;  
Strong in his patience, which is tried  
By sinners every day.

Yet e'en to those that love the dark,  
His vengeance will be slow;  
For pity built the floating ark,  
And goodness bent his bow.

His swords are turn'd to shepherd's crooks,  
The breast-plate and the helm;  
His darts and spears to pruning hooks,  
To dress the vine-clad elm.

Behold a virgin has conceiv'd,  
By congress undefil'd,  
And lost Jeshurun is retriev'd  
By an almighty child.

Lo! he has dug the grave of death,  
Destruction to destroy;  
And open'd by his HOLY BREATH  
The way to endless joy.

And all the labour of his love  
To glory shall redound;  
In earth beneath, in heaven above  
His truth shall be renown'd.

To this his righteous word reveal'd,  
I will in thanks reply;  
And faithfully for ever yield  
That CHRIST is God most high.

## P S A L M VIII.

O Lord, that rushest the human heart,  
How excellent thy name and art,  
In all the world renown'd!  
The glorious pillars of thy reign  
No flight can reach, nor heav'ns contain,  
Nor exaltation bound!

The very babes and sucklings cry,  
Almighty Father, God most high!  
Whom blasphemy profanes—  
Thou hear'st and tak'st them by the hand,  
Nor can the silenc'd fiend withstand  
The strength that Christ ordains.

I will my soaring thoughts exalt  
To yonder heaven's cerulean vault,  
Whose height thy fingers form'd;  
The moon attended at thy call,  
Made marvelously fair, and all  
The stars around her swarm'd!

Lord what is man, that he should find  
A place in his Creator's mind  
Or what his whole increase—  
A race of rebels vain and weak,  
That he should for a moment break  
Upon his Saviour's peace?

An angel quite thou mad'st him not,  
 A little lower is his lot,  
     On earth thou set'st him down;  
 There his dominion and degree,  
 To glorify and worship thee  
     For glory and a crown.

Him thou deputed to review  
 The scenes of nature, and subdue  
     Thy creatures to his will;  
 Whose motley numbers own his sway,  
 And by his strength compell'd obey,  
     Or disciplin'd by skill.

All flocks of sheep and droves of kine,  
 Which as his olive and his vine,  
     To man their goodness yield;  
 And not a beast that can be nam'd,  
 But may be taken or be tam'd  
     In woodland or in field.

In air, in ocean he controuls,  
 The feather'd millions, finny shoals,  
     From minnows to the whale;  
 Whate'er beneath the waters creep,  
 Or glide within the yielding deep,  
     Or on the surface sail.

O thou that rul'st the human heart,  
 Supreme of nature and of art,  
     How is thy name renown'd!  
 How blest thy providential care,  
 In heav'n above, in earth and air,  
     And in the vast profound!

## P S A L M IX.

WITH my heart's sincere intention,  
 Lord, my prayer shall be preferr'd;  
 I will make melodious mention  
     Of the wonders of thy word.

Tow'ring with a previous relish  
     Of celestial joys I fly;  
 And my songs I will embellish  
     With thy name, O thou most high!

While mine enemies are routed,  
     Punish'd for their causeless strife;  
 They shall dread the God they doubted,  
     And reform their wicked life.

For by thy divine protection,  
     My just cause thou shalt maintain;  
 On a throne of true perfection  
     Thou support'st a righteous reign.

Thou hast check'd the heathen fury,  
     By thy hand the godless bleeds;  
 Thou hast driv'n them far from jury,  
     To repent them of their deeds.

O thou enemy, destruction  
     Is with thy destroyer dead;  
 And the cities, whose reduction  
     Thou accomplish'd, are not read.

But o'er infinite duration  
     God th' eternal sceptre bears,  
 And for catholick salvation,  
     He his judgment-seat prepares.

For with merciful decision  
     He shall try his sinful foes,  
 And in judgment make provision  
     For his love to interpose.

God shall likewise be propitious  
     To the poor in their distress;  
 And from men and times malicious  
     With a shelter he shall bless.

And the men of godly science,  
     In thy name shall put their trust;  
 For the Lord has made alliance  
     With the pious and the just.

Praise the Lord, whose fair pavilion  
     Is on Zion's hill display'd;  
 Shew the people every million  
     Of the works, which he has made.

When he makes his inquisition  
     For a bleeding martyr'd saint,  
 He forgets not their petition,  
     Which in hardship make complaint.

Lord, let what I bear atoning  
 For my sins, thy servant save:  
 Thou that liftest my spirit, groaning  
 On the verges of the grave.

That I may thy praise illustrate,  
 Where fair Zion's daughters dwell;  
 In thy son, whose birth shall frustrate  
 Satan's wiles, my joy shall swell.

Their own pit has gap'd to smother,  
 Those that made it yawn so deep;  
 From the net they hid for other,  
 They their steps can scarcely keep.

But the Lord is known by sparing  
 Sinners thrown on rocks and shelves,  
 And ungodly self-ensnaring,  
 He delivers from themselves.

Men, whose ways are so perverted,  
 That in terror they would end;  
 Shall, thro' Christ, be disconcerted,  
 And by grace to bliss ascend.

As for those who, meek and lowly,  
 Are in worldly goods forgot,  
 They shall have from God most holy  
 An eternal glorious lot.

Lord, arise, let carnal traitors  
 Have no more the upper-hand;  
 Let thy spirit conquer natures,  
 That thy saving health withstand.

Those who, thy remonstrance scorning,  
 Still continue in their lust,  
 Lord, remind with early warning,  
 That they are but mortal dust.

## P S A L M X.

**L**ORD, in this disastrous season  
 Why dost thou at distance keep?  
 Times of turbulence and treason  
 Loudly for thine absence weep.

Worldlings for their own false pleasure  
 Cruelly the poor intreat;  
 Deal them not, O God, the measure  
 They in craft to Christians mete.

For the self-applauding vicious  
 Speak the bravest and the best  
 Of the griping avaricious,  
 Whom God's bounteous laws detest.

There is infinite alliance  
 'Tixt ungodliness and pride;  
 In their thoughts they bid defiance  
 To the God their words deride.

Hard their ways are, disregarding  
 In what throngs opposers bleed,  
 While thy love, thy bolts retarding,  
 Gives them courage to proceed.

For they've to themselves suggested,  
 Tush! we are not like to fall;  
 Nor shall ever be molested  
 With the common lot of all.

Fraught with double-tongu'd expression  
 Are their mouths and base deceit;  
 With vain lies and lewd transgression,  
 Thought and speech they are replete.

In the thievish corners lurking,  
 They th' unmanly'd poor prevent:  
 Blood-shot eyes with terror working  
 On the private stab intent.

Like a lion fierce and greedy,  
 Couchant in his secret den,  
 They're in wait to grind the needy;  
 All is prey within their ken.

And without remorse they grind him  
 With their teeth for slaughter set;  
 Whensoe'er the traitors find him  
 Caught within their cover'd net.

Formal, with affected meekness,  
 Each a seeming saint behaves;  
 That the poor, thro' want and weakness,  
 May become their captain's slaves.

In their hearts themselves they flatter;  
 Tush! the Lord beholds us not;  
 And the knowledge of the matter  
 Christ himself has quite forgot.

Rise, O Lord, the cause examine,  
And thy mighty hand uprear;  
In the day of war and famine  
For the poor in pow'r appear.

Why should every impious traitor  
Such a foul presumption dare:  
Tush! for God, the great Creator,  
Will not for his creatures care.

Murder, theft, and devastation,  
Thou hast seen their ruins lie,  
For thy chosen church and nation  
Are forever in thine eye.

To thy goodness for their trial  
The poor destitute appeal;  
For with thee is no denial,  
When for aid the friendless kneel.

Take from malice thy protection,  
Throw the light on dark disguise,  
Purge away each foul affection  
And the wicked shall be wise.

Christ his crown of palms is wreathen,  
And for ever, ever blooms;  
King alike of Jews and heathen,  
He th' eternal reign assumes;

Thou hast heard the poor's petition  
Thou establishest their heart;  
And the cry of their condition  
Has ascended where thou art.

That with thy benign compassion  
Thou thine orphans may'st redress;  
From the men of worldly fashion,  
Who are proud when they oppress.

## P S A L M XL

**I**N Christ, his work and word  
I trust, why should ye say,  
That like a tim'rous bird  
My soul must wing her way,  
And flee from those, whose deadly skill  
At worst can but the body kill?

For, lo! the godless bend,  
And expedite their bow;  
At me the darts intend,  
They in their quiver stow,  
That they with private aim may wound  
The men of upright heart and sound.

If thus the wicked spurn  
At fundamental points,  
The house they overturn,  
And put it out of joints:  
And what have pious Christians done,  
That they such lawless lengths should run!

The Lord is in his church  
Her pillars to sustain;  
And there his cherubs perch,  
And there his saints remain:  
But his exalted glory dwells  
Where heaven's interior convex swells.

The Lord directs his eyes  
To where the poor man prays,  
And to distress applies  
Their charitable rays:  
Our hearts his eyelids, as they move,  
With infinite discernment prove.

The God of truth allows  
The righteous man's pretence;  
And ratifies his vows;  
But every slave of sense  
That on his holy spirit wars,  
His perfect excellence abhors.

Yet tempest, fire and snares,  
And brimstone of the lake,  
Which vengeance still prepares,  
And wrath and terror make,  
He shall from penitents avert,  
Thro' Christ his infinite desert.

For God, which is the light  
And rectitude, receives  
The man that acts aright,  
And lives, as he believes;  
The fair and equal he respects,  
And with his countenance protects.

## P S A L M XII

**A**SSIST, O Lord, for all have sinn'd,  
And war with goodness wage;  
For faithfulness is thinn'd  
From every rank and age.

The conversation is in vain  
Which friends and neighbours hold;  
Their hearts within them feign,  
Their flatterings lips are sold.

The Lord, which came from heav'n to speak,  
His purpose has avow'd;  
"I magnify the meek,  
"And I degrade the proud."

Such as have said we shall succeed  
Against the word of God;  
Our province is to plead  
Without a master's nod.

Now for the sake of those that lie  
And void of comfort grieve,  
And for the bursting sigh,  
Which suffering Lazars heave;

I will arise with full amends  
Against the spoiler's claw,  
"My brethren, sisters, friends  
"Are such as keep my law."

In purity God's words are weigh'd  
Beyond all specious gloss,  
As silver is essay'd,  
And sev'n times purg'd of dross.

The Lord has bless'd their sure effect  
To saints upon their knees,  
And promis'd his elect  
To shorten days like these.

The sons of wickedness abound,  
And by the world are priz'd;  
When such are chair'd and crown'd,  
An honest man's despis'd.

## P S A L M XIII.

**H**ow long, O my God, shall I plead,  
Nor thou for thy servant declare,  
And wilt thou for ever recede,  
For ever be hid from my pray'r?

How long shall I seek to my breast  
For counsel in anguish of heart;  
How long shall the rebels protest  
From insult to triumph depart?

Consider, my God, and assist,  
Thine ear, O my Saviour, I crave;  
Enlighten mine eyes from their mist,  
My sleep from the dread of the grave!

Lest they, mine oppressors, should vaunt,  
And say to our arms he has bow'd;  
For if my good courage they daunt,  
Their joy will be furious and loud.

But I to thy dictates agree,  
Which save me from Satan and Saul,  
My trust in thy goodness to me,  
My joy in thy mercy for all.

To Christ I my song will recite,  
Whose grace, O my soul, is thy dow'r;  
Most high in the regions of light,  
Most mighty in love and in pow'r.

## P S A L M XIV.

**T**HE fool and fond of Mammon's leav'n  
Has said it in his heart,  
There is no God in Heav'n  
To take fair virtue's part.

The worldly men themselves abuse,  
In every course they run;  
Forbidden things they chuse,  
Nor is the needful done.

The Lord came down from heav'n, and said  
The heir they will revere—  
But his report he made,  
"My kingdom is not here."

For all the race is gone astray  
From Eden to the wild;  
Not one to fast or pray,  
Not one but is defil'd.

Their cursing throats are baleful deep,  
Like sepulchres that yawn,  
And aspick poisons steep  
The lips with which they fawn.

In blasphemy their voice they lift,  
Their mouths are fill'd with gall;  
Their devious feet are swift  
To work their neighbour's fall.

Ruin and wretchedness attend,  
Their feet by Satan shod;  
They have no peace or friend,  
No fear or hope in God.

Have they no thought that they inure  
Their souls to sin alone;  
And grind my helpless poor,  
And daily pray'r postpone?

Hence guilt in pow'r with terror shakes,  
Ev'n when no dread is nigh,  
For God himself betakes  
To where the righteous cry.

The poor and meek they mock'd and scourg'd,  
And crucified and slew—  
"Forgive them, fire, was urg'd,  
"They know not what they do."

Thus Christ has brought a change about,  
And bore our sins away;  
Let Israel's children shour,  
And Jacob's banners play.

#### P S A L M XV.

**L**ORD, who shall dwell in thine abode  
Of holiness and love;  
To whom hast thou the grace bestow'd,  
To reach the heights above?

To him who has reserv'd his youth  
From Mammon's baits and spells,  
And takes a pleasure in the truth,  
Which from his heart he tells.

Whose tongue's unpractis'd in deceit,  
Whose thoughts all wrong disclaim,  
Nor are with virulence replete  
Against his neighbour's fame.

So meek he will not over-rate,  
When he his worth computes;  
But glories on the good to wait,  
And further their pursuits.

Whose word of promise is his oath,  
And never made in vain,  
Whose honest deed is more than both,  
Tho' he the loss sustain.

Who hoarded money has not lent,  
Exactng by the loan;  
Nor took a bribe with black intent  
To cause the martyr's groan.

Who that performs, and this forbears,  
Shall never act amiss,  
Nor fall into the worldly snares,  
But speed for endless bliss.

#### P S A L M XVI.

**P**RESERVE me, Lord, in this my state  
Of trial, and a longer date  
To my pursuits allow;  
Since to thy glory they redoun'd,  
For in thy name my hope I found,  
And ratify my vow.

My soul has to the Lord profess'd,  
Thou art my God supremely blest'd;  
For whom I have declar'd;  
The carnal charms that fools entice,  
And all the world is of no price  
When with thy love compar'd.

My soul's first rapture from my youth  
Was for the champions of the truth,  
Whose deeds the rest outshone;  
Who, God and virtue on their side,  
Have Satan and the world defy'd,  
With wrath and zeal divine.

But such as from their colours run,  
 Shall be distracted and undone,  
 Of Antichrist the seed;  
 Who hold idolatrous conceits,  
 And to their images and cheats,  
 As priests and gods give heed.

I will not mind their house or hour,  
 When they their vain libations pour,  
 And hands in blood imbrue;  
 My lips their names shall not pollute,  
 Whose lives and rites themselves confute,  
 Unhallow'd and untrue.

My portion is my Saviour's grace,  
 Whose invitation I embrace  
 To his divine repast;  
 I drink thy cup my sin to blot,  
 Thou shalt maintain me in my lot,  
 To whom I feast and fast.

My private lot is fallen fair,  
 And God, thro' Christ, has made me heir  
 Of beautiful domains;  
 To him I give my youth and age,  
 And lo! a goodly heritage  
 My faithfulness regains.

My thanks to God shall be preferr'd,  
 Who gives me warning by his word,  
 And counsels me to good;  
 Also my reins by night beware  
 Of Satan's wiles, which are by pray'r  
 And vigils best withstood.

My duty lest I should forget,  
 I still before my eyes have set  
 Heav'n's omnipresent king;  
 And his good angel guides my hand,  
 I shall not therefore fail to stand  
 The mines that traitors spring.

Hence my glad heart is bound to bless,  
 And her big gratitude expresses  
 In all the pow'rs of praise;  
 Also my flesh in hope shall sleep,  
 For soul and body from the deep  
 Thy conqu'ring word shall raise.

Thou shalt not leave my soul in hell,  
 Nor with the wretched fiends that fell  
 Thy holy one to slay:  
 The third day, and he shall arise,  
 Nor shall be like to him that dies,  
 And turns corrupted clay.

The gates of heav'n thou wilt unfold,  
 And thy right hand I shall behold  
 In triumph o'er the tomb;  
 There dwell the cherub and his mate,  
 There plenitude of pleasures wait,  
 And joys eternal bloom.

## P S A L M XVII.

**I**N this my cause, O Lord, preside,  
 Weigh my complaint and take my part;  
 Attend my pray'r, untaught to glide  
 From lips of practis'd art.

Let me from thee my sentence learn,  
 Do thou mine innocence declare;  
 And let thine equal eyes discern  
 The bounds of false and fair.

I stand acquitted in the night  
 When my still heart thy spirit proves;  
 For I am bound with all my might  
 To speak as best behoves.

Warn'd by the works that men commit,  
 Against the word Jehovah spake,  
 By grace I kept me from the pit  
 Which sin and mis'ry make.

O bear me up as I proceed  
 In this my pilgrimage of pain;  
 And lest I fail in strength or speed  
 My heart and feet sustain.

To God my suit I have referr'd,  
 And he shall his attention lend;  
 O grant an audience to the word  
 Of meekness which I send.

O thy stupendous goodness shew,  
 And all thy copious mildness show'r;  
 Thou Saviour of the faithful few,  
 From such as thwart thy pow'r.

Choice as the lustre of an eye,  
 Preserve me with thy precious things,  
 And let me to the covering fly  
 Of thy paternal wings,

To guard me from my foes profess,  
 That torture me with endless strife;  
 My enemies my bounds invest  
 To take away my life.

They're swoln with fatness, as their days  
 To sumptuous banquets they devote;  
 Their mouths are fill'd with pompous phrase,  
 As on their wealth they glote.

On every side our way they block,  
 And turn their eyes on every place,  
 Our steadfast purposes to shock,  
 And to prevent our race.

Like as a greedy lion works,  
 His prey from safety to decoy;  
 Or as his whelp in secret lurks  
 The trav'ler to destroy.

Up, Lord, the godless disconcert,  
 And to humility controul;  
 That bitter sword of thine avert  
 From David's faithful soul.

The worldly men, who're better sped,  
 Who have their portion here below;  
 Who from thy treasures are fed  
 The prosp'rous carnal foe.

A num'rous offspring they conceive  
 According to their gross desires;  
 And their ill-gotten wealth they leave  
 To children like their fires.

Mean while to these my joyful eyes  
 Thou shalt thyself in truth present;  
 And when I in thy semblance rise,  
 My heart shall rest content.

## P S A L M XVIII.

**T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my tow'r,  
 My Saviour of almighty pow'r  
 Is God, in whom I dare;  
 By whom my conqu'ring bands are led,  
 My buckler in the hour of dread,  
 And refuge from despair.

I will invoke the great Supreme  
 Whose matchless merits are the theme  
 Of everlasting praise;  
 So when the furious warriors chase,  
 I shall command the battle safe  
 From terror and amaze.

The sorrows of a death-like gloom,  
 And all the visions of the tomb  
 Came threat'ning as at hand;  
 And blood in such profusion spilt  
 By swords extravagant of guilt  
 My trembling heart unmann'd.

Hell with her agonizing pains,  
 And horror of eternal chains,  
 My vestibule alarm'd;  
 And by my active health forsook,  
 A ghastly consternation shook,  
 And all my strength disarm'd.

Thro' trouble when my members fail,  
 O Lord, I will myself avail  
 Of thy most holy name;  
 To thee prefer my soul's complaint,  
 And from diseases and restraint  
 Thy blest protection claim.

So that within thy sacred shrine  
 Thou shalt thy gracious ears incline,  
 As I thy help beseech;  
 Thy psalmist to the height shall soar,  
 And up at Heaven's interior door  
 Shall thine attention reach.

Strong dread redoubled to convulse  
 All nature's frame at every pulse,  
 And from their topmost height,  
 Down to the bottom of their base,  
 The hills were shaken and gave place,  
 Because his wrath was great.



Out in his presence issue wreathes  
Of lucid smok, and as he breathes  
Flames from his mouth transpire;  
Which rage so vehement and fierce,  
The bowels of the earth they pierce,  
And set her mines on fire.

The empyrean at his frown  
Was humbled, and the heav'ns came down  
With all the host incens'd  
Of Michael summon'd from his seat,  
And gathering underneath his feet,  
The darkness was condens'd.

And on the innumerable flight  
Of cherubims, the sons of light,  
He rode in grand career;  
And bore on the stupendous force  
And speed of winged winds his course,  
O'er vaulted space to steer.

A thick tremendous veil he made,  
The glorious majesty to shade,  
Where in the midst he storm'd;  
And his pavilion was a cloud  
Of deepest water, which to shroud,  
His alter'd face he form'd.

But then the brightness which he beam'd,  
As he the copious lustre stream'd,  
The dusky scene controuls;  
And as the gloom around was clear'd,  
From out the central blaze appear'd,  
Hail mixt with burning coals.

God also thunder'd—the most high  
Pronounc'd his thunder in the sky,  
The rolling pomp to drive;  
And at his omnipresent word,  
Above, beneath, around occur'd  
Hailstones and coals alive.

He from his loaded quiver drew  
The forked arrows, and they flew  
To make obstruction void;  
He bade the heathen wrath avail,  
And with the lightning that he cast,  
Their menaces destroy'd.

The secret water springs the while  
Were seen ev'n to the source of Nile,  
And in the world beneath,  
The pillars of th' inferior arch  
Stood naked at the fires that search,  
And his strong vengeance breathe.

His blessed angel he shall send  
To fetch me, and in pow'r defend  
From his terrific scourge;  
With which he visits all around,  
And from the floods of the profound  
I shall to peace emerge.

He shall in love prevent my fall,  
Till my worst enemy of all  
With guilty shame shall blush;  
And save me from the gross disgust  
Of men with ruffian rage robust,  
Whose furious weight would crush.

In that sad hour of pinching need,  
They strove my progress to impede,  
And from my point debarr'd;  
But Christ the Lord, to whom I pray,  
Upheld my goings in the way,  
At once my guide and guard.

He saw my jeopardy discharg'd,  
And freedom's ample walk enlarg'd  
With plenty and content;  
He set me in a spacious place,  
Because I found peculiar grace,  
When kneeling to repent.

The Lord shall my reward prepare,  
Because my dealings have been fair,  
And from all treach'ry free;  
According to the spotless hue,  
With which these harmless hands I shew,  
My recompence shall be.

For I with courage have abode  
By God and truth, and kept the road  
Which goes to endless bliss;  
Nor have deserted from his cause,  
Like men that have not known his laws  
The godless and remiss.

Because with application strict  
I to thy laws my mind addict,  
Their import to discern;  
Nor poorly single out a part,  
But keep them all with all my heart  
As of the last concern.

I likewise found myself intire,  
And pure from every vain desire,  
Lascivious and unclean;  
My former follies I eschew'd,  
And all the past of life review'd,  
My thoughts from vice to wean:

Wherefore the Lord, whom thus I please,  
And which my righteous dealing sees  
With his paternal eyes,  
According as my hands are pure,  
Shall to my soul in heav'n secure  
The blest immortal prize.

Where saints and holy angels dwell,  
Thou shalt in holiness excell,  
And shalt have perfect peace;  
Where perfected beyond the sketch  
Of Nature, to their utmost stretch,  
Faith, hope and grace increase.

In living waters thou shalt bathe,  
And God with purity shall swathe  
Thy loins as with a girth;  
And with the clean and undefil'd,  
Thou shalt be number'd as a child,  
In this thy second birth.

For thou shalt save the poor oppress'd,  
And have his grievances redress'd,  
By thine immediate aid;  
And pompous pride, that is above  
The works of charity and love,  
Thou shalt to want degrade.

Thou shalt indulge a farther length  
To David's life, and with new strength  
My blazing lamp shall burn;  
Again my vessel shall embark,  
And God shall dissipate the dark,  
And urge the day's return.

Thro' thee I shall maintain my post,  
Nor of the fury of an host,  
Or numbers, make account;  
And, as thy present help supports,  
Shall leap o'er battlements and forts,  
And every bar surmount.

God's way is just, his word the same,  
And proof against the sev'nfold flame,  
When challeng'd to the test;  
He is the Saviour and the shield  
Of all that in his truth reveal'd  
Their firm affiance rest.

For what is the Supreme, or who  
But God Almighty, and all-true  
On his eternal throne;  
What is this pow'r and strength of ours,  
And what is strength, or what are pow'rs  
But God's, and God alone?

It is the Lord that girds my sword,  
Whose grace and might their help afford,  
Calm thought with wrath to mix;  
Against each giant foe of Gath,  
'Tis he alone directs my path,  
His champion's fame to fix.

His mandates to my feet impart  
The swiftness of the nimble hart,  
To run with them that fly;  
He takes me up from off the ground,  
On which with active speed I bound,  
And sets me up on high.

The Lord has with my forces fought,  
And these my hardy members taught  
The battle to sustain;  
My hands are practical and apt,  
And with their vigour I have snapt  
A bow of steel in twain.

Thou'st plac'd salvation's glorious helm  
Upon thy servant, and his realm  
E'en to remotest Dan;  
I rise augmented from thy rod,  
And thy kind chastisement, O God,  
Shall magnify the man.

Thou shalt enlarge me round about,  
And whereſoe'er I take my rout,  
My pilgrimage equip;  
By thee directed I ſhall move,  
And thou ſhalt keep as in a groove.  
My footſteps left they ſlip.

With God and Iſrael's cauſe at ſtake,  
I ſhall their armies overtake,  
Which our perdition ſeek;  
Nor will my rapid courſes slack,  
Nor bring Jehudah's ſtandard back,  
Till I have made them meek.

I will attack them ſword in hand,  
Nor ſhall they my ſure ſtroke withſtand,  
While God my arm uplifts;  
One ſhall his thirſt of glory glut  
With hundreds vanquiſh'd—ten ſhall put  
Ten thouſand to their ſhifts.

Thy pow'r ſhall gird and brace my loins,  
Whene'er the fierce encounter joins,  
Thine angel ſhall aggrieve  
The foe that Iſrael's coaſt alarms,  
Till I by my victorious arms  
Immortal fame achieve.

Thou'ſt made mine enemies retreat,  
Nor could they, previous of defeat,  
My fair battalia front;  
And I ſhall quell their boiſtrous boaſts,  
Invested by the Lord of Hoſts,  
With brav'ry ſcorners want.

Their clamours ſhall aſcend the ſkies,  
But none ſhall ſtay to hear their cries  
Of angels or of men;  
To God they ſhall addreſs their ſuit,  
Yet they ſhall have but little fruit,  
To their devotions then.

They came in number, like the duſt,  
Their weapons in our heart to thruſt,  
Like duſt they ſhall recede;  
Or crumbled clay before the wind,  
Nor ſhall an atom ſtay behind,  
To ſignify their deed.

Thou ſhalt preſerve thy ſervant's life  
From faction and domeſtick ſtrife,  
However rais'd or ſpread;  
And freſh from every clime and ſhorè,  
The heathen ſhall thy name adore,  
With David at their head.

My ſwelling ſails ſhall be unfurl'd,  
And to reform a diſtant world,  
Thou ſhalt my fleets convoy;  
And nations from thy word remote,  
I to thine honour will devote,  
And in thy ways employ.

Soon as my precepts they imbibe,  
They ſhall to their good truth ſubſcribe,  
And their rude manners change;  
Yea perjured hypocrites ſhall throng  
To God and Jeſus, whom they wrong  
As they themſelves eſtrange.

The ſtranger ſhall be taken in,  
Redeem'd from ſlavery and ſin,  
Their Saviour to invoke—  
Their nature ſhall no more deſpond  
Of mercy, but embrace the bond  
Of peace and Chriſt his yoke.

The God of all perfection lives,  
And reigns o'er all things, and he gives  
The laurel to my lance;  
And I will bleſs him and applaud  
His pow'rful ſuccour, and his laud  
And magnitude advance.

E'en he whoſe holy angels wage  
Their warfare with me, and engage  
Againſt the ſtrength of ſtealth,  
Of hate and falſhood, and confirms  
My people in ſubmiſſive terms  
By plenty, peace and wealth.

He ſhall my ſoul's ſalvation ſet  
O'er thoſe that cruel men abet,  
Still pouring freſh and freſh;  
And for my ſafety ſhall provide  
From every loud blaſphemer's pride,  
And from an arm of fleſh.

I therefore will my Saviour thank,  
And from a faithful heart and frank  
The song of praise produce;  
And to the Gentiles will I sing  
Of him who guides the warrior's sing,  
Or fills the peaceful cruse.

Great things and prosperous hast thou done  
In love to David—and his Son  
Shall ride the royal mule;  
King David thy free choice appoints,  
And from his loins thy seer anoints  
A man thy tribes to rule.

## P S A L M XIX.

THE glory of the Lord appears,  
In heav'n and all the clust'ring spheres,  
Which in rotation shine;  
The fleecy clouds and colour'd bow,  
And arch of vaulted azure show  
The handy work divine.

Day tells to day—as one recedes,  
For early prayer the morrow speeds  
In harmony to come;  
To night the night succeeding chimes,  
Sweet are the numbers and the times  
That fill their annual sum.

There is no nation, clime or tongue,  
Where their first mattins are not sung,  
And in the spirit caught;  
There is no language, sound or speech,  
But their melodious vespers reach,  
And warble to the thought.

The soothing symphonies, they frame,  
O'er spacious nature are the same,  
Isle, continent or main;  
And their sweet notes, as on the wing,  
The constancy of God they sing,  
To farthest earth pertain.

Amidst their motions he displays  
A grand pavilion, for the blaze  
And rapture of the sun;  
Who sallies forth as from a bride,  
Or, as a giant in his pride,  
The stated race to run.

From one extreme of heav'n he vaults,  
Whence he his topmost height exalts  
His fiercer darts to beam;  
There's nothing hidden from his heat,  
While his vast circuit to compleat,  
He makes the far extrem.

The law of God is passing pure,  
By which such learning I procure,  
As shall my soul renew;  
His statutes are of endless trust,  
And with the wisdom of the just,  
The simple mind endue.

The statutes of the Lord are right,  
And fill with gladness and delight  
The good ingenuous mind;  
The current tenour of his laws  
Is plain and clear in every clause,  
And lightens e'en the blind.

Clean, and most holy from offence,  
Is God's religion, and from thence  
Eternal and unchang'd;  
His faithful judgments are above  
All errors, founded by his love,  
And in his truth arrang'd.

More precious are thy thousand fold,  
And more desirable than gold,  
Yea than the purest ore;  
And with more sweets the heart content,  
Than honey, which from heav'n is sent,  
Or bees imblossom'd store.

And from the truths that they convey,  
I likewise learn the readiest way  
To please and serve the Lord;  
And in observing of the ties  
Which they inforce, there is a prize  
Of infinite reward.

Who can his own offences tell,  
How oft the busy fiend of hell,  
His subtle snare intrudes?  
O cleanse me from my wicked works,  
And from the secret sin that lurks,  
And all my search eludes.

And keep thy servant from the sin  
Of gross presumption, lest it win  
An empire in my breast;  
So should I be desil'd, and fall  
Into the blackest crime of all,  
Ingratitude profess.

To these my words, in which I couch  
My pray'r, and thy blest name avouch,  
The pious sighs I heave,  
And all the musings of my heart,  
Attend, and in the better part,  
Do thou from heav'n receive;

O Lord, the strengthner of my soul,  
My final comfort, and the goal  
Of every course I take;  
Behold I ask, I seek, I knock,  
Do thou comply, divulge, unlock,  
For Jesus Christ his sake.

## P S A L M XX.

**I**N time of need the Lord allow  
Thy pray'r, and ratify thy vow;  
May Jacob's God admit thy claim,  
And save thee in his holy name.

Christ Jesus from his bosom send  
Assistance, and thy peace defend;  
From heavenly Zion midst the throng  
Of cherub-angels make thee strong.

Remember thy devoted gift,  
And all thine orisons uplift;  
His face to bless thy censer turn,  
And meet thine odours, as they burn.

To thy good purposes aspire,  
And grant thee all thy soul's desire;  
To his commands direct thy will,  
And all thou hast at heart fulfill.

We will rejoice in God's applause  
To thy good work, and in his cause,  
While we the streaming flags unrief,  
Proclaim the Lord accept our chief.

Nor know I that my pray'r has place,  
And God presents me with his grace,  
That from the holiest heav'n he hears,  
And his right hand my vessel steers.

Some on the prancing steed confide,  
And some in chariots proudly ride;  
But we to great Jehova trust,  
And prostrate to the Lord our dust.

They that on helps like those rely,  
Or shameful fall, or fearful fly;  
But we, thro' Christ our hope renown'd,  
Rise manful and maintain our ground.

Save, Lord, and hear us, we beseech,  
Extend thy grace for all and each;  
O king of sempiternal sway,  
From heav'n regard us, as we pray.

## P S A L M XXI.

**K**ING David shall rejoice  
In thee, O Lord, his tow'r,  
The man of God's own choice,  
Whom grace and might impow'r:  
But when his Saviour he shall plead,  
His joy to transport shall exceed.

Thou hast indulg'd thy gift,  
And his petitions blest,  
According to the drift  
Of his supreme request.  
Thou hast accepted, nor oppos'd  
The name, in which his pray'r he clos'd.

Henceforth thou shalt prevent  
By grace his heart's desires,  
Thy blessing shall be sent  
Or e'er his pray'r aspires;  
His crown shall be of purest gold,  
And Judah's sceptre he shall hold.

He with devotion su'd  
For health and length of years,  
And thou his life renew'd,  
And freed him of his fears;  
Thou shalt eternalize the grant,  
And to perpetual bliss transplant,

The rays of his renown  
 From thy salvation beam,  
 Thou shalt his greatness crown  
 With grace and high esteem;  
 And glories which from heav'n advance  
 Upon his lifted face shall glance.

For thou shalt give him taste  
 Of everlasting bliss,  
 And from the carnal paste  
 Thou shalt his soul dismiss,  
 That he in heav'n may take his place,  
 And see his Saviour face to face.

And this because the king  
 Has his affiance built  
 On him, which o'er the sting  
 Of death and lures of guilt  
 Shall ever in the height prevail,  
 And in such hope he shall not fail.

Thine enemies shall find,  
 In spite of unbelief,  
 That thou art loving kind;  
 Th' adulterers and the thief  
 Shall shed a penitential flood,  
 And own thine all-sufficient blood.

From everlasting death  
 Thou shalt their souls relieve,  
 And from thy blessed BATH,  
 Thy grace they shall receive;  
 The flames of hell thou shalt abate,  
 And blunt the darts of mortal hate.

Their children shall be taught  
 And nurtur'd in the right;  
 For with the price they're bought,  
 And Christ's eternal light,  
 Which beams from his victorious tree,  
 Shall of his burden make them free.

And all this mighty good  
 They shall from thee obtain;  
 Tho' they thy word withstood,  
 And tho' the Lamb was slain  
 By their confederate fraud and force,  
 Foul hands and hearts without remorse.

But thou shalt make them turn  
 Their backs upon their crimes;  
 And by repentance spurn  
 The filth of former times;  
 And to their rapture thou shalt show  
 The waters of thine em'ral'd bow.

Let exaltation pil'd  
 On exaltation bless  
 The man so much revil'd:  
 For meekness in excess.  
 "Why callest thou me good"—adore,  
 Sing praise and magnify the more.

### P S A L M XXII.

O My God, my God, receive me,  
 Why am I no more thy care,  
 Why dost thou recede to leave me  
 In a state of pain and pray'r?

Lord, thou hearest not, thro' illness  
 As I weep upon my knees;  
 All the day, and in the stillness  
 Of the night I have no ease.

But there is no diminution  
 Of thy holiness and grace,  
 Through all change and revolution,  
 O thou praise of Jacob's race.

Faithful were our fires, and steady  
 To the hope they built in thee;  
 And thy gracious hand was ready  
 To support and set them free.

By thine angel they were aided  
 As they call'd upon thy name,  
 And of thy good truth persuaded,  
 They escap'd disgrace and shame.

But thy servant is neglected  
 Like a worm upon the turf;  
 Scarce a man, and disrespected  
 By the very scum and scurf.

All with smiles of scorn exploding,  
 As with taunts their spike is fed,  
 And with ignominy loading,  
 Shoot their lips and shake their head.

“ On the Lord for help he waited  
 “ Let the help attend his call,  
 “ If a wretch so vile and hated  
 “ Be of any price at all.”

But thy pow’rful love embrac’d me  
 Soon as from the womb I sprung;  
 And in thy remembrance plac’d me  
 When upon the breasts I hung.

I have walk’d by thy direction  
 Ever since my natal hour;  
 Thou the God of my protection,  
 From my mother’s womb, in pow’r.

Keep not mercy at a distance  
 Now when trouble presses hard;  
 For I fail of all assistance,  
 If the Lord will not regard.

Youthful insolence confounds me,  
 Striplings of the hostile seed,  
 And maturer strength surrounds me,  
 Pride of Bashan’s brawny breed:

Stalking to the gates of Zion  
 They my face with wrath behold,  
 Like the ramping roaring lion,  
 When he came upon my fold.

Loose, as to a fluid turning,  
 Are my bones, my joints relax,  
 And my heart, within me burning,  
 Is become like melting wax.

Like the fragments of a potter,  
 All my strength is dried and broke,  
 Parch’d my organs, and I totter,  
 As thou gave the final stroke.

For with mows of malediction  
 Crowds against my peace consent,  
 And with dark disguise and fiction  
 Artful traitors circumvent.

For my death their cross erecting,  
 Both my hands and feet they wound;  
 I can tell my bones projecting  
 To the staring crowd around.

As a spoil my garment’s taken,  
 Into shares their band divide;  
 For my vest their lots are shaken,  
 Their contention to decide.

But, O Lord, by long secession,  
 Leave me not with woe to waste;  
 Thou my helper in oppression,  
 Quick to my deliv’rance haste.

From the weapons of the cruel,  
 Take my soul to life and light;  
 Mine inestimable jewel  
 From the carping pow’rs of spite.

From the tyrants that arraign me,  
 Speed me to thy righteous throne;  
 Thou that didst by grace sustain me  
 In the wilderness alone.

Jesus in my private station,  
 With my brethren will I praise;  
 And before the convocation,  
 Will his peerless marvels blaze.

Praise the Lord all ye that fear him,  
 And exalt him voice and mind;  
 You of Jacob’s seed revere him,  
 And in Abr’ham all mankind.

For the friendless and unable  
 He disdains not to supply,  
 Nor rejects them from his table,  
 But attends whene’er they cry,

With communicants assembling  
 To thy church, my praise is thine;  
 And my vows with fear and trembling,  
 To their pray’rs I will subjoin.

God shall give the poor in spirit  
 Bread with everlasting peace;  
 Faith and praise shall realms inherit,  
 Where their pow’rs shall never cease.

Christ, by farthest earth asserted,  
 Shall remind them of their end;  
 All mankind shall be converted,  
 And the Christian Church attend.

For to Jesus is dominion,  
Him all tongues and climes obey;  
Wanton will and vague opinion  
To the truth in Christ give way.

Such as in the world have flourish'd,  
Whom true worth and fame reward,  
Have been in the spirit nourish'd  
By the nurture of the Lord.

Every saint that serves his Maker  
Unto death, he shall restore  
With his Son to be partaker  
Of a life to die no more.

As for me and my descendants,  
We will reverence his laws;  
Reckon'd as the chief dependents  
On his honour, house and cause.

My posterity shall glory,  
As the heavens declare his reign,  
Preaching his stupendous story  
To the souls he shall regain.

## P S A L M XXIII.

**T**HE shepherd Christ from heav'n arriv'd,  
My flesh and spirit feeds;  
I shall not therefore be depriv'd  
Of all my nature needs.

As stop'd against the glist'ning beam  
The velvet verdure swells,  
He keeps, and leads me by the stream  
Where consolation dwells.

My soul he shall from sin restore,  
And her free pow'rs awake,  
In paths of heav'nly truth to soar,  
For love and mercy's sake.

Yea, tho' I walk death's gloomy vale,  
The dread I shall disdain;  
For thou art with me, lest I fail,  
To check me and sustain.

Thou shalt my plenteous board appoint  
Before the braving foe;  
Thine oil and wine my head anoint,  
And make my goblet flow.

But greater still thy love and grace  
Shall all my life attend;  
And in thine hallow'd dwelling place  
My knees shall ever bend.

Or this.

**C**HRIST Jesus has my name enroll'd,  
And to his own peculiar fold  
Above all want consign'd;  
Thou hast to ghostly welfare brought  
The sheep, thy precious blood has bought,  
O shepherd of mankind.

Me plac'd beneath the blue serene,  
In pastures ever fresh and green,  
Where all is peace and still,  
He feeds—and sets me on the brink  
Of living waters, there to drink  
Of comfort and my fill.

He shall convert my carnal heart,  
And every Christian grace impart,  
To fix me in his way;  
For by his hallow'd name he swore,  
And for the sake of that no more  
Shall David ever stray.

Yea tho' from hence my journey lies  
Down thro' the vale of tears and sighs,  
And up the steep of pain,  
No terror shall my courage withstand;  
Thy rod and staff are still at hand  
To check me and sustain.

Thou shalt add plenty to thy grace,  
And heap my board before their face,  
My troublers to confound;  
The head that thou hast lifted up,  
Thou hast anointed, and the cup  
Of my salvation crown'd.

The goodness and the grace divine,  
Shall constant all along the line  
Of utmost life extend;  
And I shall in thy temple dwell,  
In thankful psalmody to tell  
Of transport without end.



## P S A L M XXIV.

THE earth is God's, with all she bears  
On fertile dale or woody hill;  
The compass of the world declares  
His all efficient skill.

For her foundations has he laid,  
The flowing waters to restrain,  
And all her firm confidence made  
Upon the mighty main.

Who shall have strength and grace to climb  
Up to the sacred mount of God?  
And for the holy place sublime,  
What pilgrim shall be thod?

Whose hands are clean, and heart is whole,  
Whose mind and tongue vain thoughts  
suppress,  
Nor stain with perjury his soul,  
His neighbour to distress;

The Lord shall bless, and give him fruit  
In heav'n as his salvation speeds,  
And God shall righteousness impute  
To his accepted deeds.

Such is the nature and reward  
Of all the children of his grace,  
E'en them, who zealous for their Lord,  
O Jesus, seek thy face.

On golden hinges as ye swing,  
Ye gates, ye doors of endless mass,  
Lift, lift your arches, and the king  
Of glory shall repass.

Who is the king of glory, who  
Is worthy of so great a name?  
E'en Christ all pow'rful to subdue,  
Of vast victorious fame.

On golden hinges as ye swing,  
Ye gates, ye doors of endless mass,  
Lift, lift your arches, and the king  
Of glory shall repass.

Who is the king of glory, say?  
'Tis Christ most worthily renown'd;  
He whom the hosts of heav'n obey,  
Is king of glory crown'd.

## P S A L M XXV.

LORD and Master, to thine altar  
In the heav'ns by faith I scale,  
Let no terror make me falter,  
Nor let enmity prevail.

They shall never be confounded  
Who upon thy grace depend,  
But false hearts, by conscience wounded,  
That without a cause offend.

In thy sacred institutions,  
Lord, be thou my gracious guide,  
Strengthen my good resolutions,  
By thy canons to abide.

With a Christian education  
Give my soaring soul her scope;  
For thou, God of my salvation,  
Art alone my daily hope.

Lord, with all their sweet effulgence,  
Beam thy mercies on thy fold,  
And remember thine indulgence  
Shewn to thine elect of old.

Lord, upbraid not with the follies,  
And offences of my youth,  
But exert that love, which tallies  
With thy goodness and thy truth.

Gracious is the Lord, a lover  
Of the thing that's just and right;  
He the wand'rers shall recover  
To the paths of life and light.

Men of gentle disposition  
By his judgments shall he sway;  
And for hearts above ambition  
Shall facilitate his way.

Christ is truth with mercy treating  
All his congregated sheep,  
Which his liturgy repeating  
All his ceremonies keep.

Lord, for Christ his intercession  
In the blood of every stripe,  
Spare and pardon my transgression,  
Gross and for perdition ripe.

Where's the man dispos'd to center  
All his views in God the word,  
He shall by his guidance enter  
In the way that Christ prefer'd.

After death his soul surviving,  
Shall in peace her hours employ,  
And his seed, thro' promise, thriving,  
Shall their native land enjoy.

All the mysteries and mazes  
Of the providential year,  
To the man that fears and praises,  
Clear, as nature's laws, appear.

For the church and constitution  
I my soul by pray'r sublime,  
From unequal distribution,  
And the snares of men to climb.

Turn again, O Lord, restore me,  
Let my breathings have access;  
For the gloomy scenes before me  
Are desertion and distress.

Sorrows in my heart are heighten'd,  
And upon my spirit fall:  
In afflictions am I streighten'd,  
Lord, deliver me from all.

Look upon the fierce invasion  
Of the powers that war within,  
Mov'd from thence to take occasion  
Of forgiveness to my sin.

See my foes, how much recruited,  
To what swarms their musters swell,  
Who my prowess have disputed,  
And in tyrant hate rebel;

From the fury, that has thirsted  
For my soul, O set me free;  
Let me not be sham'd and worsted,  
Since I put my trust in thee.

Let fair dealing and perfection  
Steer me, as my course I run,  
For my calling and election,  
And my hope is Christ, thy Son.

All thy flock, which travel weakens,  
Lord, by daily grace refresh;  
Save the bishops, priests and deacons,  
From the devil, world and flesh.

## P S A L M XXVI.

BE thou my judge, O Lord, of all  
Mine innocence to clear;  
My trust is I shall never fall,  
If that through Christ appear,

Examine me, and take the part,  
O Lord, so much thine own;  
Try out my reins, and prove my heart,  
Which thou canst know alone;

Because thy loving kindness stands  
For ever full in view,  
And in the truth of thy commands  
My path I still pursue;

I have not for companions chose  
The idle and the vain;  
Nor love the neighbourhood of those,  
Who teach an art to feign.

Where wicked men in parties meet,  
I have the place abhorr'd;  
Nor will I stoop to take a seat  
With those that hate the Lord.

My hands already wash'd more clean  
Mine innocence shall make;  
And so prepar'd will I be seen  
Thine eucharist to take.

That with exemplary delight  
I may my thanks profess,  
And raise my voice with all my might  
Thy wond'rous works to bless;

Lord, I have made thy house my home,  
And love to keep my post,  
Where dwell beneath the hallow'd dome  
Thine honour and thine host.

Shut not my soul amongst the cries  
Of Anti-christ's domain,  
Nor where they blood and burnings prize  
Let me my life retain.

Whose hands at all times ready skill'd  
To deeds of shame subscribe;  
And their right hands display'd and fill'd  
With Mammon's deadly bribe.

But as for me I will proceed  
To run a virtuous race;  
O Jesu Christ, let me be freed  
By mercy from disgrace.

My steadfast foot I firmly fix,  
And will maintain my ground,  
And with the congregation mix  
Thy glory to resound.

## P S A L M XXVII.

**T**HE God of Jacob's host  
Is my defence and light,  
Why should I quit my post,  
Or shun the day of fight?  
Christ Jesus is my strength and aid,  
Why, therefore, should I be dismay'd?

When wicked men advanc'd  
Embattel'd troops and bands,  
And impious words inhanc'd  
By violence of hands;  
The Lord abash'd the pow'rs of hell,  
\* And back they went, and down they fell.

\* John xviii. ver. 6.

Tho' hostile pow'rs increase,  
Conspiracies to plan  
Against my realm and peace,  
I will asert the man;  
Tho' war against me be declared,  
My faith shall never be impair'd.

I have desired a boon,  
By which I will abide,  
With angels to commune,  
And in thy house reside;  
With champions in their Saviour bold,  
Which now God's beauteous face behold.

For tho' the heathen chase  
And troublous times predict,  
The Lord shall keep me safe  
From these that would afflict;  
Yea he shall in his temple seat,  
And place upon a rock my feet.

And while my threatners halt,  
That come so big with dread,  
My Saviour shall exalt  
The honours of my head,  
To baffle the surrounding foes,  
Who seek thy servant to depose.

I therefore will devote  
In joyfulness divine,  
Instead of ram or goat,  
Myself before thy shrine.  
With songs I will thy praises chant,  
And in familiar talk descant.

To these my pray'rs attend,  
As in thy house I kneel;  
In pity condescend,  
O Lord, to my appeal;  
In mercy to my fervent suit  
Thy blessed Comforter depute.

The holy spirit proves  
The workings of my breast,  
And as its impulse moves,  
My heart is thus address'd.  
"Seek ye my face"—resign'd and meek,  
Thy face, Lord Jesus, will I seek.

O do not disengage  
 From my request thine ear,  
 Nor in this vicious age,  
 From David disappear,  
 Nor cast the servant of thy crust  
 From his dependence in disgust.

Thou hast from spite and spies  
 Been still my soul's resource,  
 And thy benign supplies  
 Have kept a constant course:  
 O leave me not—my measure still,  
 Thou God of my salvation, fill.

When all the ties direct  
 Of love no longer bind,  
 When fleshly fires neglect  
 And mothers prove unkind,  
 Then God receives me as his ward,  
 The child and orphan of the Lord.

O train me in the track  
 Of thine eternal way,  
 O Lord, and lead me back  
 From whence I went astray;  
 Because the traitors over-reach  
 Thy servant, and his truth impeach.

Surrender not my cause  
 To prejudice, the hate  
 Of rebels to thy laws  
 From virulence innate;  
 For on my fame they have let loose  
 False accusation and abuse.

I should have been depriv'd  
 Of spirits in my need,  
 But that I strength deriv'd  
 From this my steadfast creed;  
 That I shall God's perfections know,  
 Where life is in eternal flow,

O tarry thou in hope,  
 Expecting God's good hour,  
 And pray for strength to cope  
 With every adverse pow'r;  
 And he, the Comforter, shall bless  
 Thy soul, which in thy faith possesses.

## P S A L M XXVIII.

To thee I pour my wailings out,  
 O Lord, my strength and my redoubt,  
 Nor my petition scorn;  
 Nor make as tho' thou hearest not,  
 Lest I be liken'd in my lot,  
 To men of hope forlorn.

Hear thou the language of my woe,  
 When to thy holy shrine I go  
 In meekness and in pray'r;  
 And as I lift my hands on high  
 Towards thy mercy-seat, reply  
 To my confession there.

O pluck me not in wrath away  
 With godless men, that disobey  
 Thy laws so much profess;  
 Who with their neighbours mildly treat,  
 But cherish mischief and deceit  
 Within a treach'rous breast.

Yet do not thou, O Lord, requite  
 My foes according to their spite,  
 But bless them to repent;  
 Nor give the sinners like for like,  
 The measure they for others strike,  
 And frauds that they invent.

Retaliate not their mighty wrongs,  
 Nor recompense them as belongs  
 To these their works malign;  
 The wages of their sin remit,  
 And keep their souls from out the pit,  
 Which they for others mine.

Tho' they regard not in their mind,  
 The works omniscient love design'd,  
 And hands almighty skill'd,  
 Yet may they for their crimes atone,  
 And all on Christ the corner-stone  
 In clemency rebuild.

The Lord with adoration hail,  
For he has made my pray'r prevail,  
As I from wrath abstain;  
And my humility succeeds,  
And that request which pity pleads,  
I from his mercy gain.

God is my courage and my shield,  
And to his name I have appeal'd,  
And trusted in his aid;  
Wherefore my heart with gladness springs,  
While to his praise with voice and strings  
The sweet oblation's paid.

God is my fortress and ally,  
In whose strong prowess I defy  
The sword and pointed shaft;  
And all salvation and defence  
Is from him, and for innocence,  
To frustrate force and craft.

O save thy people and enlarge,  
The flock of thy peculiar charge  
From all the bonds of sin;  
Feed them and in thy pasture place,  
And grant them thine especial grace,  
The topmost height to win.

## P S A L M XXIX.

YE men of birth and high renown,  
Who, zealous for the heavenly crown,  
Have gallant deeds achiev'd,  
The Lord with thankfulness adore,  
The strength, the praise to him restore,  
From whom ye both receiv'd.

Give to the Lord's most holy name,  
The honour which his merits claim,  
In meekness as ye kneel;  
With reverence pay your daily vow;  
In seemliness and order bow  
With lively faith and zeal.

The word of infinite command,  
August, adorable and grand,  
The water-flood controuls;  
And in terrific glory breaks  
Upon the billows, and he speaks  
The thunder as it rolls.

The voice of God and pow'r are one,  
The mandate which he gives is done  
In all the dread profound;  
Vast operative strength and skill,  
The proclamation of his will,  
Is of majestic sound!

The voice of God in anger drives  
The tempest to the mark, and rives  
The cedar-trees in twain,  
Yea Lebanon, with all his growth,  
Was risted when the Lord was wroth,  
And strawn along the plain.

The lofty mountains huge and steep,  
At voice of his commandment leap  
Like calves upon the soil.  
And Libanus and Sirion too  
Bound like young unicorns to do  
Obeisance to their God.

The voice of God divides the flakes  
Of torrent fire, his mandate shakes  
The wilderness with fear;  
Yea Kadesh with his voice he shocks,  
And caverns, mountains, woods and rocks  
With dreadful trembling hear.

The voice of God upon the lawn  
Descends and causes hinds to fawn,  
The thicker disarrays;  
With terror strikes the human race,  
Who that tremendous time embrace,  
For publick pray'r and praise.

The Lord in highest heav'n ascends,  
The while his steadfast course he bends  
All ocean's depth to ford;  
From eastern to the western beam,  
The Lord is evermore suprem,  
Is evermore ador'd.

The Lord shall make his people strong,  
With corn and wine our lives prolong,  
And cloath us with his fleece;  
He shall the bonds of sin unloose,  
And on our consciences diffuse  
The blessing of his peace.

## P S A L M XXX.

O Lord, I will thy pow'r exalt,  
Which hast advanc'd me far from shame,  
And check'd my foes in their assault  
Upon my realm and fame.

O Lord, the God of my belief,  
To thee I sent the plaintive sounds,  
And thou wert mov'd to soothe my grief,  
And heal my gaping wounds.

Thou, Lord, hast brought my soul from hell,  
And hast my fault'ring life sustain'd  
From those that in the darkness dwell,  
And in the pit are chain'd.

Give praises, O ye blest above,  
And grateful songs to God combine,  
For a memorial of his love,  
And sanctity divine.

Wroth but the twinkling of an eye,  
Pleas'd, and his smiles all nature buoy;  
A night in heaviness we lie,  
But morning teems with joy.

And in my prosp'rous hour I said,  
My wealth is in a settl'd state;  
Thou, Lord, hast of thy goodness made  
Mine eminence so great.

But thou, to curb my growing pride,  
The soft'ning radiance of thy face  
Didst in thy just displeasure hide,  
And I was in disgrace.

Then cried I, for I could not brook  
God's dispensations in extremes,  
And to the Lord myself betook  
In meekness, as beseems.

Can there emolument arise  
To God or man from out the pit,  
When this my body they despise,  
And to the dust commit it?

Shall gratitude be mixt with clay,  
And still retain her thankful pow'r's,  
Or shall the man thy truth display,  
Whose tongue the worm devours?

O Lord, attend and hear me out,  
Be merciful, O most ador'd,  
And to thy servant, thus devout,  
Thy timely help afford.

Thou'lt turn'd my heaviness to mirth,  
And put off all my weeds of woe,  
And shalt thy gladness, as a girth,  
About my loins bestow.

Wherefore there is exceeding cause,  
O God, that pray'r should never cease,  
And I will praise thee without pause  
In everlasting peace.

## P S A L M XXXI.

IN thee, O righteous Lord, I lay  
The ground of all my creed;  
Let not confusion disarray  
My well form'd thoughts, but as I pray  
My soul unto her safety speed.

From heaven's interior shrine mature,  
Thy favourable aid  
Admission there let me procure,  
In condescension to the poor,  
When his remonstrances are made.

Be thou my bulwark to defend,  
Like some strong bastion's mole,  
That every sense of fear may end,  
When on thy succour I depend,  
To shield my body and my soul.

For thou art my munition strong,  
And citadel of might;  
Be my companion and my song,  
To lead me safe thro' life along,  
And for thy name's sake set me right.

Extract my soul from out the net,  
Which they with secret spleen,  
And as each other they abet,  
With joint antipathy have set,  
For on thy mighty pow'r I lean;

To thy good keeping I commit  
 My spirit, as is due,  
 For thou shalt of her sins acquit,  
 And save my soul from out the pit,  
 O Lord, thou God supremely true.

I scorn the fools that put their trust  
 In superstitious craft;  
 That worship vanities and lust,  
 And bow themselves before a bust,  
 But to the Lord my sighs I waft.

I will with joy and gladness hail  
 Thy charitable care;  
 Thou'st put my troubles in thy scale,  
 And made thy mercies countervail,  
 My tottering fabrick to repair.

Thou hast not given me up, nor bound  
 Within the stranger's hand,  
 Nor in the streights hast run aground  
 My vessel, but secure and sound  
 Hast brought her to a spacious land.

Lord, let thy beams of mercy shine,  
 For terror and distaste,  
 And every bitter woe is mine;  
 My eyes to see such objects pine,  
 Yea both my flesh and spirit waste.

My life within my veins is cold  
 With heaviness and tears,  
 And I with mourning am grown old,  
 Ere yet succeeding times have roll'd  
 The stated complement of years.

My strength my wasting frame forsakes  
 Thro' sin and rank abuse;  
 Each member with convulsion shakes,  
 My bones with various pains and aches  
 Are robb'd of their nutritious juice.

My name was nam'd as a reproof,  
 That neither friend nor foes,  
 Nor neighbours came beneath my roof,  
 And my companions kept aloof,  
 As other company they chose.

The world have all my deeds forgot,  
 And I am in the place  
 Of one, whose memory is not,  
 Whose body damps sepulchral rot,  
 And like an useless broken vase.

For I have heard the godless crowd  
 In blasphemy and strife,  
 And fear on every side's avow'd,  
 While fraud and faction are allow'd  
 To meet, and scheme against my life.

But thou, Lord, art my corner-stone,  
 I put my trust in thee,  
 And I thine omnipresence own,  
 O Christ, thou art my God alone,  
 To whom I bow the faithful knee.

In thy dispose is every hour  
 Of mine allotted time;  
 Save me from their confed'rate pow'r  
 Whose bands with steadfast malice show'r  
 Their darts, and from rebellion's crime.

Thy lustrous countenance reveal,  
 My watchings to reward,  
 And by thy gracious mercies heal  
 The cruel agonies I feel,  
 Thro' Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord.

O Lord, let no foul shame abash  
 The man that pays his vows,  
 But rather let confusion dash  
 The wicked, profligate and rash,  
 And thus a sense of guilt arouse.

The lying lips, O Lord, refrain,  
 That in despite extream,  
 And cruelty and sour disdain,  
 First take their Saviour's name in vain,  
 Then all his righteous sons blaspheme.

O how abundant is the store  
 Thy bounteous love provides  
 For all that thy commands adore,  
 Ere yet the course of life is o'er,  
 With wealth, and bliss in heav'n besides.

Thou in thy bosom shalt protect  
 Their souls from kindling ire,  
 And to their peace have such respect,  
 That in thine house thou shalt select  
 A place for virtue to retire.

With thankful heart and willing mind,  
 I will the Lord renown,  
 Because he has been loving kind,  
 And to my need a fort assign'd  
 Within a strong redoubted town.

In that precipitate pursuit,  
 When I was forc'd to fly,  
 I said my pray'r has cast its fruit;  
 The Lord will not my strength recruit,  
 Nor watch me with his gracious eye.

Yet not the less thou didst accept  
 The voice that I prefer'd;  
 Thou heardest the cries with which I wept,  
 And God amidst my doubtings kept  
 The purpose of his holy word.

O love the Lord all ye his sons,  
 On whom his angels smile;  
 For God preserves the man that runs  
 His race with faithfulness, and shuns  
 The commerce of the proud and vile.

Be strong and of a manly heart,  
 Ye champions of the cause,  
 And God new courage shall impart,  
 To parry every sword and dart  
 From those that triumph in his laws.

### P S A L M XXXII.

**T**HE man is blest that is asham'd  
 Of vice, and by the Lord reclaim'd,  
 Anew his life begins;  
 Who by his penitence abides,  
 Sav'd by that charity that hides  
 The multitude of sins.

The man to whom the Lord remits  
 His foul transgression, and acquits  
 Of all his evil ways;  
 In whose serene ingenuous smile  
 Is no deception, and no guile  
 In that he thinks or says.

When on the ash myself I cast  
 With sharp remorse for errors past,  
 And grief too great to speak;  
 Upon my pangs my lips were seal'd,  
 With groanings not to be reveal'd,  
 My flesh and bones were weak.

For in the day, and on my bed,  
 Thy hand lies heavy on my head  
 My failings to chastise;  
 My moisture scarce affords a tear,  
 Like earth what time the sultry year  
 Her bursting bosom dries.

I will acknowledge mine offence,  
 And wail my forfeit innocence,  
 As I thy grace invoke;  
 The base injustice of my deed  
 I said, nor with myself agreed  
 Its heinous silt to cloak.

I said I will redeem the time,  
 And to the Lord confess my crime  
 In that I have transgress'd;  
 And Christ, of peerless pow'r to save,  
 All mine iniquity forgave,  
 And my contrition bless'd.

By this the pious shall be warm'd,  
 And many a righteous vow perform'd  
 Where thou art to be found;  
 But conscious sinners from thy fane  
 Through overwhelming guilt abstain,  
 And fear themselves to found.

Thy bosom is my soul's retreat,  
 And there she would herself secrete  
 From all this world of woe;  
 Thou shalt inspire me to prevail,  
 And songs of gratulation hail  
 My triumph as I go.

I will to thee my ways unfold,  
 And teach thee whence thou shou'dst withhold  
 And where thy steps advance;  
 I thy misdoubtings will decide,  
 And with mine eye will be thy guide  
 From error and mischance.



Be ye not like to horse or mule,  
That are not blest'd with reason's rule,  
But restless and untam'd,  
Until they're here and there impell'd,  
Their mouths with bit and bridle held,  
And feet in trammels fram'd.

A multitude of woes shall wait  
Upon the wicked, whose estate  
Is desperate and dread,  
But those whom Christ has call'd to grace,  
The heavenly mercy-beams embrace,  
And their mild influence shed.

Be glad in God, ye sons of light,  
Who think and speak and act aright,  
And you ye sound of heart,  
Whom Satan's wiles could ne'er decoy,  
In fulness of immortal joy  
Home to your peace depart.

## P S A L M XXXIII.

**R**EJOICE in God, ye saints above  
The wiles and fire of fraud and lust;  
For gratitude is fruitful love,  
And well becomes the just.

Praise with the harp the prince of grace,  
Let lutes accord to him that sings,  
Adapt the mellow sounding bass  
With ten melodious strings.

Let novelty commend the strain,  
And sing, adoring, as ye kneel,  
And swell with all your might and main  
The full resounding peal.

For Christ the word of his command  
Is truth in all its various terms,  
And all th' achievements of his hand  
His faithfulness confirms.

He has his righteousness at heart,  
And love and mercy hold his rod,  
And earth abounds in every part  
With goodness and with God.

The firmament and all the host  
Of heav'n by Christ the word were form'd,  
And quickning to the Holy Ghost,  
With active heat were warm'd.

In one great magazine compell'd,  
The waters of the main he heaps,  
And, as a store by warders held,  
The briny depth he keeps.

Let earth in all her throng'd abodes,  
And ye, where'er your tents are spread,  
Ye people, blest in all the modes  
Of reverence and dread.

With him the word and work are one,  
The moulds weremade, the forms were cast,  
As he commanded it was done,  
And stood for ever fast.

The Lord abolishes the schemes  
And purposes of heathen sects;  
The people's murmurs, prince's dreams  
He quashes and rejects.

The councils of the Lord are sure,  
As infinitely just and sage,  
And all his precious thoughts endure  
From age to rising age.

Blest are the people and the realm,  
Where Christ is seated on the throne;  
For whom their Saviour holds the helm,  
Elected as his own.

The Lord from heav'n's imperial height  
Beholds the sons of men below,  
And thence considers their estate  
Of transient wealth or woe.

By him their hearts are fram'd and turn'd,  
By him the vital fountain plays;  
He knows what ere is sought or spurn'd  
In all their works and ways.

There is no monarch therefore sav'd,  
Who has to multitudes recourse,  
Nor is the stroke of conquest stav'd  
By numbers or by force.

The horses that the spearmen mount,  
When comes the trying hour of need,  
Are of small service or account,  
With all their strength and speed.

Lo! God with fatherly concern,  
Looks down to see what course we steer,  
And blesses those that live and learn  
A godly hope and fear;

Their souls from terror to redeem,  
And for their cup and social hearth  
To raise the blade and fill the stream,  
Against the hour of dearth.

Our souls by patience we possess,  
Untill the Lord his angel send;  
For he's our helper to redress,  
Our buckler to defend.

Wherefore our spirits shall revive,  
Because our special end and aim  
Is still to keep our hope alive  
By his most holy name.

Lord, let thy gracious love diffuse  
Its influence on our fervent vows,  
Like as our faith all doubt subdues,  
And we thy cause espouse.

# P S A L M XXXIV.

UNCEASING thanks, as thus I kneel,  
I will to God return;  
And still with eager lips reveal  
Th' internal gratitude I feel,  
And zeal to praise with which I burn.

With confidence in Jesus placed,  
My soul herself shall plume;  
The poor and by the world disgrac'd,  
And those that have themselves abas'd,  
Shall hear, and joyfulness assume.

O take the blessed theme of praise  
Our spirits to expand;  
And let us our conceptions raise,  
God's glorious name together blaze,  
And faithful worship hand in hand.

The Lord my Saviour I besought,  
And he was quickly found,  
And in his arms of mercy caught  
My spirit, and to safety brought  
From every terror, every wound.

Illumination beams on all  
That to the Lord aspire;  
And, when they to the godhead call,  
Nought can abash them, or appal  
In such a duty and desire.

Lo! the poor sufferers importune  
Their Saviour to attend,  
And mercy gives them audience soon,  
With speed accomplishes their boon,  
And to their troubles puts an end.

The Lord his ever-blessed dove  
Keeps hov'ring with her wings  
For all that cherish fearful love,  
And buoy their spirits up above  
The peril of all earthly things.

O hear the summons—"Come and see!"  
And God's free grace receive;  
Exalted to the first degree,  
And of eternal worth is he,  
Who stands determin'd to believe.

O to the Lord your God adhere,  
Ye saints, in trembling dread;  
For they which his decrees revere,  
And nourish reverence by fear  
Are in all exigencies sped.

The lions in the forest roar,  
And hunger as they quest;  
But heroes in the Lord, that soar  
To heav'n, and there his face explore,  
Shall have no want of what is best.

Come little children and imbibe  
The nurture of my speech;  
And I will lift you of my tribe,  
God's fear within your heart inscribe,  
And early your Redeemer preach.

What man is he that would prolong  
His pilgrimage on earth,  
And live in lusty health and strong,  
To see each day the theme of song  
And full of melody and mirth.

O'er all thy craving members reign  
Lest they thy soul defile;  
Thy tongue with diligence restrain,  
And thine unguarded lips contain  
From idle words and active guile.

All evil thoughts and speech avoid,  
And in the Christian race  
Be with perpetual good employ'd,  
Seek peace, nor ever be decoy'd  
Withought that leads you from the chace

The Lord his omnipresent eyes  
From highest heavens ascent,  
The good and righteous supervise,  
He hears their pray'rs as they arise  
Towards his throne with ears intent.

God cannot countenance the deeds  
Of them that set amiss,  
But from their commerce he recedes,  
Until their Saviour's merit pleads  
To reinstate their souls in bliss.

Whene'er the righteous make complaint,  
From heav'n attention stoops;  
God has respect unto his faint  
The more when he thro' grief is faint,  
And wholly saves him ere he droops.

Christ is the neighbour of the meek,  
Whose nature is renew'd,  
And those that by contrition seek,  
And with their tears his love bespeak,  
He will within his fold include.

The crosses of the Lord's elect  
Are grievous here below;  
But God gives all his pray'rs effect,  
And shall his ministers direct  
To snatch him out of all his woe.

He keeps his bones and all intire  
From fracture and mischance,  
So that his foes, when set on fire  
Of hell, they cruelly conspire,  
Can only pierce him with a lance.

But mischief from the pit pursues  
The wicked as they tread;  
And who the grace of God refuse,  
Their way from every virtue lose,  
To death and desolation led.

The Lord his meritorious cross  
Shall ransom all our souls,  
And purify our filthy dross,  
And they shall not be at a loss,  
Whose faith he in his book enrolls.

## P S A L M XXXV.

O My God, my cause espousing,  
From mine enemies protect;  
On my side thy might arousing,  
Let their insolence be checkt.

Take the weapon of the spirit  
Faith's invulnerable shield,  
Rear the standard of thy merit,  
And assist me in the field.

Couch thy spear, and stand to parry  
Every lance opposers send;  
Say thy suit shall not miscarry,  
I thy Saviour am thy friend.

Let their efforts be diverted,  
Hunting souls and finding shame,  
And their schemes be disconcerted,  
Which at me direct their aim.

To the wind the dust condenses,  
Settles when the skies are clear,  
Thus let them and their offences  
At thy bidding disappear.

To the thorny way, that narrows  
Into final comfort, lead;  
And let vengeance sheathe its arrows,  
As they on their travel speed;

That no more, by dark combining,  
 They their secret nets may lay;  
 Nor by falshood undermining,  
 Me without a cause betray.

Let no violent perdition  
 Come upon them unaware;  
 Let them scape by true contrition  
 Every terror, every snare.

And my soul with exultation,  
 Shall the Lord in truth profess;  
 And rejoice in his salvation,  
 Who delights to bear and bless.

All my frame shall sing in rapture,  
 Who, like God, shall things adjust,  
 When the poor is made the capture  
 Of the man of lawless lust?

By false witnesses convicted  
 That against me were suborn'd,  
 I was punish'd and afflicted  
 For the very things I scorn'd.

For good offices, ungrateful,  
 They could evil things return,  
 In despite of kindness hateful  
 To my sorrowing soul's concern.

Yet when they were sick and ailing,  
 I was clad in weeds of woe;  
 But my service unavailing,  
 Shall into my bosom flow.

I behav'd as for a brother,  
 Or a dear familiar friend,  
 As one mourning for his mother  
 Just approaching to her end.

But in my distress they jested,  
 Yea the very objects met,  
 Making mouths, my peace infested  
 Without ceasing or regret.

Fawning gluttons, in conjunction  
 With the mimicking buffoon,  
 Gnash their teeth without compunction,  
 And my miseries importune.

How long will my Saviour leave me  
 To the mercy of such men;  
 O from lions fierce reprieve me,  
 And my darling from the den.

So with thanks thy Godhead greeting,  
 In thy church I will adore;  
 And frequent the gen'ral meeting,  
 There my praises to restore.

O! let not my foes exulting,  
 In defiance of thy laws,  
 And with nods and winks insulting,  
 Bear me down without a cause.

For the scope of their communing  
 Is not insolence to curb;  
 But their tongue with treach'ry tuning,  
 They the publick peace disturb.

With distended mows censorious,  
 Every rank offender cries,  
 Fie upon thy crimes notorious,  
 We have seen them with our eyes.

All their impudent behaviour,  
 Thou, O God, from heav'n hast view'd;  
 Be not silent, O my Saviour,  
 Nor my just complaint exclude.

Rise, O Lord my God, attending  
 To the drift of this dispute,  
 And my righteous cause defending,  
 All mine enemies refute.

Judge me, O my God, to spare me,  
 As thy mercy is for all;  
 Let not clamour overbear me,  
 Nor exult upon my fall.

"All that we surmise has follow'd,"  
 Let them not with triumph boast,  
 "His remains the gulph has swallowed,  
 "He has given up the ghost."

Make them blush with shame ingenuous,  
 Which at my distress rejoice;  
 Who against the truth are strenuous,  
 Give them grace to hear her voice.

Let them say, which like the measure,  
That in charity I deal;  
Blessed be the Lord, whose pleasure  
Is his servant's bliss to seal.

As for me in heavenly phrases  
I will harmonize my tongue,  
Day by day Jehovah's praises  
Shall in sweeter notes be sung.

## P S A L M XXXVI.

**M**Y heart within me is advis'd,  
And but too sure conviction finds,  
How little God is fear'd or priz'd  
By men of worldly minds.

For they're self-flatterers to the last,  
And supple servants of the times,  
Till that, which sets them most aghast,  
Detection blaze their crimes.

Their words are foolish and unfair  
And full of falsehood and deceit;  
Each act of wisdom they forbear,  
With all that's good and meet.

They mischief on their couches plan,  
The broader way of ruin chuse,  
Nor that, whose touch defiles a man,  
Do they at all refuse.

Thy mercy to thy people's faults  
Thou hast in highest heav'n avow'd;  
Thy faithfulness itself exalts  
Beyond the topmost cloud.

Thy truth's like mountains strong and steep,  
Which stand with rock-work for their  
ground,  
And all thy judgments dreadful deep  
Are like the vast profound!

Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast,  
O how transcendent is thy grace:  
Beneath thy wings from first to last  
All flesh themselves shall place.

They from thy stores replenish'd still  
Shall in thy spacious dome be fed;  
And of thy pleasures take their fill  
As from the fountain-head.

For in the holiest height with Thee  
In heav'n is life's perennial well,  
Light in thy light we there shall see,  
And thence irradiate dwell.

O! with thy charity regal'd  
Let them that know Thee still remain,  
And let thy mercy be intail'd  
Upon the good in grain.

O save me from the spurning heel  
Of those, that with proud aspect frown,  
Nor let his blow the ruffian deal  
To cast thy servant down.

There are they founder'd in the flood  
Such as were wicked for reward,  
For there's no hope, save in the blood  
Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

## P S A L M XXXVII.

**F**RET not thy self to find  
How wicked worldlings thrive,  
Nor with the boards they live  
Bear thou an envious mind.

For soon they shall decay,  
And be cut down like grass,  
With all that they amass,  
And fare like rotten hay.

But thou in God confide,  
And deal with bounteous hand  
The product of the land,  
And thou shalt be supply'd.

Delight thou in the Lord,  
And so thou shalt acquire  
Thy soul's supremest desire,  
Thy virtue to reward.

Thy way to God commend,  
In him repose thy trust,  
Which all things shall adjust  
To crown a blissful end.

He shall thy truth redeem  
To make it clear as light,  
And thy just dealing bright,  
As is the noon-day beam.

Be still; with patience wait:  
But grieve not at the course  
Of those whom fraud and force  
Have made ungodly great.

Leave off ere you begin  
From rage and discontent;  
If thou thyself torment  
Thou shalt be mov'd to sin,

The wicked branch and root  
Shall be from earth remov'd;  
But men in patience prov'd  
Shall bear and gather fruit.

But yet a little space  
And guilt shall have its due,  
You shall the men pursue  
And hardly find their place.

But men resign'd and meek  
Such shall possess the earth,  
And in their second birth  
The prince of Salem seek.

Disguise against the truth  
For matter is in quest,  
To rail the wise and blest,  
And gnash with angry tooth.

The Lord with high disdain  
Shall scoff at all they lease;  
For he from heav'n foresees  
The doom of the profane.

The wicked man is fierce,  
Drawn swords and bended bows  
To slay the poor, and those  
Which with their God converse.

The prince of peace and light  
Shall parry every sword,  
When all things are restor'd,  
And break the darts of spite.

The pittance of the good  
Is better than the wealth  
That comes by fraud and stealth,  
When rightly understood.

For men in sin grown bold  
Christ Jesus shall reduce,  
And for a blessed use  
The righteous man uphold.

The righteous Lord approves  
The godly all their days,  
And for eternal praise  
To endless joy removes.

Such shall no foe confound;  
But in the day of dread  
To peace they shall be sped,  
And e'en in dearth abound.

But vengeance shall consume  
The sinners and self-will'd;  
Yea tho' the LAMB was kill'd  
To stave their day of doom.

When bad men run in debt  
At payment they repine;  
The gen'rous and benign,  
A better pattern set.

The men of virtuous fame  
God's Canaan shall possess;  
But such as will not bless,  
Shall be expell'd with shame.

The Lord himself directs  
The righteous in the road,  
And to his own abode  
His pilgrimage protects.

Though in the way they err,  
They shall not lose their all;  
The lost shall God recall  
And to his fold refer.

Youth was, and age is come;  
 I never saw the race  
 Of virtue in disgrace,  
 Or begging for a crumb.

The righteous is humane  
 And ever lends to need,  
 And his unnumber'd seed  
 Are blest and good in grain.

All evil acts avoid,  
 Persist in doing well,  
 So shalt thou surely dwell,  
 And be in heav'n employ'd.

God to the truth is love,  
 Nor e'er the good forsakes,  
 But him and his he takes  
 Up to the bliss above.

The wicked shall be scourg'd—  
 But yet his helpless seed  
 Their Saviour Christ may plead,  
 By due contrition purg'd.

The righteous are the heirs  
 For whom the Lord provides,  
 And all their stock resides  
 'Midst ceaseless hymns and pray'rs.

The righteous man's discourse  
 In wisdom is advis'd,  
 In judgment exercis'd,  
 Whose words the truth enforce.

The word is in his heart,  
 And on his faithful lip;  
 His footstep shall not slip,  
 Nor from God's way depart.

The wicked sees the joy  
 Attending God's free laws,  
 And grudging seeks a cause  
 Th' observer to destroy.

The Lord will not expose  
 His servants to the chair  
 Of judges so unfair,  
 Nor with their sentence close.

Hope—and the Lord adore,  
 And thee he shall promote,  
 And to those realms devote,  
 Where sin shall be no more.

I with these eyes have seen  
 The proud his pow'r display,  
 And flourish, like the bay,  
 So goodly and so green.

I went again to view  
 His wretched flatt'ers fawn;  
 But lo! the man was gone,  
 His place was made anew.

Thine innocence hold fast,  
 Beware of craft and guile,  
 And dying thou shall smile,  
 That there is peace at last.

But those that still transgress,  
 And all the sons of scorn,  
 Their hope is but forlorn,  
 To those that bear and blest.

Salvation of the soul  
 Is from the Lord of pow'r,  
 Which in his adverse hour  
 Can make the sufferer whole.

The good shall Christ assist,  
 And save them from the paws  
 Of rav'nous wolves—because  
 They in his band insist.

## P S A L M XXXVIII.

**L**ORD, rebuke me not, nor hasten  
 In thine ire my day of doom;  
 Nor in hot resentment chasten  
 Him whom pain and grief consume.

For thy poignant arrows thicken,  
 And come piercing on my pores;  
 By thine angel am I stricken  
 With innumerable sores.

For my sin and thy displeasure  
 All my flesh with anguish groans,  
 And tormented out of measure,  
 There's no quiet in my bones

For my wickedness excessive,  
 Now come down upon my head,  
 Is a burden too oppressive  
 For a sinner in his bed.

For my running wounds are fetid,  
 And the filth inhances pain,  
 Thro' my follies oft regretted,  
 And as often play'd again.

Bent and broke with toilsome sorrow  
 I am in such evil plight;  
 From each evening to the morrow  
 I go mourning day and night.

For my loins are all infected  
 With a noxious plague diseas'd,  
 Not a single part protected  
 Which the poison has not seiz'd.

Weak with this thy visitation,  
 And inflamed in every part,  
 I have roar'd in rank vexation,  
 And disquietude of heart.

Lord, thou knowest all the merit,  
 And extent of my appeal;  
 And the groanings of my spirit  
 I cannot from Thee conceal.

Strength is gone, and throbbing pulses  
 Shake my heart strings with dismay,  
 And the pain my sight convulses  
 That I cannot bear the day.

There is none to give assistance,  
 Friends and neighbours stand and look;  
 And my kinsmen keep their distance,  
 Nor can my misfortunes brook.

This was deem'd a lucky season  
 For my foes to lay their snares;  
 And they went about with treason  
 Breaking bounds and sowing tares,

As for me, with inattention  
 I was deaf to what they said,  
 Like the dumb, by whom no mention  
 Of his miseries is made.

I became as one astonish'd  
 Who to nothing gives his heed;  
 And whose foes are not admonish'd  
 From their purpose to recede.

For in Thee, O Lord, confiding  
 I with meekness kiss the rod;  
 Thou shalt plead for my back-sliding,  
 O my Saviour, O my God.

I have made my soul's petition  
 That my foes no more should swell,  
 For well-pleas'd with my condition,  
 They exulted when I fell.

And, in truth, I am surrounded  
 As the plagues come on apace,  
 And mine aching sight is wounded  
 While they stare me in the face.

For with penitent confession  
 I my worship will begin;  
 And acknowledge my transgression,  
 And be sorry for my sin.

But mine enemies surviving  
 Their own malice are in pow'r,  
 Hatred from no cause deriving,  
 Grow more num'rous every hour.

Those increase my persecution  
 Who for good the worst return,  
 To dismay my resolution  
 As with zeal for God I burn.

Let me, Lord, at this incursion  
 Of my foes thy succour prove;  
 Nor in anger or aversion  
 From thy supplicant remove.

O thou God of all perfection,  
 As my plaintive psalm I make,  
 From all terror and dejection  
 Speed me for thy mercy's sake.



## P S A L M XXXIX.

WITH severest circumspection  
I will guard my ways, I said,  
Left at any time objection  
To my converse should be made.

And my mouth as with a bridle  
I will carefully restrain,  
While the reprobate and idle  
In my wearied light remain.

With such rigour of suppression  
Was I mute, that I forbore  
Ev'n from words of good discretion,  
But I was afflicted fore.

As I ponder'd with vexation,  
My sad heart within me burn'd  
Till it caused an inflammation,  
When my wonted speech return'd.

Lord, by thy divine monition  
Let me calculate my days,  
That their length and their condition  
May have influence on my ways.

Lo! a span is the dimension  
Of my life, and all my reign  
Is not worthy thine attention—  
Surely every man is vain.

For in vain himself aggrieving  
'Tis a shadow man pursues,  
Gathering riches, nor conceiving  
Who the hoarded heap shall use.

Where is therefore my affiance,  
To what shelter shall I flee?  
Truly, Lord, my sole reliance  
And my hope is placed in Thee.

With thy hand of mercy lenient  
Heal me, where my conscience wounds;  
'top the jesting inconvenient,  
Which from thence the scoffer grounds.

I was of my speech divested,  
And no more my lips could move,  
For thy pow'r is uncontested,  
When thou wouldst our patience prove.

Cease the stripes of thy displeasure,  
Which I can no longer stand;  
I am wasted out of measure  
By thy strict afflicting hand.

Thy severe compunctions goading,  
All our beauties fade and wane,  
As the wool by moths corroding;  
Surely every man is vain.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, as falling  
On my face to thee I cry,  
Let thine ears attend my calling,  
And to these my tears reply.

For with Thee I am a stranger,  
And a pilgrim's lot I share;  
Train'd in hardship and in danger,  
Ev'n as all my fathers were.

For a little space O spare me,  
And my strength a while restore,  
Ere thy final sentence bear me  
To be seen on earth no more.

## P S A L M XL.

I Tarried in the house of pray'r  
To patient hope resign'd;  
And God in his paternal care  
To hear my voice inclin'd.

He saved me likewise from the shock  
Of terror and dismay,  
And set my feet upon a rock  
To regulate my way.

Such mercies in my mouth inspire  
A song of new delight,  
A lesson for th' Hebrew lyre,  
And grateful to recite.

This blessed change beyond their thought  
The multitude shall see,  
And put their trust in God that wrought  
This miracle in me.

Blest is the man in God assur'd  
 Who has not turn'd his side  
 To him that has the tale procur'd,  
 Or him that hears in pride.

O Lord my God, thy works are plan'd  
 How marvellous and great,  
 Thy careful love and bounteous hand  
 What praises shall relate?

If I should set about the task  
 Their numbers to recount,  
 It would such shining talents ask  
 As my mean pow'rs surmount.

Fat lambs and firstlings of the year  
 Are better fed than slain;  
 For thou preferst a duteous ear  
 To what thy laws contain.

No more the flocks and herds shall die  
 For sinners to atone—  
 Then lo! I come—I come—said I  
 To give myself alone.

O God, 'tis written in thy book  
 That I should do thy will,  
 I from my heart have all forlook  
 That scripture to fulfill.

Thy righteousness I have declar'd  
 Before th' assembled tribes;  
 O Lord, thou know'st I have not spar'd  
 In that thy word prescribes.

I have not been reserv'd to balk  
 Thy holy word and ways;  
 But all the tenour of my talk  
 Was how their light might blaze.

I have not hid thy loving grace  
 And thine establish'd truth,  
 But shewn them to the genuine race  
 Of Boaz and of Ruth;

God of mine ancestors and arms,  
 Do not that truth withhold;  
 Preserve me in that love, which charms  
 Reluctance to thy fold.

Woes multitudinous surround,  
 My grief my spirit wears;  
 My sins my conscious heart confound,  
 Out-numbring ev'n my hairs.

O Lord, in thy good pity please  
 Thy servant to restore;  
 And with thy speedy succour ease  
 The hardships I deplore.

Give them, O Lord, the sense of shame  
 Who seek my soul's distress,  
 And those with sharp remorse reclaim  
 That wish me no success.

Let self-conviction be their lot  
 Join'd with the contrite sigh,  
 Who thus their poison'd bolts have shot,  
 "O fie, upon thee, fie!"

Let them rejoice whose final scope  
 Is placed in Christ their king,  
 And all the sons of love and hope  
 Their hallelujah sing.

As for my share of all this earth  
 It is but mean and poor,  
 And yet the Lord esteems me worth  
 A substance to endure.

Thou art my help, my Saviour thou,  
 Of all my goods the sum;  
 O tarry not, but now, ev'n now,  
 O come, Lord Jesus, come.

P S A L M XLI.  
 Tune of old xxv.

THE bounteous man is blest  
 Who feels for want and woe;  
 The Lord shall save him when oppress'd,  
 And to his need bestow.

The Lord preserve his health,  
 And keep him long alive;  
 Nor open violence nor stealth  
 His goodly lot deprive.

The Lord his spirit forth  
 When pain his patience tries—  
 Yea Christ his bed of sickness smooth  
 As languishing he lies.

My state of death relieve,  
 Thou gracious Lord, I said,  
 O heal and yet again receive,  
 For I have err'd and stray'd.

Mine enemies belye  
 My fame, and marr my peace,  
 Enquiring when shall David die  
 And his memorial cease?

And if they come or send  
 In their officious hate,  
 Vain talk and false conceits they vend  
 To misreport my state.

My foes together swarm,  
 And whisp'ring undermine;  
 For me this evil wish they form,  
 This cruelty design.

“ The doom of guilt in pain  
 “ Betide his parting breath,  
 “ Nor ever let him rise again  
 “ From his untimely death.”

Yea ev'n the man I chose,  
 On whom my soul relied,  
 My daily guest has join'd my foes  
 To trample and deride.

But let their rage excite  
 Thy mercy, Lord, the more,  
 And that I may their hate requite  
 With love, my strength restore.

By this I rest assur'd  
 That I have favour found,  
 Because thou hast my coast secur'd  
 From all the force around.

My health when I am well  
 Is from thy bounteous hands,  
 And thou shalt take my soul to dwell  
 Where now my angel stands.

Bless Christ the health of souls,  
 And Israel's gracious Lord,  
 While in immense eternal rolls,  
 Let heav'n and earth accord.

## P S A L M XLII.

LIKE as the hart desires the brook  
 In summer heat's extremest degree,  
 With panting breast and wishful look,  
 So longs my soul for Thee!

O God — my spirit is athirst  
 For God in whom we live and move;  
 When in God's church shall I be first  
 My piety to prove?

My tears have been my constant food,  
 Which day and night my griefs supply,  
 While with malevolence renew'd  
 Where is thy God, they cry?

Now when I think thereon I shed  
 By stealth the show'rs of inward care;  
 For I before was wont to head  
 These multitudes to pray'r.

All in one voice of that delight  
 Which from the great thanksgiving flows,  
 As youths and maids, a goodly fight,  
 The festive wreath compose.

Why do I drag this loathsome load,  
 Whence, O my soul, art thou oppress'd;  
 And what are these the stings, that goad,  
 And wound my tortur'd breast?

O trust in God his pow'r to save  
 The cup of thankfulness fulfill,  
 He keeps thy head above the wave,  
 And is thy Saviour still.

O God, internal griefs assail,  
 I therefore will direct my thought  
 To Hermon's hill and Jordan's vale,  
 Where thou such wonders wrought.

One sea unto another calls,  
 As to the whistling winds they swell;  
 But at thy word the tempest falls,  
 And I am safe and well.

The Lord is good and loving-kind  
Through all the service of the day,  
And him which made me man and mind  
By night I sing and pray.

I will inquire of God my strength  
Why hast thou left me thus to go  
With such a load and such a length  
Of life in war and woe?

My bones are smitten to the quick  
As with the falchion's keener blade,  
While at my face the cowards kick,  
And my distress upraid.

To wit while reprobates intrude  
My soul's deliv'rer to deny,  
And with malevolence renew'd  
Where is thy God, they cry?

Why do I drag this loathsome load,  
Whence, O my soul, art thou oppress'd,  
And what are these the stings, that goad,  
And wound my tortur'd breast?

O put thy trust in God again  
The cup of thankfulness fulfill;  
He shall thy countenance sustain,  
And is thy Saviour still.

#### P S A L M XLIII.

O God, give sentence on my side,  
And patronise my righteous cause  
Against the sons of sin and pride  
That violate thy laws.

For 'tis thy love which makes me strong,  
Why dost thou then my soul divorce  
To drag this load of life along  
Beneath oppressive force?

O issue forth thy radiant beam,  
Thy truth O give me to pursue;  
Thy holy hill, thy living stream,  
Thy temple let me view!

O God my God, that I may go  
With joy and gladness to my pray'rs,  
And touch, while thankful accents flow,  
The harp's divinest airs!

Why do I drag this loathsome load,  
Whence, O my soul, art thou oppress'd,  
And what are these the stings, that goad,  
And wound my tortur'd breast?

O put thy trust in God again,  
The cup of thankfulness fulfill,  
He shall thy countenance sustain,  
And is thy Saviour still.

#### P S A L M XLIV.

O God, our ancestors have told  
Of thy stupendous fame,  
What deeds thou didst of old,  
And we have seen the same.

For thou didst Canaanites expell,  
And planted Jacob's race;  
And how the heathen fell,  
Or fled before thy face.

For they gat Canaan to possess,  
By prowess not their own,  
Nor could maintain success  
By human force alone.

But thy right hand their sword renown'd,  
And smiles benignly bright;  
As they acceptance found  
And favour in thy sight.

Almighty God, thou art my king,  
To my redemption speed;  
Give strength to David's sling,  
And succour Jacob's seed.

Through Thee we soon shall overturn  
Our foes and their allies,  
And in thy name shall spurn  
Their armies as they rise.

For when th' assailants give the word  
I will not trust my bow,  
Nor vaunt the sword I gird,  
Or glitt'ring spear I throw.

But 'tis that all-sufficient might  
Of GOD THE GOOD AND GREAT  
Saves us, and puts to flight  
The sons of sin and hate.

In praising God we make the most  
Of every lengthned day,  
And will for ever boast  
The name, to which we pray.

But now thy glory is remote  
From our embattl'd bands;  
And headless ranks denote  
The weakness of our hands.

Thou mak'st our standard to give back,  
Nor front the brave dispute;  
So that our foes attack,  
And take our goods to boot.

Like younglings to the glutton's tooth  
We're giv'n to be devour'd;  
And midst the foes of truth  
Are scatter'd and o'erpow'r'd.

Thine own free men are sold and brough  
And from their homes estrang'd,  
Nor is there profit brought,  
Or purchase money chang'd.

Each neighbour licens'd to contest  
Our bounds, his venom spurts,  
And we are made the jest  
Of those that haunt our skirts.

We are a laughing-stock become,  
And hear our ill report  
From heathen dregs and scum,  
That shake their heads in sport.

Day after day I am confus'd  
While wretches taunt and hiss,  
And blush to be abus'd  
At such a shame as this,

And for the voice of them that bear  
False witness and blaspheme,  
For foes unus'd to spare,  
And thirst of blood extream.

And tho' thy people are beset  
With woes they cannot stave;  
Yet do we not forget  
Thy laws, or misbehave.

Our hearty purpose was not shook  
But to thy truth has stood,  
Nor have our steps forlook  
The narrow way to good.

No, not when wrath was ripe to tread  
Our souls where dragons hide,  
And darkness overspread  
Where death and night reside.

If we thy truth have disbeliev'd  
Or gone to idol fanes,  
God cannot be deceiv'd,  
Which tries the heart and reins.

For we die daily for thy sake,  
And our precarious life  
Is every hour at stake,  
Like fadings for the knife.

Up, Lord, in our behalf arise,  
Thy mercy-beams disclose,  
And when thy saint applies,  
No more indulge repose.

Why dost thou hide thee, and neglect  
Our perils to confront,  
And will not recollect  
Our wretchedness and want?

For to the ground our spirits fall,  
And rancle with disgust,  
And on our hands we crawl  
With bowels in the dust.

Arise, O Lord, and help us now  
Thy honour is at stake:  
Save us and hear our vow,  
And that for Christ his sake.

## P S A L M XLV.

**E**Xalted by a blessed thought  
My soul is on the wing;  
I speak, as in the spirit taught,  
The praise of Christ my king.

G

My lips are eager and delight  
Glad tidings to impart,  
As is the pen of them that write  
With equal ease and art.

Thy form is fairer than the race  
Of men from Adam sprung;  
And God has giv'n eternal grace  
To thy persuasive tongue.

Thy sword's effulgent lightning sheathe  
On thy redoubted thigh;  
And crown'd with fame and merit breathe  
The peace of God Most High.

God thy thrice-honour'd mission speed,  
In love and meekness ride  
To do the right thy word decreed,  
And truth shall be thy guide.

Sharp is the voice of thy reproof  
When sin thy spirit grieves,  
Ev'n underneath the sacred roof  
Amidst the trading thieves.

Thy seat, Lord Jesus, shall remain,  
And endless pow'r is thine;  
The sceptre of thy heav'nly reign  
Is rectitude divine.

Thy truth all falsehood disallows,  
Whence God, thy God profess,  
His oil has gladden'd for thy brows,  
Above thy fellows blest.

Thy garments of rich cassia smell,  
Of aloes and of myrrh,  
From iv'ry rooms, where psalmists dwell  
And joyful pray'rs prefer.

The dames of honour not a few  
Are in thy train enroll'd;  
The seat upon thy right shall shew  
Thy spouse in flow'rs and gold.

Consider, daughter, and attend—  
Forget thy carnal fire,  
The wealthy pomp, the worldly friend,  
And every mean desire.

Thus shall the prince of peace have joy  
In beauty so supreme;  
Thy service and thy song employ  
In Christ thy God and theme.

The daughter of the Tyrian port  
Shall bring her gifts to thee;  
The rich of nations pay their court,  
And supplicate the knee.

The bride of Jesus Christ is great  
In glories of the soul,  
Of regal gold a precious weight  
Adorns her flowing stole.

Before her Saviour shall she stand  
In needle-work array'd,  
And those wise virgins of her band  
With blazing lamps display'd.

In joy and gladness not to cease  
They shall be led along  
To Christ the palace of his peace,  
The house of pray'r and song.

Of no terrestrial father born,  
Thy servants are thine heirs,  
Whom thou shalt leave the world to warn  
By preaching and by pray'rs.

I will thy holy name adore  
As I such hope presage;  
Thy saints shall bless thee more and more  
In every world and age.

# P S A L M XLVI.

**G**OD is our hope, the mighty pow'r,  
From whence the host its strength derives  
A present succour in the hour  
Whene'er the battle strives:

We shall not therefore be dismay'd  
Though earth repeated shocks sustain,  
And though the hill should be convey'd  
To range the midmost main.

And tho' the billows swell and roar  
And their tremendous tumult make,  
Till mountains distant from the shore  
The turbulence partake;

The rivers which the floods supply  
Shall run with sweet composure down  
To glad the fort of God most high,  
The place of blest renown.

God in the citadel resides  
Where Zion her strong tow'r sublimed;  
He shall assist her in the tides  
Of wealth and woe betimes.

The heathen rages and revolts,                      felt,]  
Whole realms have strange commotions  
But God his glorious voice exalts,  
And earth herself shall melt.

The Lord of hosts is with our cause,  
By him are Jacob's legions led,  
And Michael with a million draws  
His weapon at our head.

O come ye hither and survey  
Where God his thunderbolts has hurl'd,  
With what destruction and dismay  
He hath convuls'd the world.

All tumults at his mandates cease,  
He breaks the bow, the spear he mars,  
And to the triumph of his peace  
He burns th' embattel'd cars.

Be still and know the voice divine,  
For exaltation is my due,  
And exaltation shall be mine  
O'er Gentile and o'er Jew.

The Lord of hosts is with our cause,  
By him are Jacob's legions led,  
And Michael with a million draws  
His weapon at our head.

## P S A L M XLVII.

O Join your hands with loud applause,  
Ye people, and the common cause  
Of Christian zeal attend:  
In voice and spirit sing and shout,  
By hearty melody devout,  
And hymns to God ascend.

For a tremendous God is ours,  
Most high, most holy, and the pow'rs,  
The majesty, the might,  
And all things glorious, all things great  
In empire are subordinate,  
And bow to him of right.

The people from his grace remov'd  
Shall in our converse be improv'd,  
And to his altars speed;  
The Gentiles thus shall he subdue,  
And all the runagates renew  
In Abraham's chosen seed.

For his lov'd tribes he shall select  
A better country, and direct  
Our travel to his throne;  
And Jacob's glory, Jacob's care,  
Which is in gratitude and pray'r,  
Shall reckon to his own.

Christ is gone up, the king of kings,  
And joyful acclamation rings,  
As thankless earth he spurns;  
The marshall'd cherubs stand in rows,  
From ianost heav'n the trumpet blows  
While God from death returns.

In Christ your God the song commence,  
Which said "arise let us go hence,"  
By flights of lively praise;  
To Christ your king in grateful strain  
Raise pealing anthems, and again  
The pealing anthems raise.

By God supreme all earth is sway'd,  
 By him administer'd and made,  
 Let us perform our part,  
 Sing vying for th' immortal prize  
 In high-wrought verse and heed full-wise,  
 Like masters of your art.

The heathen also he controuls,  
 In whose obnubilated souls  
 His image is effac'd;  
 God sits upon his throne to bless,  
 His throne by purest holiness  
 And boundless mercy plac'd.

Each rebel Jew the church rejoins,  
 And every prince from Abraham's loins  
 Again his fruit shall yield;  
 For God, whose exaltation soars  
 O'er heav'n, and whom all earth adores,  
 Shall be himself our shield.

P S A L M XLVIII.

**G**R E A T is the Lord in every clime,  
 And worthy of the strain sublime  
 Which echoes to his throne;  
 But chiefest in his holy hill,  
 In his own city, where his will  
 And word are fully known.

Mount Zion! she is passing fair,  
 Whose noble piles and purest air,  
 And stately palms invite;  
 Salem is on the northern wing.  
 The city of th' almighty king,  
 And all the world's delight.

The sojourner that seeks to God,  
 And they that flee the tyrants rod,  
 Arrive from every shore;  
 For known is that benign command  
 Which blesses every liberal hand,  
 And hospitable door.

Behold! the kings and their allies  
 Came to Jerusalem, like spies,  
 Our treasures to survey;  
 They saw our glory with remorse,  
 And with their vast united force  
 The monarchs went their way.

The walls they measured in their mind,  
 And view'd those ramparts they design'd  
 To brave and circumvent;  
 But troubl'd at the tow'rs in spite,  
 Of malice, multitudes and might,  
 They fled with discontent.

For fear took hold upon them there,  
 And anguish working on despair  
 Confounded man and steed;  
 Such are the terror and the cries  
 Of some base harlot when she dies  
 Of an abortive seed.

The vessels of enormous rate  
 Conducted o'er their armed freight  
 From Tarshish faithless coasts;  
 He sent upon them, hulk and mast,  
 The spirit of the eastern blast,  
 And overwhelm'd their boasts.

As we have heard it with our ears,  
 So now thy loving care appears  
 Within these sacred walls,  
 Which thou the God of arms hast made;  
 He shall be present to their aid  
 Whene'er his people calls.

O God, the tribes of thine elect  
 In trembling fearfulness expect  
 Beneath thine hallow'd roof,  
 Until the word of thy good will  
 Descend our wishes to fulfill,  
 And keep our wants aloof.

O God, thy praise and endless fame  
 Is as that universal name  
 To which all flesh appeals;  
 By thee remotest earth is bless'd,  
 And daily bounties heap'd and press'd  
 For all thy justice deals.

Let Zion dedicate the day  
 To mirth, and let the streamers play  
 From every goodly spire;  
 Th' almighty judge is on our side,  
 And let Judea's blooming pride  
 Injoy themselves attire.



March out from Zion, walk the rounds,  
And measure all her utmost bounds,  
Survey her fort by fort;  
Her tow'rs their altitude and strength,  
Her villages their breadth and length,  
And make a true report.

The ramparts and the moat review—  
The palaces—with caution due  
Apply the reed and line—  
Deliver what the Lord has done,  
And safely now from fire to son  
The property consign.

For this our Saviour from the rage  
Of tyrants is in every age  
Our succour and defence;  
Christ o'er his people shall preside,  
Christ e'en to death shall be our guide,  
And shall redeem us thence.

## P S A L M XLIX.

O Ye people, hear and ponder  
In your ears and in your mind,  
All that dwell in homes or wander  
Thro' the world of human kind.

You of high or low gradation  
To my words alike attend,  
Men as well of wealth and station  
As the poor without a friend.

I will speak of things essential  
To the folk that would be wise,  
And with words and thoughts prudential  
Heart and mouth I will advise.

My harmonious ear inclining  
To the great mysterious verse,  
And with harp and hand divining,  
I will oracles rehearse.

Wherefore in these times flagitious  
Should I my good courage lose,  
When with practices pernicious  
Guile prepares my heel to bruise?

Some there are that have affiance  
In the goods they get by stealth,  
And grow proud by vain reliance  
On the rust of worldly wealth.

But for brotherly affection,  
That in pride and pomp is lost;  
Could they buy the Lord's protection,  
They would scruple of the cost.

Deeds of charity and kindness,  
Which would tend their souls to save,  
They thro' vice and carnal blindness  
Must relinquish to the grave.

Yea and that tho' God has lengthn'd  
The duration of their years,  
And their fleshly veil has strengthn'd  
From the dread sepulchral fears.

For they see the gen'ral sentence,  
Fools and wise together die,  
And the rich in late repentance  
With their hoards an heir supply.

Yet they think that their succession  
Shall not be extinct at all,  
And the places at discretion  
After their own names they call.

Yet is man from his beginning  
Weak, nor honour long retains,  
And degrades himself by sinning  
To the brutes o'er which he reigns.

Thus it is with self-deceivers,  
Fools which heav'nly hope defeat,  
And a race of unbelievers  
Praise and practise the deceit.

Such like rotten sheep infected  
Worms their beauty shall devour,  
And o'er them the saints elected  
In eternal peace shall tow'r,

But from out the dreary mansion  
God my spirit hath set free,  
Height sublime and free expansion,  
Bliss celestial are for me.

Be not daunted at the lustre  
Of thy neighbour's countless store,  
At his glory, and the cluster  
Of dependents at his door.

For his wealth and gaudy splendor  
Shall not wait upon his bier;  
Pomp and all he must surrender  
When the train of death appear.

While he liv'd, in his adherence  
To the world, he thought him blest:  
Long as thou support'st appearance,  
Busy tongues will speak the best.

Soon his father he shall follow,  
In the greedy grave to rot,  
And the gulph his soul shall swallow,  
If repentance save him not.

Men of honour and promotion,  
Which of carnal things have far'd,  
Model'd to the vulgar notion,  
With the beasts are well compar'd.

## P S A L M L.

**T**HE Lord, e'en Christ supremely blest,  
O'er worlds his merit won,  
Convokes from east to west  
All flesh beneath the sun.

From Zion in the spirit rais'd  
Amongst the heights above,  
Has fair perfection blaz'd  
In glory, peace, and love.

The Lord shall come again to try  
His servant and his foe;  
Before his face on high  
The dreadful trump shall blow.

The heav'n and earth he shall arraign,  
And ev'ry cause decide;  
His sheep he shall retain,  
And from the goats divide.

Collect my saints from far and near,  
Which, in distress and want,  
Were strengthen'd to revere  
Their promise at the font.

And heav'n its verdict shall declare,  
How good thou art and true;  
For Christ shall judge to spare,  
And all to love subdue.

Hear my remonstrances, ye tribes,  
I am thy God, improve  
By what thy God prescribes,  
And all thy filth remove.

I will not urge your gross defect,  
In that which ye refuse,  
And in such sort neglect  
To give the Lord his dues.

I will not take the slaughter'd ox  
For sin, as heretofore;  
The fading of thy flocks  
To me shall bleed no more.

For all the forest-beasts are mine,  
Whose life the hunter spills,  
As are the sheep and kine  
Upon a thousand hills.

I know the fowls that haunt the groves  
Or mountains in their flight,  
And all the grazing droves  
Are ever in my sight.

Shall Christ, the bread of life, repeal  
The laws his mercy taught,  
And shall he want a meal,  
Which made the world from thought?

Shall God, eternal, self-complete,  
Whom highest heav'n receives,  
Obey thy low conceit,  
And eat of kids and beeves?

Not in thine ew'r or dish he dips;  
No—'tis the thankful heart  
And homage of thy lips  
That are thy Maker's part.

Whene'er calamities assail  
The suppliant in distress,  
Thy Saviour shall not fail  
To give him cause to bless.

But God disowns the rebel race—  
My laws why should ye teach,  
With hearts deprav'd and base,  
And ostentatious speech?

Whereas thou hast the narrow track,  
Which saints and martyrs tread,  
And turn'st thine impious back  
To where my word is read.

Thou lov'st the thief where'er he lurks,  
And traitors to their trust;  
Thou hast partook the works  
Of foul adulterous lust.

Thy mouth is giv'n to foul discourse,  
That Christ the Word defies,  
Thou hast to fraud recourse  
To propagate thy lies.

Thou sittest in the seat of shame,  
And brethren are revild,  
Nor scruplest to defame  
Thy mother's dutious child.

These things thou didst, till thou presum'd  
That God at sin conniv'd—  
To death by conscience doom'd,  
Thou art in Christ reviv'd.

Consider, therefore, and repent;  
Nor lose, by ling'ring late,  
The bridegroom's good intent,  
Which condescends to wait.

Whom praise and gratitude commend,  
Is fit for heav'n's employ—  
"Well done, thou faithful friend,  
"Receive thy Saviour's joy."

## P S A L M LI.

ON a soul with sins encumber'd,  
Lord, have pity and redeem,  
As thy mercies are unnumber'd,  
And thy goodness is extream.

Wash me thoroughly so polluted  
With this hateful filth within;  
Let thy merit be imputed  
To my tears to cleanse my sin.

For by faith and fair confession  
I my follies have resign'd,  
And a sense of my transgression  
Is for ever in my mind.

Thee, thine awful presence solely  
Has my sin prophan'd, and shown  
That thou art most true, most holy,  
When thy words and works are known.

Lo! I was engender'd vicious,  
And the lump within the womb,  
Made against the Lord malicious;  
Did false principles assume.

But internal truth demanding;  
Thou hast search'd me to the heart;  
And to raise my understanding  
Secret wisdom shalt impart.

With the wholesome hyssop purging,  
Pure again my veins shall flow,  
And in springing baths immersing,  
Thou shalt make me white as snow.

Thou shalt make me hear the voices  
Which with joy thy name invoke,  
As thy healing pow'r rejoices  
All the bones that thou hast broke.

Turn thee from my foul disgraces,  
Nor my soul in terror plunge;  
Spare my sins, and all the traces  
Of my evil deeds expunge.

With another heart endue me,  
And my tainted vitals clean;  
In the spirit, Lord, renew me,  
And my troubled mind serene.

Cast me not away for ever  
From the glory of thy face,  
Nor my sinking soul dis sever  
From the spirit of thy grace.

O console me to inherit  
 All my part in thee again,  
 And confirm me with thy spirit  
 Thy true freedom to maintain.

So shall I, so prone to trample  
 And thy holy laws desert,  
 Both by precept and example  
 Sinners to thy ways convert.

Rid me from this guilt's compunction,  
 Lord, with healing in thy wing,  
 And my tongue, in sweet conjunction  
 With my harp, thy truth shall sing.

With thy blessed inspiration,  
 Lord, thou shalt my lips unseal,  
 And my mouth with exultation  
 Shall thy glorious laud reveal.

Gifts for thy returning favour  
 I would give, didst thou require;  
 But thou likest not the favour  
 Which is wafted from the fire.

God's best off'ring is contrition  
 From a man divinely meek;  
 Thou reject'st not the condition  
 Of a heart at point to break.

O again be good and gracious,  
 Zion's ruin'd state review;  
 Walls so high and streets so spacious,  
 Come and build her up anew.

Thus our all-benign Creator  
 We shall better please and praise;  
 Pray'r and gratitude are greater  
 Than when loaded altars blaze.

## P S A L M LII.

O Thou that art from God endow'd  
 With wealth and pow'r above the crowd,  
 Why is thy heart elate with pride,  
 If all these goods are misapplied?

Whereas benevolence divine  
 The mercy-beams that daily shine,  
 Are in proportion to the might  
 Of God, and gen'ral as the light.

No more let thy conception frame,  
 Nor tongue divulge thy neighbour's shame,  
 No more in keen invectives deal,  
 But learn to cover and conceal.

No more from virtue's precepts err,  
 But goodness and the Lord prefer;  
 Thy commerce in the world amend,  
 Nor truth nor decency offend.

No more let time be misemploy'd  
 In words which wisdom should avoid,  
 Whose tenour may thy neighbours hurt,  
 And nothing but the truth assert.

Henceforward may thy soul expect,  
 And find the love of God direct  
 To snatch thee to a better birth,  
 From Christians militant on earth.

The saints elect in heav'n shall see  
 The penitent's felicity,  
 And joy for such a sheep as this,  
 More than for ninety-nine in bliss.

Behold a man restor'd at length,  
 Who took not Jesus for his strength;  
 But put his trust in worldly store,  
 Behold him change to change no more.

For me—I like an olive thrive  
 With all my verdure still alive,  
 And rooted in the church I place  
 My trust in Christ's eternal grace.

My praises for thy mercies past,  
 Through all futurity shall last;  
 And on thy name my hope shall dwell,  
 For all thy servants like it well.

## P S A L M LIII.

THE man to modes and times enslav'd,  
 His soul's conception is deprav'd,  
 The Christian faith to blot;  
 And such and such alone devise  
 The lowest and the last of lies,  
 To say that God is not.

Corrupt beyond the former times,  
They are outrageous in their crimes,  
And vanities pursue;  
Tho' grace alike has beam'd on all,  
Tho' multitudes have heard the call,  
The chosen flock are few.

The Lord, at such a grievous cry,  
Came down in person from on high,  
His creatures to restore;  
And see if they would understand,  
"The heav'nly kingdom is at hand,"  
And therefore sin no more.

But they are all at once astray,  
And quite perverted from the way,  
Their vanities pursue;  
Tho' grace alike has beam'd on all,  
Tho' multitudes have heard the call,  
The chosen flock are few.

And have they understanding hearts,  
These dealers in detested arts,  
My people to devour?  
The faces of the poor they grind,  
Nor have they to their God inclin'd,  
Nor do they own his pow'r.

The conscious traitors stood dismay'd,  
Nor knew from whence they were afraid  
For my belief to crown,  
And circumventing guile to quell,  
Lo! Satan to the depth of hell,  
Like lightning, is come down.

O that salvation were receiv'd,  
And, Zion, all thy doom reprov'd,  
My soul is pray'r for thee!  
O that the Lord would break our chains,  
And where triumphant Jesus reigns,  
Would make his people free!

Then Jacob should lift up his voice,  
And from his jeopardy rejoice,  
In festive garments clad;  
And Israel's children to a man,  
Through all our host from rear to van,  
Should be for ever glad.

## P S A L M LIV.

O God, the name to which I pray,  
Of boundless love and pow'r,  
O pass, if possible, away  
This bitter cup and hour.

Yet if these drops must thus be spilt,  
Thou, Father, knowest best;  
And be it rather as thou wilt,  
Than to my soul's request.

Lo! strangers to thy truth arise,  
Nor put their trust in thee;  
And Herod, leagu'd with Pilate, vies  
To nail me to the tree.

But God shall raise from stripes and scorn  
The Lamb betray'd and kill'd;  
And on the third triumphant morn  
This temple shall rebuild.

Then thou shalt greater grace supply  
To have the worst redeem'd;  
And truth shall make them free to die  
For him they once blasphem'd.

A victim patient and resign'd  
I for the cross prepare,  
And blest thy name, because I find  
Such consolation there.

For he has caus'd me to respire,  
And all my vows have thriv'n;  
Mine eye has seen my heart's desire  
In every foe forgiv'n.

## P S A L M LV.

O God, with gracious ears receive  
My fervent vows in Christ address,  
Nor take thyself away to leave  
Thy supplicant unblest.

Observe my melancholy state,  
My pangs let consolation ease,  
And this vexatious grief abate  
While thus I bend my knees.

So loud opposers shout and throng,  
 So near the wicked bands are seen;  
 For they are bent to do me wrong,  
 Their malice is so keen;

My heart within me is dismay'd,  
 And thoughts relating to my end,  
 My firmness into fear degrade,  
 And all my pow'rs suspend.

A shudd'ring terror takes my limbs,  
 And horrid visions fill my head;  
 My brain with wild confusion swims,  
 And overwhelming dread.

And oh! that I had wings, I cry'd,  
 To bear me ballanc'd as the dove;  
 Then would I to those regions glide  
 Where dwells the peace I love.

Lo! then would I my course betake  
 Till distance bold attempt defeat,  
 And to some friendly covert make  
 In solitude's retreat.

I would my flight's direction shape,  
 Myself in safety to embow'r,  
 Before th' imprison'd winds escape,  
 And skies tempestuous low'r.

O Lord, the busy tongues confound,  
 And their malevolence destroy;  
 For wickedness and strife abound,  
 And all our streets annoy.

Idlers by day and night patrol,  
 And through the worst uncleanness wade;  
 There dwells anxiety of soul,  
 There mischief is a trade.

All love is froze within the walls  
 And licens'd lust and envy burn,  
 And force attacks and guile enthralls  
 Which way so'er we turn.

For it was not a foe in mail  
 That this extrem dishonour dar'd,  
 To such I had been without fail  
 Both patient and prepar'd.

Nor was it secret spite that wrought  
 This odious deed of publick shame,  
 For so by pray'r I might have sought  
 A cover from it's aim.

But it was even Thou, a part  
 Of David, and his soul's resource;  
 The dear companion of his heart  
 In all his painful course!

The mutual commerce of the mind  
 In sweetness we were wont to share,  
 And at the house of God we join'd  
 The work of common pray'r.

But let not sudden death surprize,  
 And send them quick into the pit;  
 Though in their dwellings are the cries  
 Of horrors they commit.

For me and for my seed I speak,  
 We will to Christ our God appeal,  
 And he shall hear and raise the meek,  
 And their salvation seal.

At morning and at evening song,  
 And constant at the hour of noon,  
 I will my stated pray'r prolong,  
 And God shall grant my boon.

'Tis God alone that has restor'd  
 My peace, and my redemption won;  
 Nor is it numbers or the sword  
 That such a deed has done.

Yea, God on his eternal throne,  
 Thro' Christ shall hear me and forgive,  
 Whose words shall melt the hearts of stone  
 That they may turn and live.

The hands of violent assault  
 He laid on inoffensive folk,  
 From his own league he made revolt,  
 His own agreement broke.

His speech as melting butter smooth  
 With hostile heart the flatt'rer fram'd,  
 His oily words he run'd to sooth  
 Whence secret darts were aim'd.

O cast thy heavy lading down,  
And Christ himself shall give thee rest,  
The proud shall not for ever frown  
Upon the poor oppress'd.

And as for them, the Lord shall shock  
Their pride with a tremendous blow;  
When Christ, our meritorious rock,  
Shall try his friend and foe.

Short is the reign, and dread the blast  
Of bloody men by guile deprav'd,  
But persevering to the last  
In Christ my soul is sav'd.

## P S A L M LVI.

**O** CHRIST, have mercy on thy sheep  
From man's licentious pow'r;  
Each day the foes thy fence o'erleap  
To worry and devour.

Their sweeping swarms in hostile steel  
The daily skirmish try,  
I therefore to thy name appeal,  
Most holy and most high.

Whene'er I find myself dismay'd  
Which threats at times obtain,  
I will rely for instant aid  
On Christ betray'd and slain.

I will the words of Christ adore,  
Whose voice my faith confirms;  
In him I trust, and dread no more  
The pow'r of dust and worms.

They daily from its true intent  
In craft my language wrest,  
Thoughts misemploy'd, and time mispent,  
My ruin to suggest.

Their bands with cowardice extream  
Assemble and retreat,  
And as against my life they scheme,  
They mark me by my feet.

Shall they escape the doom they dread,  
Who plan their neighbour hurt?  
Yea, Jesu, from their impious head  
The final doom avert.

Thou seest the wand'rings of my pray'r  
From woes I cannot brook,  
Thy phial for my tears prepare  
And note them in thy book.

Whene'er thy Saviour I invoke,  
My foes the siege shall raise;  
For this from heav'n I have bespoke,  
In Christ my pray'r and praise.

From Christ the word of life deriv'd,  
My joyful psalm resounds;  
In Christ the word my soul reviv'd,  
Her consolation grounds.

My trust in Jesus I repose,  
And hence my hope pursue;  
I will not fear my carnal foes,  
Nor what vain man can do.

To Christ my solemn vows I owe,  
My daily debt is great,  
I will my mite of praise bestow,  
And at thine altar wait.

My soul from death thy merit clears,  
My feet are firm and free;  
And to the public view appears  
My light renew'd in thee.

## P S A L M LVII.

**L**ORD, let thy mercy make me whole,  
For with a Christian's creed  
I seek thy wing, until my soul  
From slavery be freed.

I will to heav'n my pray'rs detach,  
Invoking God most high,  
The gracious God which shall dispatch  
The righteous cause I try.

From heav'n be shall his angel send,  
And from this foul disgrace,  
The scorn of ruffian bands, defend,  
That urge the bloody chace.

The Lord shall delegate his truth,  
His mercy to display;  
My soul lies open to the tooth  
Of lions in her way.

Amongst the sons of men I dwell,  
Whose guilt their conscience fears,  
Whose tongues against the word rebel,  
Whose teeth are darts and spears.

Set up the the standard of thy worth,  
O Christ, beyond the skies,  
O'er every steep'd face on earth  
Let all thy glories rise.

To press my spirit down, a net  
They have in craft prepar'd,  
And in the very traps they set  
They are themselves ensnar'd.

My heart is fixt, O God, my heart  
Is fixt to change no more;  
With all my best melodious art  
I will thy praise explore.

Awake thou gloribus east, and thou  
Awake my lute and lyre,  
Myself awake, my morning vow  
Right early shall aspire!

Lord, midst thy tribes with thankful mind  
I will thy laud rehearse,  
And 'mongst the nations of mankind  
My tuneful psalms disperse.

For o'er the heav'n of heav'ns thy love  
Inshrines herself in light,  
And lofty is thy truth above  
The clouds of highest flight.

Set up the standard of thy worth,  
O Christ, beyond the skies,  
O'er every steep'd face on earth  
Let all thy glories rise!

#### P S A L M LVIII.

**Y**E congregation of the tribes,  
On justice do you set your mind;  
And are ye free from guile and bribes  
Ye judges of mankind?

Nay, ye of frail and mortal mould  
Imagine mischief in your heart;  
Your suffrages and selves are sold  
Unto the gen'ral mart.

Men of unrighteous feed betray  
Perverseness from their mother's womb;  
As soon as they can run astray,  
Against the truth presume.

They are with foul infection stain'd,  
Ev'n with the serpent's taint impure;  
Their ears to blest persuasion chain'd,  
And lock'd against her lure.

Tho' Christ himself the pipe should tune,  
They will not to the measure tread,  
Nor will they with his grief commune  
Tho' tears of blood he shed.

Lord, humanize their scoff and scorn,  
And their malevolence defeat;  
Of water and the spirit born  
Let grace their change complet.

Let them with pious ardour burn,  
And make thy holy church their choice;  
To thee with all their passions turn,  
And in thy light rejoice.

As quick as lightning to its mark,  
So let thy gracious angel speed;  
And take their spirits in thine ark  
To their eternal mead.

The righteous shall exult the more  
As he such pow'ful mercy sees,  
Such wrecks and ruins safe on shore,  
Such tortur'd souls at ease.

So that a man shall say, no doubt,  
The penitent has his reward;  
There is a God to bear him out,  
And he is Christ our Lord.

#### P S A L M LIX.

**O** Rescue me, thou God of all,  
As foes against my life conspire,  
That follow the command of Saul  
For hatred and for hire.



Preserve me from the bands expert  
In vice and vengeance from the first,  
That still procure their neighbour's hurt,  
As for their blood they thirst.

For lo! with treach'rous sword and spear  
Their lawless bands my soul assault;  
A mighty force—while I am clear  
Of all offence or fault.

Without my fault themselves they arm,  
From post to post they pitch their tents;  
Arise and shield my steps from harm,  
Thou Lord of all events.

O God of all the hosts above,  
Stand up thou Lord of Jacob's might;  
Let not the ballance of thy love  
Be for the sons of spite.

These fugitives from God to sin,  
At evening's dubious light one meets,  
As dogs without a master grin,  
And quest along the streets.

Behold! their fawning lips abound  
With oil, and yet conceal a dart;  
For "who is he whose skill can sound  
"The language of our heart?"

But thou, Lord Jesus, shall deride,  
And keep them from the depths they seek;  
By winning souls from worldly pride,  
And making boasters meek.

The strength by which such ills I bear,  
O God, I will ascribe to thee;  
For to thy succour I repair,  
And for my refuge flee.

To me his grace the Lord bestows  
In measure, and shall make me blest,  
By his converting of my foes,  
Which is my soul's request.

Lord, slay them not amidst their crimes,  
But as examples of remorse  
To vicious manners, evil times,  
Their alter'd lives enforce.

For now their lips shall not offend  
With words indecent and uncouth;  
Their pride they shall by pray'r amend,  
And preach of peace and truth.

Let them be spar'd till fury cools,  
Whene'er thy vengeful bolts are hurl'd;  
And know that 'tis the Lord that rules,  
All Israel and the world.

Returning then to God from sin,  
They'll haunt no more their usual beats,  
As dogs without a master grin,  
And quest along the streets.

No more they will their neighbours judge,  
And seek for craving malice food,  
Nor in their conversation grudge,  
If Christian love intrude.

For me, I will my praise commence  
To bless thy love at morning's dawn,  
And pow'r, which has been my defence  
When other help was gone.

To thee, O God, I sing, the goal  
And blest supporter of my race;  
Thou art the bosom of my soul,  
And refuge from disgrace.

## P S A L M LX.

O God, thy flock thou hast dispers'd  
In every clime and shore;  
O let our sentence be revers'd  
And be displeas'd no more.

Thou sent'st an earthquake to convulse,  
And rend the land in twain;  
Heal thou the shock of that repulse  
Whose terrors still remain.

Our heavy hearts despond and shrink  
At such an awful sign,  
And thou hast made thy people drink  
Of wrath's unmingled wine.

Thou didst a gracious signal make  
For such as own'd thy fear;  
That they might triumph for the sake  
Of truth, whose voice they hear.

Hence good men have not undergone,  
Nor felt the gen'ral dread;  
O save us from the gulphs that yawn,  
And let our pray'r be sped.

God in his holiness profess'd  
My mercy shall regale,  
And canton Sichen to be blest'd,  
And measure Succoth's vale.

Mine is all Gilead's balmy realm,  
Manasses is my own;  
Let Ephraim be salvation's helm,  
And Judah grace the throne.

Moab's a purifying vase,  
And Edom shall be shod,  
With gospel-peace—Philistia's race,  
Rejoice yourselves in God.

What harbinger shall shew the way  
To Edom's forts and tours,  
That they may see Christ's streamers play,  
And join their pray'rs with ours.

Has God deserted then our coast,  
And will he not employ,  
His angel to conduct our host  
To such a work of joy?

O send thy succour from on high  
When woes or wealth increase;  
For man is but a poor ally  
In trouble or in peace.

Thro' Christ our Saviour we shall do  
Beyond our strength or skill,  
And he shall all our foes subdue  
To his most blessed will.

## P S A L M LXI.

O God, thy gracious ear apply,  
And keep me from despair,  
Look down upon my streaming eye,  
Give audience to the bursting sigh,  
Which interrupts my plaintive pray'r.

Where'er on earth I pitch my tent;  
I will thy name invoke,  
To sooth me when my strength is spent,  
And toilsome heaviness has bent  
My heart and members to her yoke.

O land me on some rocky shore  
Above my helpless height;  
Thou art my hope from long before,  
The fortress that mine eyes explore,  
As spoilers for my shipwreck wait.

I will within thy temple dwell  
And there for ever sing;  
There likewise all the choir compell,  
For mine infirmities are well  
Beneath the shadow of thy wing.

For thou, O righteous Lord, hast heard  
My soul's supreme desires;  
And hast in covenant appear'd  
To those that have thy name rever'd,  
And act as thy blest word inspires.

Thou shalt unto thy king extend  
The number of his days,  
So that his reign shall have no end,  
And to his years thou shalt commend  
The lot of everlasting praise.

He shall before God's face abide  
In sempiternal youth,  
O thou whose hosts in heav'n reside,  
For his reception there provide  
Thy loving mercy—and thy truth.

So shall I never cease to bless  
The glory of thy name,  
To that in penitence confess,  
To that in gratitude address,  
By goodly pride and honest shame.

## P S A L M LXII.

TRULY all my soul's reliance  
Is the patient hope, she pleads;  
And in Christ she rests affiance  
For from him her health proceeds.

This is faithful—my salvation  
And my strength is Christ alone;  
From that rock of exaltation  
By no blast shall I be blown.

Ever shall your tongues dissemble,  
And your hearts your neighbours wound;  
Frail and like the walls that tremble,  
Hanging o'er a broken mound.

Their device is to diminish  
Him whom God has made so great;  
Flatt'ring they begin, and finish  
In deception, lies and hate.

Thou my spirit, notwithstanding,  
Still expect the Lord's release;  
For I trust at thy commanding  
That she shall be sped to peace.

That is faithful—my salvation  
And my strength is Christ alone,  
From that rock of exaltation  
By no blast shall I be blown.

Help and hope, and strength are Jesus,  
And the glories, as they glow;  
To that height from whence he sees us,  
At the last I trust to go.

O confide with meek subjection  
In the Lord, ye faithful flock,  
Kneeling with sincere affection,  
For Christ Jesus is our rock.

Men, without his grace attending,  
Are but emptiness and lies,  
Lighter in the scale ascending  
Than the vanities they prize.

Keep from theft, nor be injurious,  
Quit the scenes of pomp and pride;  
Be not in your wealth penurious,  
Nor in worldly goods confide.

God himself in glory seated  
Spake amidst seraphic throngs;  
Twice I've heard the same repeated,  
"That the pow'r to God belongs.

And that thou, O Lord, delightest  
Grace and mercy to diffuse;  
And the sons of men requitest  
Ev'n as they their talents use.

## P S A L M LXIII.

ABBA, FATHER, my dependence  
Is on thee, thou most benign,  
Early will I pay attendance,  
O my God, before thy shrine.

Hear I languish for thy blessing,  
Spirits faint and wearied out;  
Thirst and grievous heat oppressing  
In a land of dearth and drought.

Thus in pray'r I have expected  
That thou wouldst thy mercy show'r,  
And mine eyes might be directed  
Where thy glory comes in pow'r.

For thy charity is better  
Than the life that is thy loan,  
I profess myself thy debtor,  
And my lips thy praise shall own.

Long as I that life inherit  
I will give thee land to thee,  
In the flesh and in the spirit  
Lifted hands and bended knee.

In this dreary situation,  
As with dainties I shall fare,  
While my lips in exultation  
Bless the sure effects of pray'r.

When I to my rest surrender,  
Are not thoughts of thee my dream?  
Do I not, when waking, tender  
Homage to thy pow'r supreme?

For secure of thy protection,  
In the shadow of thy wings,  
With due rev'rence and affection  
My delighted spirit clings.

Thy benignities embolden  
Souls that to thy truth adhere;  
And thy right hand has upholden  
Mine infirmities and fear.

These that seek my soul to wound her,  
In th' unhospitable waste,  
That deserve to sink around her,  
And the pangs of terror taste ;

Threaten'd with the sword's perdition,  
Destin'd to the beasts for food—  
Give them, Christ, to true contrition,  
Let them be with grace renew'd.

Thus the king shall be victorious  
In the Lord's thrice-honour'd name ;  
While the wicked and vain-glorious  
Shall be put to silent shame.

## P S A L M LXIV.

**H**EAR, O my God, my voice accept  
My wailings, and the tears I wept  
In agony of pray'r,  
Preserve my soul from those that deal  
In death, who have not sense to feel,  
Nor pity to forbear.

Prevent me from the secret mines,  
And rescue from the dark designs  
Of guilt combin'd with rage ;  
From those who rising in a band  
To do the work that Satan plann'd,  
By mutual ties engage.

Their tongues exasperate with spite,  
Like falchions whetted for the fight,  
Are eager to defame ;  
They bend their bows, and strain their strings,  
And give their poison'd arrows wings,  
E'en bitter words of shame.

That they may from an ambush shoot  
At those that yield abundant fruit,  
The godly and the just ;  
And swift the desperate archers dart  
The pointed mischief to the heart  
Of men without mistrust.

To wickedness they plight their troth,  
And work each other up to wrath,  
And in their crimes agree ;  
They privily by stealth convene,  
And sneak to lay their snares unseen,  
Blaspheming "who shall see!"

In malice mischief they conceive,  
And then to murder and to thieve,  
Their several bands they file ;  
Each on his fellow's guilt relies,  
And all their practices disguise  
In subtlety and guilt.

But God, their treason to detect,  
Against the traitors shall direct  
His arrows swift as thought ;  
And terror shall their conscience wound,  
And all the schemes that they propound  
Be to confusion brought.

Yea, they their dealings shall impeach  
With their own tongues, and make a breach  
Upon the webs they spun ;  
And they that their event behold,  
And those that hear their story told,  
Their deeds shall scorn and shun.

And they that their event behold,  
And those that hear their story told  
Shall praise the Lord alone ;—  
" It is the Lord's resistless pow'r,  
" That sav'd us in the dreadful hour,  
" The people and the throne."

Inspir'd with mercies so profuse,  
The wise and good shall give a loose  
To transport and delight ;  
And every man, whose heart is whole  
From treason, shall with all his soul  
This song of joy recite.

## P S A L M LXV.

**T**O thee, O God, on Zion's hill,  
Shall praise and adoration bow,  
And Salem's dome thy saints shall fill  
To pay their daily vow.

Thou, whose paternal ears receive  
The contrite sinners as they kneel,  
In thee shall all mankind believe,  
And to thy love appeal.

Thro' rooted vice my spirits fail,  
Which o'er my heart an empire wins,  
O let thy mercy countervail  
To cover all our sins.

The man is blest thou hast ordain'd,  
Which from the pulpit feeds thy sheep;  
In sweet serenity sustain'd  
Thy treasures he shall keep.

The Lord our Saviour shall disclose,  
His wond'rous truths till all applaud;  
Thou hope of utmost earth and those  
That plough the briny broad.

The mighty mountains of the earth  
His hands upon their bases found;  
For unresisted pow'r's the girth  
With which his loins are bound.

At his command the waves assuage,  
The roaring seas are peace enjoin'd,  
And clamours of the crowd, that rage  
With every shifting wind.

To those that dwell in climes afar,  
Thy dispensations dread excite,  
Which mak'it the morn and evening star  
To praise thy purer light.

Thy gracious visitation cheers,  
And blesses all the genial soil;  
The rising wealth of fruitful years  
Repays the workman's toil.

The stream by God's direction glides,  
To yield abundance in its course;  
Thro' thee the season'd corn provides  
An annual due resource.

Each ridge and furrow of the field  
Is water'd by the dew of God;  
The blessed rains their nurture yield  
In every soften'd clod.

The years, by thy good hand renew'd,  
Are to their consummation led;  
Thy clouds ethereal richness brood,  
And from their chambers shed.

They shall in mild profusion show'r  
Their drops upon the teated green,  
The little hills, which trees embow'r,  
Shall gladden all the scene.

The thriving sheep the folds shall throng,  
Rank ears the golden valley grace;  
To call forth laughter and a song  
From nature's voice and face.

## P S A L M LXVI.

THE honours of the pow'r supreme,  
All earth with joy rehearse;  
O make his praise the glorious theme  
Of everlasting verse.

Confess with wonder and delight,  
O God, thy works abound;  
How thy magnificence and might  
Thine enemies confound!

For ev'ry nation, tongue and clime  
Shall adoration pay,  
And raise to thee the strains sublime  
Thy glories to display.

O come, ye to his church repair,  
And from his wonders trace;  
How vast his providential care  
From all the human race.

The floods were dried at his decree,  
On foot through waves we went;  
And in the middle of the sea  
We sung the great event.

For ever o'er the realms, he rules,  
He casts a father's eyes;  
But harden'd unbelieving fools  
Shall to no honour rise.

Our God, ye realms, with praises crown,  
And bless his righteous reign,  
And make the voice of his renown  
Sweet, audible and plain.

In him we live, we move and breathe,  
And all our beings hold;  
And lest we slip by guile beneath,  
The tempter is controul'd.

For we, O God, thy test abide,  
In love's kind ballance weigh'd;  
Thou also hast our spirits try'd  
As silver is essay'd.

In hostile snares our bands were caught  
Forsoaken of our God;  
And thou upon our loins has brought  
The terrors of thy rod.

Thou suffer'dst men to bruise our head,  
And our fair fame to brand;  
At length thro' fire and seas we sped  
Into this wealthy land.

I will before thy holy shrine  
With precious odours wait,  
And pay that solemn vow of mine  
When I was in a strait.

The rams and goats that us'd to burn,  
The Saviour Christ reprieves,  
And hymns and anthems serve the turn  
Of kidlings and of bees.

O come, ye guests, whom God has bid  
Within his church to bless,  
And I will shew you what he did  
For David in distress.

To God, who has my organs tun'd,  
I with my mouth have sung,  
And with him in my heart commun'd,  
Which harmoniz'd my tongue.

Should I to wickedness desert,  
Who such conviction feel,  
The Lord will not my cause assert,  
Nor bless me when I kneel.

But now my pray'r his pity moves,  
As on my knees I bend;  
And he considers and approves  
My sighs as they ascend.

Blest be the Lord, which gives me fruit,  
As thus I pray and fast;  
Nor turns his mercy from my suit,  
But loves me to the last.

## P S A L M LXVII.

O God, indulge us with thy grace,  
And bless with evangelic light,  
And shew the lustre of that face  
Which mercy makes so bright.

That Christ his gospel may be known,  
Where lands extend or oceans roll,  
And all the scatter'd nations own  
That health which saves the soul.

The glory and the praise be thine,  
O God, from every heart and tongue;  
Yea, let all congregations join  
When such a song is sung.

O let the nations far and wide  
Speak forth triumphant joy and mirth;  
For righteous shalt thou reign and guide  
The nations upon earth.

The glory and the praise be thine,  
O God, from every heart and tongue;  
Yea, let all congregations join  
When such a song is sung.

Then shall the riches of increase  
Upon earth's fertile glebe attend;  
And God, the God of Israel's peace,  
His daily blessing send!

God shall his faithful people bless,  
And all the nations of mankind  
Shall by our commerce have access  
His saving grace to find.

## P S A L M LXVIII.

AROUSE—and let thy foes disperse  
Thou master of the universe,  
Arouse thee from on high;  
Take up the trumpet and alarm,  
And at the terror of thine arm  
Let those that hate thee fly.

Like as afflicting smoke's dispell'd,  
 Let them be driv'n away and quell'd,  
     As wax before the fire,  
 Let fraud at thine effulgence fail,  
 And let the multitudes in mail  
     Before my God retire.

But let the men of righteous seed,  
 Accepted in their father's deed,  
     Rejoice before the shrine;  
 Yea, let them shout till heav'n resounds,  
 There is no need of end or bounds  
     To joyfulness divine.

Give praise—with songs your praises blend,  
 And as your thoughts to heav'n ascend,  
     And leave the world beneath,  
 Extol his universal name,  
 Who rides on the celestial flame,  
     In LAH, which all things breathe.

The father of the friendless child,  
 To keep the damsel undefil'd,  
     And judge the widow's cause,  
 Is God upon his righteous throne,  
 Whence he the hands to rapine prone  
     O'ersees and overawes.

Thy Lord domestick peace creates,  
 And those his Mercy congregates,  
     Who solitary dwell;  
 The slave delivers from his chain,  
 But rebels in dry wastes remain,  
     And where no waters well.

When thou Jehovah led the way,  
 Before thy people in array,  
     From Egypt's barb'rous coast;  
 Thro' boundless wilds exposed and parch'd,  
 In pillar'd majesty thou march'd  
     The captain of the host.

The earth in ecstasy gave place,  
 With vast vibrations on her base  
     The present God she found;  
 Ev'n Israel's God—the heav'ns dissolv'd,  
 And Sinai's mount in clouds involv'd,  
     Felt all his rocks rebound.

O God, thou bad'st the heav'ns dispense  
 The bread of thy benevolence,  
     Down with the daily dew;  
 And fixt the people of thy pow'r  
 Amidst their doubtings by a show'r  
     Miraculous and new.

Therein thy congregation dwelt,  
 E'en midst the manna, which thou dealt  
     So plentiful and pure;  
 Thy goodness to confirm the weak,  
 Thy charity to bless and break,  
     The largess for the poor.

God, in stupendous glory deck'd,  
 His gracious covenant direct,  
     Came down from heav'n to reach;  
 Great was the trembling and the fear  
 Of crouds, that rush'd that word to hear,  
     They were enjoind to preach

Each talki.g tyrant at the head  
 Of thousands and ten thousands fled,  
     They fled with all their might;  
 And all Judea's blooming pride,  
 The spouse, the damsel and the bride,  
     Dispos'd the spoil at night.

Though ye the bitter bondage wept,  
 And midst Rhamnesian tripods slept,  
     Hereafter is your own;  
 Ye shall as turtle-doves unfold,  
 The silver plumage wing'd with gold,  
     And make melodious moan.

When kings were scatter'd for our sake,  
 And God alarm'd his host to take  
     His vengeance on the foe;  
 On Israel's countenance benign  
 He made his radiant grace to shine  
     As bright as Salmon's snow.

Jehovah's hill's a noble heap,  
 And ev'n as Bashan's spiry steep,  
     From which the cedars nod;  
 And Zion's mount herself sublimed,  
 And swells her goodly crest and climbs  
     To meet descending God.

Ye haughty hills that leap so high,  
What is th' exertion that ye try?

This is God's hallow'd mounce,  
On whose blest top the glories play,  
And where the Lord desires to stay  
While we his praise recount.

The chariots of the Lord are made  
Of angels in a cavalcade

Ev'n twenty thousand strong,  
Those thousands of the first degree,  
O'er Sinai—in the midst is He,  
And bears the pomp along.

God is gone up from whence he rose  
With gifts accepted for his foes,  
His loaded altars smoke;  
Captivity, from chains repriv'd,  
Is made his captive, and receiv'd  
To thy most blessed yoke.

God is our help from every ill,  
And gives to every want its fill,  
For us and all our race;  
By him we're every hour review'd,  
To him the daily pray'r's renew'd  
For daily bread and grace.

God, that great God whom we profess,  
Is all-benevolent to bless,  
Omnipotent to save;  
In God alone is our escape,  
From death and all the gulphs that gape,  
From terror and the grave.

God shall not send his blessing down  
To rest upon the hoary crown  
Of those which grace resist;  
But shall afflict the heads of all,  
That after his repeated call  
To penitence, persist.

From Bashan, which they pass'd of yore,  
Said God, I will my tribes restore,  
And bring them back again;  
Where Abr'ham worshipp'd and was blest'd,  
Of Canaan they shall be possess'd,  
Emerging from the main.

That thy baptized foot may tread,  
Where proud blasphemers laid their head,  
By judgments unreclaim'd;  
And that thy shepherd's dogs may chase  
Thy flocks into their pleasant place,  
Who made the earth asham'd.

They've seen their errors to disprove  
My God in blest procession move,  
The pomp of God my king;  
Accordant to the train below,  
The dances rise, the streamers flow,  
And holy flow'rs they fling.

The goodly shew the fingers lead,  
The minstrels next in place proceed,  
With musick sweet and loud;  
The damsels, that with wild delight,  
The brisk-resounding timbrels smite,  
Are in the mid-moost crowd.

O thou Jeshurun, yield thy thanks,  
All ages, sexes, tribes and ranks,  
In congregated bands;  
To God united thanks restore,  
Brought from the heart its inmost core,  
And with protesting hands.

There Benjamin in triumph goes,  
Least but in love the Lord of those  
That dwell in tents and bow'rs;  
And Judah next to the most high,  
With Zebulon and Naphtali  
Their principedoms and their pow'r's.

God to the fires of all the tribes  
Some great peculiar gift ascribes,  
To each his talents told;  
The loan with such long-suff'ring lent,  
Do thou establish and augment  
Ten thousand thousand fold.

From this thy temple which we lay,  
To thee the homage they shall pay,  
To thee the praise impute;  
Kings shall their annual gifts renew,  
And give Melchisedec his due,  
The glory and the fruit.



Rebuke the spearmen with thy word,  
Those calves and bulls of Bashan's herd,  
Which from our ways abhor;  
Let them pay toll, and hue the wood,  
Which are at enmity with good,  
And love the voice of war.

The nobles from the sons of Ham,  
Shall bring the bullock and the ram,  
Idolatrous no more;  
The Morians soon shall offer alms,  
And bow their heads, and spread their palms,  
God's mercy to implore.

Ye blessed angels of the Lord,  
Of nations and of kings the ward,  
That further thanks and pray'r,  
To Jesus Christ your praise rebound,  
Collected from the regions round  
Your tutelary care.

In other days before the sev'n,  
Upon that ante-mundane heav'n,  
In glorious pomp he rode—  
He sends a voice, which voice is might,  
In inconceivable delight  
Th' acknowledg'd word of God.

Ye heroes foremost in the field  
That couch the spear, or bear the shield,  
Bless God that ye prevail;  
His splendour is on Israel's brow,  
He stands all-pow'rful on the prow  
Midst all the clouds that sail.

O God, all miracle thou art,  
Ev'n thou the God of Israel's heart  
Within thy holy shrine,  
Thou shalt with strength and pow'r protect,  
Thy people in the Lord elect,  
Praise, endless praise be thine.

## P S A L M LXIX.

O Save me, thou supremely blest,  
These floods of tears controul,  
For inward weeping clogs my breast,  
And overwhelms my soul.

I am bemir'd in filth so deep,  
And where no bottom lies;  
Mine enemies in torrents sweep  
My remnant, as they rise.

I am fatigu'd, as thus I wail,  
My throat is hoarse and dry;  
Mine eyes with looking upward fail,  
As to the Lord I cry.

More than my hairs the sons of strife  
In causeless hate unite,  
And foes against my guiltless life  
Have muster'd all their might.

I paid extortioners their price  
For what they yet detain;  
Thou know'st my simpleness, my vice,  
O God, is but too plain.

Let not thy sons, O Lord of hosts  
Be for my follies blam'd,  
Nor let thy servants quit their posts  
Thro' my default asham'd.

And why! I suffer for thy sake,  
Dishearten'd and reprov'd;  
And of this foul disgrace partake  
From thy defence remov'd.

I am become to all my kin  
As foreign to their care;  
My mothers children from within  
Refuse me entrance there.

For zeal relating to thy cause  
Upon my spirit preys;  
And, who blasphemeth thy church and laws,  
Against my heart inveighs.

I wept and mortify'd my flesh  
With fasting and with tears;  
On that my foes came on afresh  
With obloquy and sneers.

The sackcloth too in grief I wore,  
And threw me on the dust,  
Which meekness but provok'd the more  
Their jesting and disgust.

The mob that sit without the gate  
Are pleasant on my wrongs,  
And drunkards make mine abject state  
The subject of their songs.

But Lord, I will my pray'r submit  
To thy most righteous pow'r,  
And of my vow myself acquit  
In this propitious hour.

Hear me, O Lord, in thine excess  
Of goodness to my need,  
According to thy truth express,  
In which my sins are freed.

Take me from out the sinking slough,  
And set me on the ground;  
And from the scorner's angry brow,  
And from the gulph profound.

Let not the water flood of woes  
Above my level swell,  
Nor let the deep it's jaws disclose  
To shew the pit of hell.

Thy cordial clemency extend,  
And hear me as I pray;  
And as it knows nor bounds nor end,  
Again thy love display.

Do not thy radiant face withdraw  
For trouble presses hard;  
And as the pangs vexations gnaw,  
With speed my groans regard.

Draw nigh, my soul in mercy save  
With pregnant anguish big,  
O come and rescue from the grave  
Which spite and treach'ry dig.

This shame, reproof, and foul disgrace  
So justly made my own,  
Thou know'st, and seest the coward race  
Which prostrate mis'ry stone.

Thine anger touches me so nigh  
That care disturbs my mind;  
I look'd, but not a pitying eye  
No comfort cou'd I find.

They for my morsel gave me gail  
Their sinking souls to plunge,  
And to my poignant thirst withal  
They minister'd the sponge.

Yet let them not the less receive  
The lot of plenteous wealth,  
And their condemn'd estate reprieve  
With thine eternal health.

Ope thou their eyes, that they may see  
Thy glory's heav'nly tracks,  
And lay, while they submit their knee,  
Thy burden on their backs.

In love account them of thy fold,  
And on thy bread subsist;  
Give them thy presence to behold,  
And of thy saints insist.

With children let their house be fill'd,  
And of misfortunes void,  
And let their fertile lands be till'd,  
And granaries employ'd.

Do this for them, who yet awhile  
Embarrass'd grief perplex,  
And who, as Saran's snares beguile,  
Thy wounded servant vex.

Let them emerge from strength to strength,  
And rise as they repent;  
And their converted souls at length  
To final peace be sent.

Let them escape the hand that wipes  
The recreant from thy page,  
And live in those eternal types  
Which write the saint and sage.

Me, while these agonies I feel,  
In such dejection sunk,  
O God, thy help shall ease and heal  
The sinews which have shrunk.

O God, I will extoll thy name  
In ever-grateful verse,  
And records of thy glorious fame  
Throughout the world disperse.

These God had rather I should give,  
Love's unpolluted proofs,  
Than beasts, which he has made to live,  
And fence'd with horns and hoofs.

The humble shall consider this,  
And be for ever glad;  
Seek ye the Lord, and heav'nly bliss  
He to your souls shall add.

For there is audience to the poor  
With their all-gracious Lord,  
Who scorns not those whom bars immure,  
And keepsers have in ward.

Let earth adore, as from the spring  
Her choicest flow'rs she straws;  
Let heav'n and ocean have their swing  
Of infinite applause.

For Jesus shall repair the road  
To Zion's heav'nly courts,  
That men may settle their abode  
Where endless joy transports.

And there the race of his elect  
Shall hold their souls in peace;  
And all that his dear name affect,  
His lustre shall increase.

## P S A L M LXX.

**H**ASTE, haste to do me right,  
And give my sufferings ease,  
Lord Jesus, speed thy flight  
To David on his knees.

Let all this bloody chace  
In shame and sorrow cease,  
And grant the traitors grace  
That plot against my peace.

With speed their spirits break  
To heart-afflicting sighs,  
That thus insult the meek,  
"There, there the grov'ler lies."

But endless joy reward  
The saints of Christ the king,  
And all that love the Lord  
Their hallelujah sing.

The pangs of pinching need  
My pow'r of patience tire;  
Redouble, Lord, thy speed,  
And aid me to respire.

Thou art, O Christ, alone  
My Saviour, God, and friend,  
No longer then postpone,  
But on my pray'rs attend.

## P S A L M LXXI.

**I**N thy name my faith is rooted,  
Save me, Jesu, from dismay;  
Have me rescu'd and recruited,  
And, All-righteous, hear me pray.

Be my bulwark to secure me,  
And the promis'd help fulfil;  
In thy strongest fort immure me,  
For thou art my Saviour still.

From the godless and licentious,  
Lord, thy suppliant release;  
From the cruel and contentious,  
Joining hands against my peace.

For with ardour heav'nly-minded  
Thee, Lord Jesus, I embrace;  
Nor by carnal pleasures blinded,  
Ev'n from youth I court thy grace.

From my birth thou hast sustain'd me,  
From the womb hast set me free,  
And the praises thou ordain'd me  
Shall for ever flow to thee.

In the vulgar estimation  
As a monster am I thought,  
Yet I hope for thy salvation,  
Which by Jesus Christ was bought.

Give me gracious elocution  
 Day by day thy laud to tell,  
 That with grateful retribution  
 On thy glory I may dwell.

Leave me not with age declining,  
 As increasing years prevail,  
 When my lamp no longer shining,  
 Strength and wonted spirits fail.

For my stand'rous foes have taken  
 Ev'ry step to have it said,  
 "Grind him, of his God forsaken;  
 "Seize him, destitute of aid."

Go not far from my petition,  
 O my God, when life's at stake;  
 Hasten with gracious expedition,  
 O my God, for Christ his sake.

Yet for all their deeds spiteful,  
 Keep them from eternal shame;  
 And disgrace and pain so rightful  
 Let them 'scape in Christ his name.

As for me, I will endeavour  
 Patience to support by pray'r,  
 And thy glorious laud for ever  
 More and more will I declare.

Daily shall my mouth make mention  
 Of the Christian faith and hope,  
 Though 'tis not in man's invention  
 To define their boundless scope.

Made in Christ another creature,  
 And through grace to fulness grown,  
 I will sing in holy metre  
 Of thy righteousness alone.

Lord, thou taught the first novice  
 Of my grace-directed youth,  
 Therefore shall mine age officiate  
 To promulge thy wond'rous truth.

Spare me, Lord, so weak and hoary,  
 As the vital heat decays,  
 Till I shew the pow'r and glory  
 Of thy reign to future days.

Far above revenge and rigour  
 Tow'rs thy truth sublimely bright;  
 What comparison or figure  
 Shall describe thy matchless might?

In what floods of grief immersing  
 Hast thou prov'd me! in what pain!  
 Yet my bitter lot reversing,  
 Thou hast brought me up again.

Thou hast rais'd me to promotion,  
 These imperial reins to guide,  
 And encourag'd my devotion  
 To thy name on ev'ry side.

Wherefore with my verse harmonious  
 I thy faithfulness will sing,  
 Striking from the harp symphonious  
 Praise to Christ the spotless king.

With my lips by zeal impassion'd,  
 And the heart thou hast restor'd;  
 To the thought the numbers fashion'd,  
 Thee I sing, O most ador'd.

And thy truth shall be refounded  
 Daily in my speech and song;  
 For the wretches are confounded  
 That conspir'd to do me wrong.

## P S A L M LXXII.

FROM thine everlasting tables,  
 O my God, the king endue,  
 While thy grace his son enables  
 Thy just judgments to pursue.

Then shall he preside, directing  
 After thy behoof his reign,  
 And defend the poor, respecting  
 Those that in distress complain.

With rich harvests on the mountains  
Peace her garners shall amass,  
And the hills shall play their fountains  
To bring righteousness to pass.

By his upright jurisdiction  
Widows, orphans he shall feed,  
And the cause of their affliction  
He the spoilers shall implead.

Each succeeding generation  
They thy justice shall revere,  
Long as the prescrib'd rotation  
Of the lights that rule the year.

He shall come on earth, descending,  
Like the rain, on Gideon's fleece,  
As the genial dew commending  
Everlasting joy and peace.

In his time the saints shall flourish,  
And benevolence divine,  
And sweet peace abundance nourish,  
Long as sun and moon shall shine.

His domain shall be stupendous,  
Spreading wide from pole to pole;  
And the pow'r that shall defend us  
Reach the world's extreamest goal.

In the wild the sons of error  
Shall kneel down before his feet,  
And his foes, abash'd with terror,  
Fall to earth, and grace intreat.

They of Thar's gifts shall offer,  
Sheba's kings, and isles remote,  
Sages from th' Arabian coffer,  
Myrrh and frankincense devote.

Ev'ry king shall fall before him  
In humiliation meek;  
All the subject world adore him,  
And to his redemption seek.

For the poor, the sick, the stranger,  
Halt, and dumb, and deaf, and blind,  
To his triumph from his manger,  
In thy love their help shall find.

To the simple folk and needy  
He the gospel light shall show,  
Ever gracious, ever speedy  
To relieve the souls in woe.

From the Herods and the Neros  
He his martyrs shall requite,  
And the blood of Christian heroes  
Shall be precious in his sight.

He shall live for everlasting,  
High above all empire rais'd,  
And with off'rings, pray'r, and fasting  
Daily shall his name be prais'd.

Fill'd by his angelic legions,  
Crops and vintages shall teem,  
And all cultivated regions  
Fresh as Lebanon shall seem.

Fame is his through all the stages  
Of posterities and times;  
Blest through him, the better ages  
Shall adorn converted climes.

Blessed be the Lord, indulging  
To his people grace anew,  
By his precious words promulging  
What his matchless wonders shew.

To his glorious name all orders,  
Men and angels, bend your knee,  
Preach'd through earth's remotest borders,  
YEA—for Christ his merit—YEA.

## P S A L M LXXIII.

GOD is in very truth benign  
To Jacob, and his seed,  
To such as heartily decline  
From filth in word and deed.

And yet my feet had well nigh lost  
The conduct of their guide,  
And my firm treadings, to my cost,  
Were on the point to slide.

For wherefore? I was griev'd to see  
 Ungodly men so great,  
 And wealth and pow'r to that degree  
 On Satan's servants wait.

For they themselves of age assure,  
 As though excus'd to die,  
 And lustily they live secure,  
 And Christ in strength deny.

The tides of trouble, that confound  
 Their betters, they can stem;  
 And crosses, which their neighbours wound,  
 Are far enough from them.

Hence pride has bound their stiffen'd neck  
 As with a gorgeous chain,  
 And as in robes themselves they deck  
 In wrath and high disdain.

Their wanton eyes with fatness swell,  
 As in themselves they trust,  
 And in proud palaces they dwell,  
 To do whate'er they lust.

Their commerce is contagious too,  
 As loudly they blaspheme;  
 Their conversation they renew,  
 Against the great *Supreme*.

For with their clamour they invade,  
 Where heav'n its vault sublines,  
 And their untoward talk is made  
 The fashion of the times.

Therefore to them the people crave  
 For profit and for ease;  
 And from each voluntary slave  
 No trivial tax they squeeze.

Shall God (the scorers say) perceive,  
 Who dwells in heavens unknown,  
 And what we dare and disbelieve,  
 Be laid before his throne?

Lo! these are what religion brands,  
 Yet make the world their mart,  
 If so, in vain I've wash'd my hands,  
 I cry'd, and purg'd my heart.

I have been mortify'd all day,  
 And griev'd such men were born,  
 And chasten'd with the rising ray  
 For many an irksome morn.

Yea, I had almost join'd the fools—  
 But then I shou'd have blam'd  
 The wholesome discipline, which schools  
 Thy sons that are reclaim'd.

Then labour'd I to comprehend  
 This mystery of thine,  
 But could not its immediate end  
 With all my skill divine.

Until I went into thy fane  
 To recommend my plea,  
 And there thou mad'st it very plain  
 Why these events should be.

To wit, how all their pride they prop  
 Upon a tott'ring base,  
 Whence at thy bidding down they drop,  
 And sink into disgrace.

How instantaneous one and all  
 Are blasted and consume,  
 And perish at thy wrath, and fall  
 Upon a dreadful doom.

Like as a dream, when men awake,  
 And from their fright are freed;  
 So from the city shalt thou make  
 Their image to recede.

Thus in my heart was discontent,  
 And gall within me flow'd,  
 And thro' my loins vexation went,  
 And in my reins abode.

So foolish in my vain dispute  
 Was I before my God,  
 And void of wisdom as the brute,  
 By which the corn is trod.

And yet I keep within thy courts  
 One constant strain of pray'r,  
 And my right hand thy pow'r supports,  
 While I thy surplice wear.

My road thy counsel shall direct,  
And thro' all straits convoy,  
And thou shalt welcome thine elect  
To glory and to joy.

Whom have I in the heav'ns above  
Like thee my hope to raise,  
Nor is there ought on earth I love,  
In measure as thy praise?

My spirits have forsook my heart,  
My vigour fails my flesh;  
But God, in whom I have a part,  
Shall with new strength refresh.

For they that from thy banner run,  
Shall find an hasty grave,  
Nor ought but thine all-righteous Son  
Can such adulterers save.

But it is good for me to hold  
My service and my song,  
And God—the works of God unfold,  
Where Zion's daughters throng.

## P S A L M LXXIV.

**L**ORD Jesus, why dost thou retard  
The grace thou lov'st to send,  
And all thy pastoral regard  
In kindling wrath suspend?

O think upon thy chosen seed,  
Reproach'd and disesteem'd,  
Which, as thy holy word decreed,  
Thy precious blood redeem'd.

O think upon Jehudah's race,  
The tribe so much thine own,  
And on fair Zion's special place,  
Where thou hast fixt thy throne.

Prepare thy blessed feet, and come  
With peace angelic shod,  
And purge away the dross and scum,  
That stain the house of God.

Thy foes display their flags and boast,  
That they thy battles fight,  
And schismatics maintain their post  
Amongst the sons of light.

The servile hand that hew'd the wood  
From out the stately trees,  
Was, in his place, ordain'd to good,  
And shap'd his work to please.

But now these artizans uncune  
The musick that they made,  
The carvers break each fair festoon,  
And counteract their trade.

Nay more, they've carried force and fire  
Against each shrine around;  
And levell'd, in their godless ire,  
Thy temple with the ground.

Yea, in their wishes they combine  
That not a church should stand,  
And thus incendiaries mine  
The faith of all the land.

No signs the wonted grace attest—  
The services unsung;  
And few to prophesy the best,  
And learn each sacred tongue.

O God, how long shall traitor's sting,  
And his with spite and guile,  
And with th' establish'd church and king  
Their Saviour Christ revile?

Why dost thou our defence withdraw  
At this so great alarm,  
Nor keepest Antichrist in awe  
By thine almighty arm?

For Christ, my king from long ago,  
Is with me to this hour;  
All hope above, and help below,  
Are solely from his pow'r.

That pow'r astonish'd floods avow'd,  
Dividing heap from heap;  
Thou smote the dragons as they plough'd  
The waters of the deep.

The huge Leviathan was stunn'd  
At that stupendous roar  
Of billows, breaking to refund  
The fishes on the shore.

The living springs and streams profuse  
Thy people to supply,  
Thy mandate could from rocks educe,  
And made the river dry.

The day is subject to thy rule,  
The night to thy decree,  
The blessed sunshine and the cool  
Are made and chang'd by thee.

Thou by thy wisdom hast ordain'd  
The borders of the world,  
And summer's genial heat maintain'd,  
And wintry winds unfurl'd.

Consider, Lord, how men blaspheme  
The honour of thy name,  
And fools, in their ambitious dream,  
Have lost the sense of shame.

Let not thy turtle-dove be fold,  
To crowds and ruffian rage,  
Nor from the prostrate poor withhold  
Thy love for such an age!

Thy gracious covenant review,  
For in this earth beneath  
The worldlings dark designs pursue,  
And fell revenge they breathe.

Let not the simple man depart  
Abash'd at fruitless pray'r;  
But give the poor a joyful heart  
Thy glory to declare.

Arise, O God, thy cause support,  
Thine own eternal cause,  
Reclaim the folly that in sport  
Contemns thy name and laws.

O let thy words of comfort drown  
The voice of rank excess,  
And bring their gross presumption down  
To worship and to bless.

## P S A L M LXXV.

To thee Jeshurun, of all ranks,  
In thankful pray'r agree,  
—Yea, Lord, we yield the thanks  
To mercy, love and Thee.

Thy blessed word is also nigh  
Each day and every hour,  
And that thy works imply  
In spirit and in pow'r.

What time th' assembly shall attend  
On my judicial chair,  
I will the truth defend,  
Deciding right and fair.

Earth totters on her lowest base,  
And all her tenants shrink;  
But Jesus shall replace  
Her pillars, ere she sink.

I said unto the fools, eschew  
Your pride and senseless scorn,  
And to the godless crew,  
No more exalt your horn.

No more exalt your horn in vain,  
But your ambition check,  
Nor for your speeches strain  
With such a stiffen'd neck.

For tho' promotion plumes your crest,  
And fills with pomp your mouth,  
'Tis not from east or west,  
Nor is it from the south.

And why the Lord is judge supreme,  
And one man he degrades,  
And one from want extreme  
He raises up and aids.

For in his hand the Lord presents  
A cup of vinous juice,  
Full mixt with red contents,  
And pours it out profuse:



The dregs thereof the men of pride,  
From out th' inverted cup  
Shall drink as they subside,  
And wholly suck them up.

But I will fashion my discourse  
Of Jacob's God to sing,  
And evermore inforce  
The praise of Zion's king.

Recall thy servants, that revolt,  
Again to pay their vows,  
And righteous men exalt,  
And crown their honour'd brows.

## P S A L M LXXVI.

**I**N Jury is the Lord renown'd  
The nation that he chose,  
His name Jeshurun's songs resound,  
And to his glory close.

At Salem his pavilions stand  
Amidst celestial fires,  
His seat is in the Holy Land,  
Where Zion's hill aspires.

And there he brake the bowman's shaft,  
The javeline and the shield,  
The sword and the proud warrior's craft,  
And all th' embattled field.

Thy matchless might, which knows no change,  
More lustre has assum'd,  
Than yonder everlasting range  
Of hills, where clouds are plum'd.

Contending tyrants now are friends,  
All dreams of empire cease,  
As his own olive ascends  
The prince of endless peace,

At thy rebuke, O Lord, alarm.  
Upon the mighty came;  
Thy host both horse and car disarm,  
And put the chiefs to shame.

Thou, Lord, ev'n thou by trembling fear  
Art worthily ador'd,  
Nor wrath nor rapine persevere  
When thou hast sheath'd the sword.

Christ his own oracle declares  
Supremely just and wise,  
And silenc'd Satan now forbears  
His dark ambiguous lies.

When Shilo shall his meek embrace,  
And wolves with lambskins play,  
Where flourish in the bramble's place  
The myrtle and the bay.

The fierceness of the men of war  
Thou shalt to praise convert,  
And those that from thy peace abhor,  
Thy gospel shall assert.

To God engage and keep your vow,  
Your vassalage renew,  
Bring presents, and by pray'r allow  
That reverence is his due.

He by his wonders shall refrain  
The spirit of the prince,  
And of his everlasting reign—  
Usurping man convince.

## P S A L M LXXVII.

**T**O God I will my voice direct,  
A voice of love and fear,  
And it shall have the due effect  
With his paternal ear.

To Christ my Saviour I complain  
Midst sores and raging smart;  
When tedious night increases pain,  
Discomfort damps my heart.

When grief o'erpow'rs with its excess  
My mind, and blunts her edge,  
My soul's vexation for redress  
I will to God alledge.

Mine eyes thy plagues withhold from rest,  
And on my slumbers break;  
I am so feeble and oppress'd,  
That I can scarcely speak.

I have reflected on the years  
With happy seasons past,  
And strove to sooth my streaming tears  
By thinking on the past.

I call to mind my dawn and noon,  
Which were the themes of song,  
And with my heart by night commune,  
To make my spirits strong.

Will God from mine incessant cries  
Eternal absence keep,  
And will he send no more supplies  
To those that pray and weep?

Are all his mercies wholly gone,  
That nothing can restore,  
And are his promises withdrawn  
For ever, evermore?

Has God forgotten to be kind  
When mortals are diseas'd,  
And shall his goodness be confin'd,  
Because he is displeas'd?

My guilt precipitates my sand—  
I therefore will recall  
The days of God's indulgent hand  
To Jacob more than all:

Thy charity to reftiff souls  
Thy works and arm sublime;  
And I will recognize the rolls  
Of antiquated time.

I will on that convincing force  
Of all thine actions dwell,  
And in colloquial intercourse  
Thy truth and marvels tell.

Thy ways are very truth and light,  
And thee their God declare;  
What pow'r in magnitude and might  
Can with our God compare?

Thou art the God, which self-aver'd  
Such wonders couldst atchieve;  
And hast promulg'd thy pow'rful word,  
That mortals might believe.

The people whom thy might restor'd,  
Thy mercy shall acquit,  
Redeeming Jacob from the sword,  
And Joseph from the pit.

The waters saw thee, O Most High,  
The waters were afraid,  
And ocean left his bottom dry,  
His inmost depths dismay'd.

The clouds their copious rain distill'd,  
And midst the waters hot  
The sounding air the thunder fill'd,  
And all thy darts were shot.

Thy thunder's voice was heard around,  
The quickning lightnings shone,  
And run and flash upon the ground,  
Earth's hollow caverns groan.

Thy way is where the waters yield,  
And in the briny baths,  
And there thy footsteps are conceal'd,  
Nor can one trace thy paths.

Their way, like sheep, thy people won  
Before the shepherd's rod,  
Their priest was Aaron, Jethro's son  
Their chief, and Christ their God.

## P S A L M LXXVIII.

**L**IST, O my people, to the law,  
Which grace and truth indulge,  
And in your ears receive with awe  
The doctrine I promulge.

I will in high mysterious verse  
The parable unfold,  
And to th' assembled tribes rehearse  
Hard sentences of old.

Ev'n such as we ourselves have heard,  
And in our mem'ries known,  
Or which by filial love endear'd  
Our aged fires have shown.

That we should not such truths conceal,  
But hand directly down  
To our posterity with zeal  
God's wonders and renown.

With Jacob's race a league he struck,  
A law for ev'ry tribe,  
Which infants, when they ceas'd to suck,  
Might from their fires imbibe:

That thence proceeding heir from heir,  
Each other they might warn,  
And a preservative prepare  
For children yet unborn;

To this intent, that when they came  
To their maturer growth,  
Their issue might embrace the same  
God's solemn league and oath.

That they might their affections set  
And on their God confide,  
And not his miracles forget,  
But by his laws abide.

And not be like their father's race  
Impatient and absurd,  
A generation far from grace  
And traitors to the word.

Like Ephraim's sons, which arm'd for blows,  
And muster'd for assault,  
With their habergeons, and their bows  
Made infamous revolt.

The holy covenant of God  
Was not by them observ'd,  
They left the paths of peace untrod,  
And from his ways they swerv'd;

Hence all th' achievements that were past,  
They taught their thoughts to shun,  
And those stupendous things and vast,  
Which he for them had done.

Prodigious works, THE GREAT I AM,  
Before the patriarch swains,  
Accomplish'd in the land of Ham,  
And Zoan's famous plains.

He for his people's passage cleft  
The waters of the deep,  
The parted billows right and left  
Ascended on an heap.

A pillar'd cloud, their guide by day,  
Forbade the sun to scorch,  
And fire from heav'n to shew the way  
Was in the night their torch.

He clave the flints, which teem'd with sap  
To quench their raging drouth,  
The stream descended from the gap,  
As from a torrent's mouth.

He brought out waters from the rocks  
Which other murmurs hush'd,  
And for their families and flocks  
It like the rivers rush'd.

Yet for all this with eager haste  
Their congregation sinn'd  
Against the Highest in the waste,  
Until their swarms he thinn'd.

They tempted goodness to defeat  
God's mercy by distrust;  
With impious hearts requiring meat  
To gratify their lust.

They also blasphemously said,  
Shall God provide us food,  
And shall sufficient be convey'd  
Into this desert rude?

He smote the stony rock indeed  
The thirsty to refresh,  
But will the miracle succeed  
To give his people flesh?

At Israel then Jehovah's wrath  
Was kindled like a fire;  
And him to whom he pledg'd his troth  
He spurn'd in grievous ire.

Because their eyes and ears they shut,  
Nor would his works believe,  
Nor in his help their trust they put  
Their errors to retrieve:

So he controul'd the clouds above  
To render up their stores,  
And op'd in his indulgent love  
The heav'n's exterior doors.

From heav'n itself he gave them bread,  
Their clam'rous mouths to stop,  
And in due measure o'er their head  
He made the manna drop.

So man was bidden to partake  
With angels in the skies,  
For to their craving maws he brake  
A plenty to suffice.

He caus'd his eastern blast to lowr  
Upon the earth beneath,  
And gave the south-west wind his pow'r  
A stronger gale to breathe.

He rained flesh upon them thick  
As dust upon the ground,  
And fowls he lavish'd, quill'd and quick,  
Like sand beside the sound.

Upon their camp he let them fall,  
And in their tents bestow'd;  
And crouded by the rapid squall  
They came to their abode.

So they regal'd till all were fill'd,  
And their desire obtain'd;  
And from their lust the fleshy-will'd  
Were by no checks restrain'd.

But while ev'n now their meat they chew,  
The wrath of God awoke;  
And of their wealthiest princes flew,  
And Israel's pillars broke.

And tho' this terror and alarm  
Might better things have taught;  
They sinn'd the more, nor hail'd that arm  
Which such great works had wrought.

He therefore left their youthful bloom  
To vain licentious ways;  
Their years of travel to the doom  
Of trouble and amaze.

When he, the Godhead to assert,  
Destroy'd them for their crimes,  
Their hearts they hasted to convert,  
And sought the Lord betimes.

And their dead mem'ries rous'd at length,  
Acknowledg'd that the Lord,  
E'en God most highest, was their strength,  
Their Saviour and their ward.

Yet not the less they feign'd to sooth  
His vengeance with their tongue,  
And with dissembling lips and smooth  
Their recantation sung.

For in their heart they were not whole  
His dictates to espouse,  
Nor kept his laws with all their soul,  
According to their vows.

Yet he was still so loving kind  
That he their sin forgave;  
Nor unto death their deeds assign'd,  
But let his vengeance wave.

Yea, oft he would his wrath assuage,  
And to his love return;  
Nor suffer'd all his mighty rage  
Against his tribes to burn.

For he consider'd of what stuff  
Frail mortals are begot,  
And that they're like the wind—a puff  
Which passes, and is not.

Oft they conspir'd, where desarts howl,  
Their Saviour to incense;  
And in the wilderness were foul  
With many a gross offence.

They turn'd them back, and chose a chief,  
God's suffering love to prove;  
And by their perfidy to grief  
The holy onc they move.

They thought not of his mighty hand,  
Nor of that great event,  
When he the waters chang'd to land,  
And made their foes repeat;

The works which he in Egypt did,  
That harden'd hearts might yield,  
And all the carcasses he hid  
In Zoan's conscious field.

He turn'd their waters into blood,  
And made their rivers stink,  
That in the vitiated flood  
They could not lave nor drink.

Of every sort the vermin swarm'd  
To eat them up alive;  
And frogs the royal rooms deform'd,  
Too dreadful to survive.

His dread commands upon their fruit  
The locust-troops employ,  
The caterpillar and the newt  
Their labours to destroy.

The hailstones batter'd down the grape  
Of so much care and cost;  
Nor could the mulberries escape  
The penetrating frost.

Their cattle too with hail he smote,  
As well as verdant groves,  
To death his thunderbolts devote  
Their folded flocks and droves.

His wrath and fury fierce and strict  
He sent upon their host,  
And fiends he suffer'd to afflict  
And vex their trembling coast.

He let his indignation loose  
Their bodies to infect,  
The blasts their forfeit lives reduce  
To perish with the pest.

And by his angel smote the prime  
Of all th' Egyptian youth;  
The most exalted and sublime  
Amongst the foes of truth.

But on his chosen tribes he smil'd,  
And led them forth in peace,  
And safe conducted through the wild,  
As one that tends the fleece.

He brought them from the tyrant's realm,  
And was himself their guard,  
While waves prevail'd their foes to whelm,  
And all their chariots marr'd.

And as their mind his grace instructs,  
And sanctifies from vice,  
To that blest mountain he conducts  
He purchas'd with the price.

His host th' idolatrous eject,  
Lest they with them should mix,  
And give their land to his elect,  
His wand'ring flock to fix.

So once more they began to thwart  
The will of God most high,  
And with the way his laws exhort  
They scrupl'd to comply.

Like broken bows they started back,  
Preparing to rebel,  
And keeping their forefathers track  
As from the Lord they fell.

For to provoke his wrath they built  
The shrines that he forbid;  
And grieving Christ, the fiends of guilt  
In human forms they clad.

These crying sins the highest reach,  
And inmost heav'n offend;  
And on his tribes he makes a breach  
While vengeful bolts descend.

The tabernacle he forsook,  
And stopt the voice of mirth,  
And would no longer overlook  
The tent he pitch'd on earth.

Their strength no longer reinforc'd  
He doom'd to servile toil,  
And all their beauteous bloom divorc'd  
To grace a foreign soil.

He gave his people to the sword,  
 Their goodly lot revers'd,  
 And by their pray'r no more implor'd  
 His heritage amerc'd.

Their young men into flames were driv'n  
 For burnings to dispatch;  
 So that the damsels were not giv'n  
 To their connubial match.

The sword, with its remorseless edge,  
 The holy priests assail'd;  
 Nor was there left a tender pledge  
 Or widow that bewail'd.

Then up arose as from a trance  
 Th' omnipotence divine,  
 As warriors to the field advance,  
 And leave their wives and wine.

He smote his foes, their hinder parts,  
 And all their boasting quash'd,  
 And with perpetual shame their hearts  
 By his rebuke abash'd.

To Joseph's house he would not grant  
 This royal rank to see,  
 Nor deign'd, O Ephraim, to plant  
 This glorious wreath on thee.

But blessed Judah was his choice,  
 The tribe of most account,  
 And from his heav'n he gave his voice  
 For Zion's favourite mount.

There pillar'd up with molten bras,  
 His temple stands secure,  
 Made like the earth's continual mass  
 For ever to endure.

He chose out David from the ranks,  
 And plac'd above the world;  
 From solded sheep, and from the banks  
 Where silver Kidron pur'd.

From following ewes with young ones big  
 The tribes his task enlarge,  
 To place beneath his vine and fig  
 The Lord's peculiar charge.

So with a heart God's special gift,  
 And love by wisdom cool'd,  
 And with munificence and thrift  
 O'er Jacob's sons he rul'd.

## P S A L M. LXXIX.

FROM afar, O God, the nations  
 Thy possessions storm and sweep;  
 Churches now are desolations,  
 And Jerusalem an heap.

These uniform'd barbarian forces:  
 Birds with our dead bodies feast,  
 And thy saints dismember'd corpes  
 Give they to each savage beast.

Human blood, like wasted water,  
 Round about the wall is shed,  
 And such universal slaughter  
 Leaves no burial for the dead.

Us of God's own-circumcision,  
 All our adversaries brand;  
 Scorn'd we are, the trite derision  
 E'en for outcasts of the land.

Lord, how long shalt thy displeasure  
 Punish our perverted ways;  
 Fed and fann'd beyond all measure  
 Shall thy jealous fury blaze?

Let the bolts of thy correction  
 Those who know thee not chastise;  
 Realms and kings in disaffection  
 Whe thy glorious name despise.

For revengeful and voracious  
 They have prey'd on Jacob's race,  
 And have laid their hands rapacious  
 On his goodly dwelling place.

Remember not how grievous  
 Were thy servants sins of old,  
 But in mercy soon relieve us  
 To such fell destroyers fold.

Help us, O thou blest Redeemer,  
For the glory of thy name;  
Ward the ruffian, foil the schemer,  
And have mercy on our shame.

Wherefore should the heathen scoff  
Say with supercilious brow,  
Where is he to whom they offer,  
Where is God their helper now?

O let vengeance now be sated,  
Let the blood that's shed atone,  
And from those who thus have hared  
Take away the hearts of stone.

From the dungeon deep resounding  
Hear the pris'ners as they sigh;  
O let grace to pow'r abounding,  
Save the poor, condemn'd to die!

For their words of foul expression,  
Which our evil neighbours urge;  
Give them grace unto confession,  
With thy blood blasphemers purge.

So shall they thou chose to sever  
To thyself a special flock,  
Yield thee thanks and praise for ever,  
Blessed pastor of our flock.

## P S A L M LXXX.

O Pastor of Jethurun's flock,  
Whom Joseph's sons intreat,  
Give audience, and the bars unlock  
Of thy cherubic seat.

While Ephraim and Manasses bow,  
By Benjamin ador'd;  
Stir up thyself, thy might avow,  
And grant the help implor'd.

Turn us, O God—diffuse that light  
Which penetrates the soul,  
Remove the scales that dim our sight,  
And thou shalt make us whole.

O Lord, to whom the saints resort,  
God, whom the hosts obey;  
How long wilt thou thy people thwart,  
Which in contrition pray?

Their piteous souls thy throne accost,  
The bread of tears they break;  
The cup of weeping they exhaust,  
As for thy grace they seek.

We are become a strife to those  
That dwell on every side;  
And thou hast made our deadly foes  
Thy servants to decide.

Turn us, O God, diffuse that light,  
Which penetrates the soul,  
Remove the scales that dim our sight  
And thou shalt make us whole.

From Egypt thou hast brought a vine  
Of goodly branch and bloom;  
Thou mad'st thy foes the field resign,  
And set it in their room.

A place where it might spread and shoot  
Thy love dispos'd and plann'd;  
And when it once had fasten'd root,  
It's clusters fill'd the land.

The hills were cover'd with the shade,  
The tendrils interwove;  
The grateful bow'rs the foliage made  
Was like a cedar-grove.

Her branches to the ports she sent,  
Where wafting ocean foams,  
And her strong boughs with fruit were bent  
As far as Jordan roams.

Why hast thou broken down her mound,  
And rais'd her stately tow'r;  
That all the wand'ring thieves around  
Her grapes at will devour.

The furious boars with greedy tusk  
The ranges overturn,  
And goats and foxes to the husk  
The luscious bunches churn.

Turn then again, O Lord of hosts,  
Thy countenance benign,  
And in our provinces and coasts  
Revisit this thy vine.

And look upon the horrid waste  
Where thine own vineyard stood,  
And to the wounded branches haste  
Thou made so strong and good.

Its boughs are yielded to the flame,  
Its fibres to the knife;  
But let thy grace their rage reclaim,  
And they shall mend their life.

O set thine hand upon the head  
Of thine adopted heir,  
And bless us, that our foes may dread  
Such savage deeds to dare.

## P S A L M LXXXI.

**T**O God our strength the strains repay  
With gladness and delight;  
Make all the musick that you may  
To Christ's eternal might.

Take up your voice the psalm to swell,  
And strike the timbrel true;  
Ye that on lute and harp excel  
The sprightly notes renew.

Blow up the trumpet, as you see  
The moon's increasing rays,  
Nor bate a jot of that decree  
That bids us sing and praise.

For this was more coercive made  
By him that did no wrong,  
Which met the night he was betray'd  
To hymn the parting song.

And this he likewise deign'd to teach,  
When Joseph's sons return'd  
From tyrants of a foreign speech,  
With whom they had sojourn'd:

'Twas I, ev'n Christ, thy shoulders eas'd  
From weight they could not bear;  
And loos'd thy hands by Pharaoh seiz'd.  
To shape the potter's ware.

I heard thee humbled and devout,  
And girt thy trembling reins;  
When caravans began to spout,  
And whirlwinds swept the plains.

I prov'd thee in the floods of strife,  
Degraded for thy sake,  
The fountain and the bread of life,  
Of which ye drank and brake.

Hear, O my flock, and rest assur'd,  
Thy hope is Jesus still;  
For if thou had thyself inur'd  
To my most holy will;

Thy thoughts should not have been deprav'd  
To worship wood and stone;  
The name in which thou must be sav'd  
Is Jesus Christ alone.

I am the Lord thy God that bought  
Thy ransom on the rood;  
Ope then thy mouth, thou shalt be taught  
A taste for heav'nly food.

But ah! the fools and slow of heart  
The scriptures to believe  
For ever from my laws depart;  
My prophets misconceive.

So for a season they were left  
To their licentious lust,  
And of the grace of God bereft,  
Their own conceits to trust.

O that my people had an ear  
To that my words expound,  
For if Jehurun's faith and fear  
Had in my ways been found;

I should have silenc'd all the boast  
Of heathens at a blow,  
And turn'd the Lord's victorious host  
Against their ghostly foe.



The tongues that prophesy'd in hate  
Should have renounc'd their lies,  
But deathless should have been their date,  
And their's th' immortal prize.

The shepherd had his best bestow'd  
To feed his faithful flock;  
While streams of milk and honey flow'd  
From Jesus Christ thy rock.

## P S A L M LXXXII.

**W**HAT time the delegates of pride  
In pomp assemble to decide  
Each controverted cause;  
The judge supreme of Jesse's root  
Is with the doctors to dispute  
The worth of human laws.

How long (says conscience as it stings)  
Will ye pronounce on men and things,  
That brib'd and bias'd sit;  
The key of knowledge ye conceal,  
Nor those that to her court appeal  
Your fallacies admit.

Defend the widows of the poor,  
And to the fatherless secure  
The property of peace;  
Do justice to th' afflicted soul,  
And give the needy wretch his dole  
The pris'ner his release.

Dissembling hypocrites unloak,  
Redeem the vassal from his yoke.  
To want thine aid afford;  
Restore the prodigal his pledge,  
And take away the cruel edge  
Of thine avenger's sword.

They know not, neither will they mind  
Blind leaders of the wilful blind,  
The sons of fraud and force;  
In acts of godliness remiss,  
Whence the strong springs of social bliss  
Are broke and out of course.

I called your origin divine,  
And prais'd the lustre of your line,  
Ye bore your heads so high,  
As sons of God, and nothing lets,  
Ye were so guarded of access,  
So haughty of reply.

But ye shall share the common lot  
With them whose worldly goods ye got,  
The wretches you enslave;  
And he, whose angel comes by stealth,  
Shall take your principedom, pride and wealth,  
And sink them in the grave.

Arise, and in thine own behalf  
O Christ, destroy the golden calf,  
And worshippers of gain;  
Judge thou mankind, for thou shalt come,  
In mercies without bound or sum,  
O'er all the worlds to reign.

## P S A L M LXXXIII.

**O** God, no more thy word withhold,  
Nor from our suit refrain,  
But let thine oracles unfold  
Thy gracious will again.

For lo! thy foes collect in swarms,  
By busy murmurers led;  
And traitors in a thousand forms  
Have lifted up their head.

For they against thy saints consult,  
Who make the church their care;  
And mine with treach'ries occult  
The men of private pray'r.

Come let us root them out, they said,  
By factious fury link'd,  
Till tribes be desolations made,  
And Israel's name extinct.

For they have held with one consent  
Against the Lord's elect;  
And with confederate discontent  
Our infamy project.

Fierce Edomites their camp arrange,  
And Ishmael's sons convene;  
And Moabites a league exchange  
To join the Hagarene.

Gebal with Ammon's force unites,  
And Amalek attends;  
And proud Philistia's chief invites  
The Tyrians for his friends.

There Ashur too himself allies,  
And has his blood forgot;  
And with his rebel host supplies  
The spurious seed of Lot.

But their embattl'd legions quell  
As Madian's bands of old;  
As Jabin, and as Sisera fell,  
Where Kison's waters roll'd.

Who were from pompous chariots flung,  
And mixt with Endor's dust,  
And their dead carcasses like dung  
Beneath the surface thrust.

As Zeb and Oreb far'd, the same  
For their attempts provide;  
Yea Zeba and Zalmunna's shame  
Their chief and troops betide!

Let us with impious threats, they cry,  
Upon the temples prey,  
And from the shrines of the most high  
The sacred gold convey.

Lord, back again their squadrons wheel,  
Before such deeds are done,  
And light as stubble let them feel  
The changing wind and run.

As flames the woody mountain burn,  
And in themselves expire;  
So on their host their fury turn,  
As they from us retire.

As thy tempestuous blasts pursue,  
And dreadful thunder sounds,  
Let them be warn'd, nor more renew  
Their insults on our bounds.

O Lord, with shame's ingenuous sense  
Their listless souls awake;  
That they may a new life commence  
And to thine altar make.

And all confusion in thy end,  
And terrors after death,  
In thy great love do thou defend  
By thine all-pow'ful BREATH.

And they shall know, that thou whose love,  
Can from such depths redeem,  
E'en thou, LORD JESUS, art above  
All thrones and pow'rs supreme.

## P S A L M LXXXIV.

O Lord, how lovely is thy bride,  
The church thy spouse confess;  
The regions where her saints reside,  
How beautiful and blest!

My soul has made thy house her choice,  
And longs thy court to see;  
My heart and earning flesh rejoice,  
Thou God of life in thee.

Yea, there the sparrow takes her perch,  
And builds her house on high,  
And swallows in their maker's church  
Their craving nest supply.

These freely haunt the sacred walls,  
And to thine altars cling;  
O Lord of hosts, whom rapture calls,  
My Saviour and my king.

They are the blest, that in thy courts  
As in their homes remain,  
And whom eternal grace supports  
Thy praises to sustain.

The man is blessed, as he prays,  
Whose reins thy strength receive,  
And in whose heart thy word and ways  
A deep impression leave.

As thro' this vale of tears he goes,  
He purifies his flesh,  
And washes, while the fountain flows,  
Which rain and dews refresh.

Increasing still from strength to strength,  
Such pilgrims urge their race,  
And they shall see the Lord at length  
In Zion, face to face.

O Lord, thou God of hosts descend  
To these the pray'rs I make,  
Thou God of Jacob's seed attend  
For Jesus Christ his sake.

O Lord, let these my sighs induce  
Thy mercy to look down  
To him, on whom thou pour'd thy cruse,  
And plac'd Judea's crown.

For but a day of love and fear  
Within thy blest abode  
Is better than the living year  
On vain pursuits bestow'd.

Me would the service better please  
God's temple-door to keep,  
Than dwell, where pomp and pow'r at ease  
On gorg'ous pillows sleep.

For Christ our light and shield shall give:  
An infinite reward  
Of ev'ry good to them that live:  
A life unto the Lord.

O Lord, thou God, whom wise and just  
The hosts of heav'n proclaim,  
The man is blest, that puts his trust  
In thy thrice-hallow'd name.

### O R T H I S.

O How stupendous to the sight,  
What lovely mansions of delight  
Thy dwelling place displays!  
O Lord, to whom the hosts belong  
Of thousands, and ten thousands, strong  
In thankfulness and praise.

My heart unto thy courts aspires,  
And all its longings and desires  
Are for the bliss above,  
My zealous soul within me burns,  
My very flesh cries out and yerns  
For Christ the life of love.

Yea there the sparrow takes her rest,  
There also to her craving nest  
The swallow food may bring;  
Ev'n at thine altar are they found,  
O Thou, to whom the hosts resound,  
My Lord, my God, and king!

They are the blessed which reside,  
And for eternal peace provide  
Within thy blest abodes;  
With thee their spirits shall commune,  
And always praising, sing and tune  
Their holy harps and odes.

The man is blest, where'er he dwells,  
That in religious works excels  
With strength divine endu'd,  
Whose steadfast life is to obey,  
And in and from whose heart thy way  
Is graven and pursu'd.

Such, as their errors they bewail  
Thro' Baca's penitential vale,  
And trust alone in him,  
Refresh'd as in the well-spring's cool  
Shall use it, and lo! ev'ry pool  
Is swoln above the brim.

From strength redoubl'd, as they go,  
To strength increasing shall they grow,  
And to refresh and cheer  
Their travail thro' the narrow gate,  
The God of God's from Zion's height  
In glory shall appear.

O Lord, to whom the hosts belong  
Of thousands and ten thousands strong,  
Incline thy gracious ear,  
For ever and thou art the same,  
The God of Jacob is thy name,  
Thou God of Jacob hear.

O ever present to defend  
 Let thy benevolence descend  
     On this anointed head,  
 The face of thine elect behold,  
 On which, as by thy seer foretold,  
     The holy cruce was shed.

For one day in thy blest abode,  
 O Lord, with thankfulness bestow'd  
     On pray'r and praise and thee,  
 Better than thousands, thousand fold,  
 Ten thousand times ten thousand told,  
     Is such a day to me.

I would with joyfulness embrace  
 The keeper of the temple's place,  
     Whom constant care confines,  
 And rather there abide and bless,  
 Than dwell where pompous wickedness  
     In sumptuous tents reclines.

For God is our defence, is light,  
 And with his grace he shall requite,  
     With worship shall reward,  
 Nor ought that he delights to give  
 Shall he withhold from them that live  
     A life unto the Lord.

O God, to whom the hosts belong  
 Of thousands and ten thousands strong,  
     That bow towards thy throne,  
 The man is blest, whose strength thou art  
 Who puts his trust with all his heart  
     In thee, O Lord, alone.

## P S A L M LXXXV.

O LORD, thy land has favour found  
 And mercy speeds again,  
 To loosen Israel ty'd and bound  
     In Satan's irksome chain.

Thy grace to Jacob's chosen seed  
     With their remorse begins,  
 And Christ, the merit that we plead,  
     Has cover'd all our sins...

With them thou deign'dst to betroth  
     Thou art no more displeas'd,  
 And God the Father's righteous wrath  
     Is thro' his son appeas'd.

O Lord, the Saviour of the poor,  
     Anew our hearts create,  
 And make the world's salvation sure  
     From its abandon'd state.

When Christ his tears our sins efface,  
     Can goodness ever fail,  
 And after this stupendous grace  
     Shall vice again prevail?

Wilt thou not reconcile our souls  
     To their eternal rest,  
 And glad our hearts, as Christ enrol's  
     Our name among the blest?

O Lord thy bounteous mercy strew  
     And these thy people spare,  
 And with thy saving health endue  
     The penitents at pray'r.

I will to my supreme content  
     The word of Christ explore—  
 "The heavenly king's at hand, repent,  
     " And go and sin no more."

Whene'er a faithful two or three  
     Attend the warning peal,  
 There Christ himself delights to be  
     His glories to reveal.

Thy truth and mercy for increase  
     Of love have met in bliss,  
 Stern righteousness and gentle peace  
     Have join'd the holy kiss.

From Christ the branch fair truth shall sprout  
     And bloom again on earth,  
 And justifying grace come out  
     From heav'n at Shilo's birth.

Yea, God's benevolence shall beam  
     As Satan's pow'r he stops,  
 And men and earth reform'd shall teem  
     With grace and fruitful crops.

A gracious message shall apprise  
The world of better days;  
His sermons, precepts, pray'r revise  
And regulate our ways.

## P S A L M LXXXVI.

O Lord, thy supplicant receive  
His wishes to obtain,  
With fav'ring ear indulge thy leave  
To poverty and pain.

My God for my defence prepare,  
For I am found and pure;  
And of thy providential care  
I still myself assure.

O Lord, in mercy condescend  
My fervent pray'r to meet,  
For day by day my knees shall bend  
While I thy grace intreat.

O Lord, thy servant's soul refresh,  
Which heaviness dismays;  
For unto thee from out my flesh  
That soul by pray'r I raise.

For thou, O Lord, art good to all,  
And gracious in excess;  
And great in mercy at the call  
Of such as kneel and bless.

Attend, O Lord, while thus I pray,  
And as my voice aspires,  
From humbled members hear and weigh  
The drift of my desires.

What time adversities deject,  
And anguish is severe,  
I will mine orisons direct  
To thine attentive ear.

Midst angels and the thrones above,  
There is no God like thee;  
Nor is there any pow'r, but love,  
That can such deeds decree.

All nations, whose stupendous sum  
Thy word came forth to frame,  
O Lord, shall to thine altar come,  
And glorify thy name.

For thou art magnitude and might,  
All wonders are thine own;  
In love, in omnipresent light,  
Art very God alone.

Lord, thine instructive grace impart,  
That I may keep thy law;  
O to thy nature knit my heart,  
And to thine honour awe.

O Lord, my God, I will restore  
The thanks so justly due;  
And from my heart for evermore  
The songs of praise renew.

For thy compassion is extream  
My sorrows to dispel,  
And thou my spirit shalt redeem  
From out the depths of hell.

O God, the proud in armies rise,  
And men of guile profound,  
Who have not thee before their eyes,  
Attempt my soul to wound.

But thou, O Lord our God, art fraught  
With clemency divine,  
Long-suffering, and surpassing thought  
As faithful and benign.

O with thy mercy turn at length,  
Nor my petition shun,  
And as a servant give me strength,  
And bless me as a son.

O show some token of thy grace  
My stand'ers to refuse,  
For all my griefs thy words solace,  
And my fatigues recruit.

## P S A L M LXXXVII.

YEA, her foundations are sublime,  
And first the holy hills we climb,  
Ere we can reach her gate;  
And God fair Zion's tow'r renowns  
Far more than all Judea's towns,  
And loves to make her great.

Thy beauties are a theme to raise  
 Encomiasts to transcendent praise,  
 Illustrious as thou art;  
 All earth of thine alliance boasts,  
 Thou city of the Lord of hosts,  
 And fair Judea's heart.

Rahab amongst the wonders nam'd,  
 And Babylon so loudly fam'd,  
 Proud spires and sumptuous domes;  
 In these my psalms to God are known,  
 And they the praise of Zion own  
 In all their tongues and tomes.

Behold Philistia's sons aspire,  
 The Morians and the Men of Tyre,  
 Peculiar gifts adorn;  
 But Judah o'er all rivals tow'rs,  
 All claim and contest overpower's,  
 There is Emanuel born.

And Zion more applause shall gain,  
 That there is born in her domain  
 The child both God and man;  
 And Christ her lasting throne shall found,  
 From forth Beer-Sheba's utmost bound,  
 Ev'n to remotest Dan.

The Lord, in everlasting verse,  
 In ears of angels shall rehearse  
 That Jesus is his heir,  
 And he, by whom the tribes are seal'd  
 At Bethlehem—Judah is reveal'd,  
 And comes incarnate there.

Then shall he marshal every row  
 Of Cherubs that the trumpet blow,  
 And Seraphims that sing;  
 From Jordan purer streams shall rise,  
 Both Jews and Gentiles to baptize,  
 And consecrated spring.

# P S A L M LXXXVIII.

O My Saviour, I beseech thee  
 Day and night my cry to hear;  
 Oh! let these my breathings reach thee,  
 And my calling touch thine ear.

For my soul is weak and weary,  
 As the floods of grief prevail,  
 And my life in darkness dreary  
 Is upon the point to fail.

I am of no rank accounted,  
 Ev'n like one whom worms devour;  
 And consider'd as dismounted  
 From all eminence and pow'r.

Free to lay me down and perish,  
 Where the slaughter'd warrior moulds,  
 Whom no friendly mem'ries cherish,  
 And thy hand no longer holds.

Thou for punishment hast laid me  
 In the lowest pit to dwell,  
 And to outer gloom convey'd me  
 In the dismal depth of hell.

Thy fierce anger has embarrass'd  
 And my loaded heart depress'd;  
 All thy plagues at once have harass'd,  
 All thy storms have wreck'd my rest.

Thou hast broke my sweet connections,  
 All my friends my wants exile;  
 And have turn'd their kind affections  
 To malevolence and bile.

Under such severe restriction  
 Am I to my bed confin'd,  
 That I cannot sooth affliction  
 By conversing with mankind.

I am weak thro' tears habitual  
 In my eyes and in my head;  
 Yet I daily serve thy ritual,  
 And to thee my hands I spread.

Wilt thou miracles exhibit  
 Wasted on the lifeless lump?  
 Shall the dead to pay their tribute  
 Rise before the warning trump?

Wilt thou speed the gracious mission  
 Of thy mercy to the pit,  
 And consign'd to deep perdition  
 Shall thy faith the man resist?

In the dark, when dead and rotten,  
 Shall the flesh thy works adore,  
 Where all favours are forgotten,  
 And where musick is no more?

Thee, Lord Jesus, I solicit  
 With my plaintive voice and lyre;  
 And deriv'd from faith implicit  
 Early shall my pray'r aspire.

Wherefore, Lord, is this denial,  
 As my spirit sues for grace?  
 Why at such a time of trial  
 Dost thou take away thy face?

Full of pain, with terror shaken,  
 Ev'n as gasping to depart,  
 All thy plagues I have partaken,  
 Youth and age, with anxious heart.

As my faith begins to waver,  
 Then the storms of wrath increase;  
 And the fear of thy disfavour  
 Has undone my private peace.

All mine enemies combining,  
 Come about me like a moat,  
 Harm against my life designing,  
 Which they to their wrath devote.

Banish'd every friend and lover,  
 Broke each link of dear delight;  
 And the shades of darkness hover  
 O'er my desolated sight.

## P S A L M LXXXIX.

THE loving-kindness of the Lord  
 Shall grace the sacred page;  
 His truth the Psalmist shall record  
 From age to rising age.

For I have said that mercy's reign  
 Henceforward shall commence;  
 And fed by faithfulness maintain  
 Her infinite expence.

I have renew'd with mine elect  
 My covenant of peace,  
 And sworn to this benign effect  
 To him that kept the fleece.

Thy house I will for ever build,  
 And in thy seed descend;  
 The throne of David shall be fill'd,  
 And flourish without end.

O Lord, the heav'ns with sapphire field;  
 And all the lights that blaze,  
 Their truth affords a beautiful field  
 For social saints to praise.

For who is he to heav'n refer'd,  
 Intelligence or form,  
 That can be nam'd with God the word,  
 In whom all life is warm?

Or what is he of most account  
 Amongst the pow'rs below,  
 That can be liken'd to the fount  
 From whence all honours flow?

Amidst the synod of the blest,  
 The Lord is greatly fear'd;  
 And with incessant pray'r address'd  
 By souls of saints inspir'd.

O Lord, incomparable God,  
 Thy truth around we hail,  
 From heav'ns first convex to the sod  
 That sheathes the humble vail.

Thou rul'st the raging of the sea,  
 When surges foam and chase;  
 Thou bidst contending waves agree,  
 To send the navy safe.

Thou hast upon th' Egyptian land  
 Thy dreadful vengeance hurl'd;  
 And scatter'd with thy mighty hand  
 Their host throughout the world.

Thine are the heav'ns, and bright array  
 That in succession shine,  
 The earth, thy firm foundations stay,  
 And all therein is thine.

Thou hast divided north and south,  
 Bleak wind and genial flame;  
 And fragrant Hermon finds a mouth,  
 And Tabor sings thy name.

Strong is thine arm in deeds of love,  
 Thy hand of peerless proof;  
 Thy right hand brandishes above  
 The heav'n's interior roof.

Justice and equity beneath  
 Thy throne have placed their seat;  
 But truth and love thy spirit breathe,  
 And thy bright presence greet.

Blest is the people, whom the voice  
 Of conscience calls thine own;  
 Lord, in thy light they shall rejoice,  
 And seek towards thy throne.

They in thy name shall take delight,  
 Each consecrated hour;  
 And make their boast, as they recite  
 Thy deeds of righteous pow'r.

Thou art the glory of our strength,  
 In safeguard or assault;  
 And in the blessed Lamb at length  
 Our horn thou shalt exalt.

For God is our redoubted fort,  
 And our defence sustains,  
 And o'er each province, coast and port  
 The Lord Jehova reigns.

Thy visionary word of late  
 Thou deignedst to disclose;  
 A man by grace and nature great  
 I have prepar'd and chose.

My servant David have I tried,  
 And his good deeds allow;  
 My holy cruse I have applied  
 To bless his honour'd brow.

My hand his sceptre shall uphold,  
 And keep him in his seat;  
 And my right arm shall make him bold  
 Opposers to defeat.

Invidious foes shall have no force  
 When he his troops alarms,  
 The son of fraud shall have recourse  
 To flight before his arms.

I will his enemies destroy  
 Myself before his eyes;  
 And with my bitterest plagues annoy  
 Whoe'er his worth despise.

My mercy shall be with his sword,  
 My truth his acts adorn;  
 And by his fervent pray'r implor'd,  
 I will exalt his horn.

I likewise will advance his realm  
 Where distant oceans roll;  
 And his right hand shall hold the helm  
 The billows to controul.

He shall invoke my name in pray'r,  
 And in my service live;  
 " My God omnipotent to spare,  
 " My father to forgive."

And I his pedigree will fix  
 Amongst celestial things,  
 Whose race and rank with angels mix  
 Above all earthly kings.

My mercy and mine aid shall be  
 For ever on his side;  
 And by the grant I now decree  
 I surely will abide.

Son after son he shall endure,  
 His offspring will I raise;  
 And his succession will secure  
 As heav'n's eternal days,

But if the shoots of such a stem  
 My dictate should refuse;  
 And in their lives that way condemn,  
 Which grace to faith foreshews;

If they should break the holy laws  
 Which my commandments urge;  
 I will my zealous angel cause  
 Their dire offence to scourge.



But yet I will not wholly take  
My kindness from his seed;  
Nor void that blessed promise make  
To which my truth agreed.

I will for my own glory care,  
Nor change the word I pass;  
Once by my holiness I swear  
That David's house shou'd last.

The line of his descent shall run  
With deathless heroes crown'd;  
Before my presence, as the sun,  
His throne shall be renown'd.

His daughters shall be sweet and fair,  
As is the lunar light;  
That faithful type of heav'nly care,  
And blessing of the night.

But thou hast with abhorrence spurn'd  
And thine anointed kith;  
Thy love to indignation turn'd,  
And of thy grace bereft.

The covenant is of no trust,  
If thus his days he drag;  
And o'er his crown, desil'd in dust,  
His foes blaspheme and brag.

Around his borders are infrin'g'd,  
And all the tow'rs he barr'd;  
The moats fill'd up, the gates unhing'd,  
The strong munitions marr'd.

All those that pass along the road,  
Upon his goods encroach;  
And every neighbour comes to goad  
His conscience with reproach.

Thou liftest up the hand that throws  
The spear against his breast;  
Thou hast delighted all his foes  
Which his domains infest.

No longer is his weapon edg'd  
To boast ten thousands slain,  
And victory no more is fledg'd  
For his renown'd campaign:

No more his blooming honours glow  
With heav'n's effulgent beam;  
His eminence is levell'd low,  
And made of none esteem.

The riper days thou hast cut off  
Of all his better age,  
And giv'n his glory to the scoff  
Of obloquy and rage.

For ever, Lord, wilt thou retire  
From my submissive suit,  
And shall thine anger burn like fire  
In this my disrepute?

Remember how my time is brief,  
How urgent nature's debt;  
Why hast thou fashion'd man for grief,  
And unavailing sweat?

What man is he, whose strength or art  
Shall his own spirit save,  
Or who, when gasping to depart,  
Can countermine the grave?

Lord, where is thine indulgent oath  
That David should despond,  
And thy good truth engag'd to both  
His truncheon and his wand?

Remember how thy gallant tribes  
Are with invectives stung,  
And how my loathing ear imbibes  
The taunts of many a tongue.

Wherewith thine enemies insult,  
And call our ways perverse;  
And o'er thy servants faults exult,  
And their good fame asperse.

Hosanna to the throne of grace—  
Amen from all the throng;  
Amen from him that holds his place  
To lead the choir in song.

## P S A L M XC.

**O** LORD of everlasting praise,  
Through anxious life's entangled maze,  
Our never-failing guide;  
Thou art our hope from race to race,  
Our refuge and the dwelling place  
In which our souls reside.

Ere on this earth were yet reliev'd  
The mountains, ere this earth receiv'd  
Her being or her frame  
Before all worlds supreme thy will,  
From ever, and from ever still,  
Eternal is thy name.

Debas'd with error and abuse,  
Thy terrors man to dust reduce,  
That penitence may grow—  
Again thy love paternal cries—  
Arise, ye sons of men arise,  
Return to bliss from woe.

For years thy creatures, as they flee,  
Are all responsible to thee,  
The present as the past;  
Ev'n thousands in thy perfect light,  
Are as the watch of yester-night  
When their account is cast.

Thou bidst them off into the deep,  
Of vast eternity to sleep,  
And in their peace remain;  
While others like the grass succeed,  
For their determin'd goal to speed,  
Nor e'er revolve again.

Grass! in the morning fresh and green,  
With many a various flow'r between,  
A blessing for our eyes;  
By noon to full perfection grown,  
Ere evening darkens it is mown,  
And like the gath'rer dies.

For thy fierce wrath contracts our span,  
And this whole edifice of man  
Is trouhled and diseas'd;  
And we of bitt'rest anguish taste,  
And to our dissolution haste,  
When thou art once displeas'd.

The crimes, with which we are disgrac'd,  
Before thy judgment seat are plac'd  
Their dreadful doom to hear;  
Our lurking sins which hate the day,  
All in thy sight themselves display,  
And at thy word appear.

Our days to their conclusion run,  
Since wrath against thy \* sinful son  
Has made our frame more frail;  
With pain from youth to age we climb,  
And all the tenor of our time  
Is like a trav'lers tale.

Of human life th' allotted length  
Is sev'nty years, uncommon strength  
Another ten survives;  
Yet is that strength but toil and grief,  
Whose grace of farther proof is brief,  
And soon whose end arrives.

Who knows the pow'r and blest effect  
Of thy dread anger? thine elect  
Who thy just hand admire,  
To those alone that act aright,  
And thwart their everlasting bliss,  
The Lord prolongs his ire.

So teach us, gracious, to review  
The past of nature, and pursue  
The future in our mind;  
To wisdom that we may apply  
Our hearts, and learn like men to die,  
The task for life assign'd.

O be thou placable by pray'r,  
And stand between us and despair,  
How long wilt thou postpone?  
To these our off'rings as they burn,  
Do thou propitiate thy return,  
And let our tears atone.

O fill us with the sweet content  
Of thy free grace, as we repent;  
Thy saving health mature  
For a perpetual resource  
To joy and gladness, while the course  
Of nature shall endure.

Our joys according to the date  
Of all our ways proportionate,  
Thou judge, immensely mild;  
Let peace commence, where bondage ends,  
And Canaan multiply amends  
For Egypt and the wild.

The work of thy stupendous hand,  
Which leads us to the promis'd land,  
To these thy sheep complete;  
That glory may be giv'n to thee  
From us and our posterity,  
Which thou in peace shalt seat.

And may the glorious rays that beam  
From forth the majesty supreme,  
Each body bless and soul;  
Prosper the sweat of every brow  
And hand industrious—yea, do thou  
Our handy work controul.

## P S A L M XCI.

**H**E that dwells beneath the cover  
Of his blessed Saviour's wings,  
Shall abide where cherubs hover,  
Praising Christ, the king of kings.

I will hope for my admission,  
Thro' the Lord, amongst the just;  
Thou, O God, art my munition,  
And the strength to which I trust.

For he shall thy soul deliver  
From the hunter's secret snare;  
And from death's determin'd quiver  
In the pestilential air.

He beneath his wings shall hide thee,  
To his downy bosom press'd;  
Faith, the shield he shall provide thee,  
Truth, the corset of thy breast.

Thou shalt walk by night, defying  
Damp and darkness, and dismay;  
And the darts of envy flying  
Thickest in the blaze of day.

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Thou shalt scape the blasts contagious,  
Ambush'd in the moonless night;  
And the pestilence outrageous,  
Rise in the meridian light.

Thousands, and ten thousands by thee  
At the common blow shall fall;  
But the stroke shall not come nigh thee,  
Nor alarm thy life at all.

Yea, thine eyes shall see the terror  
Of th' ungodly in distress,  
The reward of wilful error,  
Death and dread beyond redress.

For in Christ is expectation  
That to peace I shall go hence;  
On a glorious elevation  
Stands thy fortress of defence.

No disasters shall undo thee,  
With thy house it shall be well;  
Nor shall any plague pursue thee,  
But thou shalt in safety dwell.

For to guard thy life precarious,  
He th' angelic host shall send;  
And thro' dangers great and various  
They thy travel shall attend.

With thy wings they shall surround thee,  
In their arms they shall sustain,  
Lest a stumbling stone should wound thee,  
And delusion be thy bane.

Adders shall be void of danger,  
Lions shall their fierceness loose;  
Thou the dragon in thy manger  
With thine infant heel shall bruise.

Since upon his heav'nly Father  
He has set his love divine;  
I will raise his name the rather  
As he has acknowledg'd mine.

He shall call, and I will hear him,  
And be with his low estate;  
From his troubles I will clear him,  
And his honour shall be great.

He shall know no dissolution,  
But shall have th' immortal prize;  
And from pain and persecution  
To the joys of heav'n arise.

## P S A L M XCII.

**T**HE work is good, which duty claims  
To thee when praises are restor'd;  
O Christ, of beings, and of names  
Most highest, most ador'd!

To tell of thy stupendous grace  
Before the rising morn beimes,  
In penfive night thy truth to trace,  
When thought itself sublimes;

Upon the decachord and lute,  
Upon the musick loud and strong,  
Grave tones accordant with acute,  
Upon the harp and song.

With gladness, which thy works excite,  
My soul springs upwards and expands;  
And I will blazon with delight  
The wonders of thy hands.

O Lord, how glorious is that love  
Of strength such miracles to breathe;  
Thy thoughts from infinite above,  
To infinite beneath!

Here he, to whom there is no beam  
Of heav'nly wisdom, is at fault;  
And his low mind to such a theme  
A fool cannot exalt.

Ev'n in their bloom and verdant years  
The godless soon shall to the grave;  
But endless love thro' Christ his tears  
Shall true contrition save.

For lo! thy mischief-working foes  
Shall not continue in their guile;  
Which must with death's last summons close,  
Nor more their souls defile.

But like an unicorn my crest  
Shall flourish and exalted be;  
With oil anointed, newly prest,  
From God's redundant tree.

God grant it to my lifted eyes,  
To see my foes to Christ repair;  
My ears to hear their contrite sighs,  
And penitential pray'r!

The righteous man shall upwards spring,  
Like palms which have with winter trove,  
And spread abroad each godly wing,  
Like cedars of the grove.

Such as the Lord himself transplants  
And places in his hallow'd courts;  
Their fences of protection grants,  
And by his word supports.

In age more plenteous they shall fruit,  
And rise beyond the temple's wall;  
And from the tree-top to the root  
Be shapely stout and tall.

That they most clearly may submit,  
The rectitude of God to view;  
That all his ways and works are fit,  
Are holy, just and true.

## P S A L M XCIII.

**T**HE Lord the king himself arrays,  
Arrays in robes of ambient light;  
Around his glories as they blaze  
He girds magnificence and might.

The earth on arches has he brac'd  
With all the master's strength and art,  
So that she may not be displac'd,  
Nor ever from her center start.

Thou hast thy heav'nly throne of state  
Ere since the world began decreed;  
But thou from everlasting great,  
All place and period didst precede.

O Lord, the sea tumultuous raves,  
Contending billows foam and roar;  
The floods have lifted up their waves  
Above the rising cliffs ashore.

The sea is mighty as at will,  
So dreadful mountainous he rolls;  
But mightier He, whose "peace be still,"  
At once his boist'rous rage controuls.

O Christ, our faith thy pow'r supports,  
In truth thy testament excells;  
And holiness in all thy courts  
With dignity for ever dwells.

## P S A L M XCIV.

IF to God alone pertaining,  
All the pow'rs of vengeance bow,  
Held in ward by love restraining,  
God of vengeance hear us now.

Judge supreme, whose righteous spirit  
Heav'n and earth pervades and tries;  
Rise, and after their demerit  
Hostile pomp and pride chastise.

Lord, how long shall guilt licentious  
Take its swing and have its will;  
O'er the good and conscientious  
Shall it reign and triumph still?

Hands so foul, and hearts so naughty,  
Shall they scoff and make parade;  
And be arrogant and haughty  
With the parts that they degrade.

Lord, with cruel persecution,  
They transfix us to the heart;  
And they damp our resolution,  
Working with vexatious art.

They the widow tear in pieces,  
And the stranger in his bed;  
Nor their lust of murder ceases  
Till the fatherless has bled.

Tush they say, with scoff malicious,  
From the Lord no risque we run,  
Nor is Jacob's God suspicious  
That a thing like this is done.

Be ye ware of contradiction,  
You that to your error cleave,  
And amongst us brave conviction,  
When will you the truth perceive?

Shall not God—O vain derision—  
He that gave your hearing, hear,  
He that form'd the orbs of vision,  
Is not his discernment clear?

Shall not he which rules the nations,  
And the heathen world sustains,  
Teacher of all ranks and stations,  
Hold the scourge as well as reins?

God the human heart inspecting,  
Sees the way its workings tend;  
All the plans of its projecting,  
In what vanity they end.

Blessed is a man's submission  
To his Saviour's wholesome rod;  
For 'tis oft in such condition  
That we have the grace of God;

That for all the hours of sorrow  
Gifted patience may atone,  
Till the terrors of to-morrow  
Frown upon the foe alone.

For they shall not be deserted,  
Which themselves of God profess;  
But his pow'r is still exerted—  
When his people plead distress.

Ev'n until the dread appearance  
Of the Lord to judge our race,  
All true hearts with firm adherence  
Shall his blessed word embrace.

Who will join me in defiance  
Of the men that God oppose;  
Where shall I obtain alliance  
To discomfit virtue's foes?

If the Lord had not befriended  
All my troops, however brave,  
Doubtless this my life had ended  
In the silence of the grave.

When I found my steps had stumbled,  
Pray'r to thee was my resource—  
Lord, thy mercy saw me humbled,  
And upheld me in my course.

In the cloud of sorrows pressing  
All at once upon my soul,  
Thy consolatory blessing  
Shall their sad effects controul.

Shall the slaves to Mammon bowing  
Have a part in Christ the king,  
With their practice of allowing  
Mischief as a lawful thing!

While against the good convening,  
They his righteous soul afflict,  
And the base and bloody screening,  
Worth and innocence convict,

But from every vain pretender  
That conspires to pull me down,  
God himself is my defender,  
And the fort of my renown.

Foes of their benign-Creator,  
Would, as their own malice, fare,  
Did not Christ the Mediator  
Plead his merits and his pray'r.

### P S A L M XCV.

COME, O come with exultation,  
From your hearts your voices swell  
To the strength of our salvation;  
To the Lord your transport tell.

Let us congregate before him,  
And his awful presence hail;  
And with joyful psalms adore him  
As we kneel before the veil.

For the Lord our God tremendous,  
Great beyond conception tow'rs;  
His dominion is stupendous  
Far o'er other thrones and pow'rs.

All the regions and recesses  
Of this earth are in his hand,  
And each hill his strength confesses,  
Hear'd aloft upon the land.

Ocean is his creature, rolling  
Waves on waves which foam and roar,  
And his hands, the floods controuling,  
Laid the globe, and rais'd the shore.

Come, O come with Christian union  
Let us these our frames abase,  
And approach to his communion  
Kneeling, falling on our face.

For he is our Lord and master,  
We the people of his choice;  
He's a most indulgent pastor  
To the sheep that know his voice.

Rule your hearts through self-denial,  
Let my word attention win,  
Nor behave as at your trial  
In the wilderness of Sin;

When your sins, my spirit grieving,  
Seeking after signs, rebell'd,  
And were stiff, disbelieving  
What their very eyes beheld;

Forty years my grace was thwarted  
By this impious race I said;  
From the words which I exhorted,  
From my ways their hearts have stray'd.

Unto whom I pass'd my sentence,  
That they should remain unblest'd;  
Yet through faith and true repentance  
They shall come into my rest.

### P S A L M XCVI.

O Sing to Jesus Christ a song  
Of grace and novelty combin'd;  
O swell an anthem sweet and strong,  
Ye nations of mankind,

O sing, your blessed Saviour's name  
With grateful blazonry display,  
And let his love your breasts inflame  
Day rising upon day.

His honour to the heathen shew,  
And thence their grov'ling thoughts  
And bring his wonders to the view [sublime,  
Of ev'ry realm and clime.

For God is infinitely great,  
Above all praise his merit tow'rs,  
Above the magnitude and height  
Of other thrones and pow'rs.

All idols are but frail and fond,  
To which the heathen pray'r's preferr'd;  
But God made heav'n, and heav'n beyond,  
By his Almighty Word.

Worship and glorious pomp precede,  
Whene'er he makes his awful march,  
And very pow'r and fame indeed  
His temple over-arch.

Ascribe, ye families of love,  
To God the gracious Lord of light;  
Ascribe ye to the Lamb and Dove  
The worship and the might.

Ascribe ye to the Lord with zeal  
The honour which his name supports,  
And with our heart's free off'ring kneel,  
And come into his courts.

With all the grace of praise and pray'r,  
And adoration's meekest bow,  
O let all tongues in fear declare  
His truth, and pay their vow.

The Lord's supremacy maintain,  
And bid the heathen folk believe  
On him which fixt the starry train,  
And judges to relieve.

Rejoice ye to the FIRST and LAST,  
The heav'ns and earth, with all that breathe,  
And sea voluminous and vast,  
With them that are beneath.

Let all the verdant field be glad,  
With ev'ry motion, ev'ry voice,  
And trees, in blooming fragrance clad,  
Before the Lord rejoice.

For lo! he comes, he comes to try,  
And o'er the world supreme to sit,  
When all that to his truth apply  
His mercy shall acquit.

## P S A L M XCVII.

THE Lord is king, Jehovah reigns—  
The hills, the valleys and the plains  
Confess their genial joys;  
Hence pregnant nature blooms and smiles;  
Hence gladness in unnumber'd isles  
Which ocean's bosom buoys.

In circling clouds he sits inclos'd,  
Round him the darkness is dispos'd  
His radiant form to veil;  
Judgment and righteousness are laid  
The ground, on which his throne is made,  
Th' eternal beam and scale.

Before him of seraphic fame  
Goes forward a devouring flame  
Of intellectual fire;  
At which his enemies consume,  
To which all peopl'd space gives room,  
All obstacles retire.

The subtle flames he fixt and sent,  
And made the lightning permanent  
O'er all the world's expanse;  
Earth saw and trembl'd with dismay,  
And, on her pillars as she lay,  
She rous'd as from a trance.

The hills were melted at th' amaze  
And fury of th' effulgent blaze,  
Like wax upon the hearth,  
When he was present to dispense  
The terrors of Omnipotence,  
Which sways both heav'n and earth.

The heav'ns in goodly pomp display'd,  
And peerless pulchritude array'd,  
Thy perfect truth attest;  
And all the earth her mingled race  
Have witness'd thy descending grace,  
In shining glory drest.

Shame on the seeker after signs,  
That vanity and vice enshrines,  
And serves the prince of hell;  
Hear at his word, ye painted flocks,  
And worship him, ye chissel'd rocks,  
And fall as Dagon fell.

Zion exulted at the stroke,  
To hear, when Ashdod's god was broke,  
The tumult and the bruit,  
Judah's glad damsels were alive;  
Whene'er thy blessed bolts arrive,  
Love also claims its fruit.

For seated on the topmost height,  
O God, thou art immensely great,  
And thine is nature's law;  
Sublime above sublime he sees,  
And overlooks the rocks and trees  
From whence their gods they saw.

Ye who the love of God profess,  
See that no evil ye caress,  
Nor cast a look behind;  
He keeps the souls of all his saints  
From those whose vicious commerce taints,  
And mars both man and mind.

For Christ is justify'd alone,  
Light evangelical is sown,  
And God's new day is sprung;  
And from his peace he shall impart  
His gladness to the sound of heart,  
And to the true of tongue.

Ye sheep of God's peculiar choice,  
Whom faith has justify'd, rejoice  
That you are form'd anew;  
Incessant praise, your incense heap,  
By practical thanksgiving keep  
His holy name in view.

## P S A L M XCVIII.

O Frame the strains anew,  
Your grateful natures shew  
To Christ, the source of holy song;  
For passing deeds he wrought,  
Until to God he brought,  
By miracle, the faithless throng.

With hands which saints revere;  
And arm without compeer,  
He has the vast achievement done,  
And over death and hell,  
With all the Fiends that fell,  
This day's immortal trophies won.

CHRIST JESUS has declar'd  
That sinners shall be spar'd,  
And that through him salvation came;  
The world could not convince  
Of sin the righteous prince,  
So manifest his spotless fame.

He still has bore in mind  
His mercies, loving kind,  
And truth to Jacob's house engag'd;  
And all remotest earth  
Have seen, in Shilo's birth,  
Salvation, as by seers presag'd.

Them, O ye peopl'd lands,  
Unite in tuneful bands,  
And to the Lord your gladness tell,  
For such a blest reverse  
Your hymns of thanks rehearse,  
Your songs of exultation swell.

Ye jocund harpers, kneel,  
As you the impulse feel,  
And to the Lord your praise intend;  
Ye holy psalmists join  
In harmony divine,  
And all your grateful voices blend.

The cheerful trumpet found,  
And let the horns be wound,  
To yield thro' twisted brass their tone;  
The choicest notes employ,  
To prove your hearty joy  
In him that sits upon the throne.

Let ocean make a noise  
With ev'ry isle he buoys,  
And all the life his floods contain,  
The rounded world above,  
And all that live and love  
Their Maker on the hills or plain.



The vast and briny broad  
 All hands aloft applaud,  
 E'en as the mountain or the rock,  
 Which also have their ways,  
 In spirit God to praise,  
 Who comes by Christ to judge his flock.

Descending from on high,  
 His people he shall try,  
 In mercy, goodness, and in grace;  
 His merits we shall plead,  
 Till rigour must recede,  
 And wrath to charity give place.

O R T H I S. To the tune of the old CIV.

O Sing a new song,  
 In Christ, who has done  
 With his mighty prowess,  
 He has prov'd victorious

and sound an alarm  
 vast deeds of amaze;  
 and God's holy arm  
 o'er wonder and praise,

The Lord has made known  
 To save the whole world,  
 His virtue and merits  
 Of service and empire,

his marvellous grace,  
 submitting to view  
 throughout the wide space  
 to Gentile and Jew.

His mercy and truth  
 Remembering his oath  
 Of gospel salvation  
 From Dan to Beerseba,

for us has he shewn,  
 with Abraham his friend;  
 good tidings have flown  
 and to the world's end.

O make yourselves glad  
 Ye nations and tongues  
 With sweet exultation,  
 Present your thanksgiving,

in God, all ye lands,  
 your Saviour proclaim,  
 and palms in your hands,  
 and dwell on his name.

His goodness extol  
 And as the strings vie  
 In joy to Jehovah,  
 As gratitude dictates,

with hand on the lyre,  
 in songs of delight;  
 ye psalmists aspire,  
 his praises recite.

With soul-soothing shawms,  
 Of breezes serene  
 And with the shrill trumpet  
 Thy creatures adore thee

in tune to the wings  
 O temper your mirth,  
 sound, hail King of kings,  
 their Saviour on earth.

Let sea make a noise,  
 Which glide on his wave,  
 And let the round convex  
 With all that beneath it

his legions and shoals,  
 or love the still deep,  
 exult on his poles,  
 God's benefits reap.

Resound ye proud floods  
 And soar as the hills  
 Let both bless together  
 For he comes in judgment

with glorious applause,  
 which range on the shore;  
 the Lord and his laws,  
 the world to restore.

'Tis he comes to judge  
The just for unjust,  
When his sinful people  
And to the lost myriads

in mercy supream  
to live and to die,  
his love shall redeem,  
his merits apply.

## P S A L M XCIX.

THE Lord is king, the world submits  
And trembles to his sway;  
'Twixt cherubims he sits,  
Let utmost earth obey.

On Zion's hill the Lord is great,  
Sublime upon sublime,  
And of exalted state  
O'er ev'ry realm and clime.

They shall give thanks, and bless his name  
From ev'ry peopl'd land,  
Which is of hallow'd fame,  
And wonderful and grand.

The pow'r of Christ is righteous love,  
Whose ways thou hast prepar'd;  
Thy word from heav'n above  
To Jacob's tents declar'd.

O magnify the Lord your God,  
And on your face remain,  
Meek hearts, and feet unshod,  
For holy is his reign.

Moses and Aaron of his priests;  
And Samuel of his seers,  
These worship'd in the east,  
And God, when blest, appears.

He spake from out the pillar'd cloud,  
Their faithfulness to try,  
And they his laws avow'd,  
As publish'd from on high.

O Lord, our God, thy mercy sav'd  
Their sinking souls from hell;  
From them thy wrath was wav'd,  
And on their idols fell.

O magnify the Lord our God,  
Upon his mount remain,  
Meek hearts, and feet unshod,  
For holy is his reign.

## P S A L M C.

HOSANNA! let the choir be mann'd,  
To God ye distant regions throng,  
In one melodious service band,  
And glad his presence with a song.

Know Christ is God, the human frame  
Is not of mortal will or deed;  
His creatures from his hands we came,  
His flock upon his pasture feed.

O go your way into his gates,  
Approach with thankful heart the veil,  
As gratitude his laud relates,  
His name with loud applauses hail.

For endless grace the Lord supplies,  
And boundless love his word contains;  
His truth with his duration vies,  
And still from race to race remains.

## A N O T H E R of the C.

HOSANNA! people of all lands  
Unite your voices, lift your hands,  
And to the Lord repair,  
And thankful fall upon your face,  
And hail with songs the throne of grace,  
And shew your gladness there.

Yourself in this belief confirm,  
That man his talent and his term  
Are God's, and not his own;  
We are the flock he folds and feeds.  
With milk and honey in his meads,  
The Lord is God alone.

O go, but send your song before,  
Into his courts, his temple door,  
His name in anthems raise—  
Give thanks the soul's immortal food,  
And speak him great, and speak him good,  
Your hearts with rapture blaze.

For race by race he is renown'd  
In mercies which to peace abound,  
In truth reveal'd and taught;  
And gracious is the Lord of love,  
Above all estimate, above  
The flight of time and thought.

## P S A L M CI.

MY song shall be of mercy's reign,  
And of the great tremendous day;  
And I will consecrate the strain  
To Christ's triumphant sway.

O make my notions strong and clear  
Of ev'ry word thy laws promulge,  
And that I may thy truth revere,  
Her brightest rays indulge.

With thine illuminations blest,  
When thou thy Spirit shalt impart,  
I will prepare for such a guest  
An open honest heart.

I basely will not undertake  
To act injustice, or deceive;  
I hate the vices of the snake,  
To such I will not cleave.

Whoe'er defrauds, or goes beyond  
His brother, him I will expel;  
With churls I will not correspond,  
Or with the wicked dwell.

Whoe'er with private caution finite  
Behind their backs their neighbor's fame,  
Their folly and their dastard spite  
I from my soul disclaim.

Whose heart is hard, and stomach high,  
And looks disdainful on the poor,  
I will not to his word reply,  
Nor his discourse endure.

By search industrious in my mind,  
I cast about, and with my eyes  
To find the good and well-inclin'd  
For friends and for allies.

Whoe'er is studious to deserve,  
And lives in innocence and pray'r,  
O'er all my servants he shall serve,  
And in my substance share.

But treachery, disguise, and fraud,  
Shall not be seen beneath my roof,  
And he that carries lies abroad,  
Shall keep himself aloof.

I soon shall banish with the rod  
Of justice all the worthless crew;  
But I with meekness pray to God  
That threats alone may do.

## P S A L M CII.

TO my pray'r, O Lord, applying  
Thine indulgent ear, give heed,  
Let the voice of hardship crying  
In its orisons succeed.

In the tedious hours of trouble,  
As for pity thus I pine,  
And my soul's complaint redouble,  
Quickly to my vows incline.

For my days in pain revolving,  
Like the wreathed smoke expire,  
And my wasted bones dissolving,  
Are like billets in the fire.

In my heart I am dejected,  
 Wither'd like the garner'd hay,  
 And through dread I have neglected  
 The refreshment of the day.

For with thine afflicting arrow  
 I reiterate my groans,  
 There's no nurture in my marrow,  
 Nor consistence in my bones.

In this dreary situation,  
 Like a pelican I seem,  
 Or an owl, that takes her station  
 Where the moons on deserts gleam.

I have labour'd my researches,  
 Pond'ring on my lonely state,  
 Watching as the sparrow perches  
 On the house without his mate.

For their malice advantageous  
 This my case my foes deride;  
 All day long they are outrageous,  
 That against me are ally'd.

For with tears these ashes steeping,  
 I have eaten them for bread;  
 And my cup with bitter weeping  
 I have mingled on my bed.

This proceeds from thy resentment,  
 Which afflicts me more than all;  
 And the days of my contentment  
 Now exasperate my fall.

Vain and void of satisfaction,  
 All my days like shadows pass;  
 And through illness and inaction,  
 I am wither'd as the grass.

But thy Spirit by transfusion,  
 Height and depth eternal sounds,  
 And in glorious revolution  
 Thy memorial has no bounds.

Rise, and with thy gracious blessing,  
 Visit Zion in her woe;  
 For necessity is pressing  
 That thy mercy-beams should flow.

For her fabricks firm and stately  
 Are thy servant's grief and care,  
 And the rubbish, which was lately  
 Tow'rs and Spires aloft in air.

As thy truth their doubt convinces,  
 Heathen realms thy name shall fear,  
 And the world's remotest princes  
 Shall thy majesty revere.

When the Lord his domes rebuilding,  
 Shall again fair Zion raise,  
 And her roofs from Ophir gilding,  
 When again his glories blaze.

When he to the poor aspiring,  
 Shall vouchsafe his prayers their fruit,  
 And to sorrow deep-desiring  
 His blest Comforter depute.

This a memorable chapter  
 In the chronicles shall stand;  
 And posterity with rapture  
 Shall adore their Saviour's hand.

For the holiest heav'ns unfolding,  
 In the Spirit he descends,  
 And terrestrial things beholding,  
 On our wants his love attends.

To decide the pris'ners causes,  
 And their bondage to unseal,  
 That, as human vengeance pauses,  
 He their sentence may repeal.

That with joy they may expatiate  
 On thy name at Zion's hill,  
 And their souls they may ingratiate,  
 As thy worship they fulfil.

When the multitude assemble  
 Their thanksgiving to unite,  
 And presented kingdoms tremble  
 At his throne, who judges right.—

He my youthful strength afflicted,  
 As my pilgrimage I made,  
 And my progress interdicted,  
 Cutting off his blessed aid.

But my soul besought assistance,  
O my Saviour, spare my prime;  
As for thy divine existence,  
It is not of space or time.

Thou, O Lord, this earth hast founded,  
And her hills and valleys deckt,  
And the lucid heav'ns were rounded  
By thy hands of blest effect.

They shall perish—but the splendor  
Of thy glory shall endure,  
They like garments must surrender  
All their glories, and be obscure.

They shall change at thy direction,  
And be folded like a scroll,  
But in permanent perfection  
All thy years eternal roll.

Our good offspring shall continue  
Through our faith in Christ his name,  
And with arms of genuine sinew  
Shall support their father's fame.

## P S A L M CIII.

**T**HE praises, O my soul, restore  
To God, as thus I kneel,  
And all mine inward man adore  
His holy name with zeal.

The praises, O my soul, repeat  
To Christ, which paid thy debt,  
Nor ever to remembrance sweet  
His benefits forget;

Which all thy fault and frailty spares,  
As his high merits plead,  
And thine infirmity repairs  
With succour in thy need.

Which suffer'd from the gulf profound  
Thy spirit to redeem,  
And has thy life with mercy crown'd,  
And tenderness extreme.

Which makes a plenteous fare thine own,  
And all thy nerves has strung;  
E'en like an eagle newly flown,  
So lusty and so young.

The Lord in righteousness decrees  
The judgment of the poor,  
And from the foul oppressor frees  
All those that wrong endure.

His way to Moses he disclos'd  
On Horeb's hallow'd rock;  
His works stupendous interpos'd  
To save his chosen flock.

The Lord, with boundless love and grace,  
Has mercy on our state;  
And long he bears the headstrong race,  
His goodness is so great.

His spirit will not always strive  
With guilt abash'd by fear,  
Nor can his utmost wrath survive  
One penitential tear.

He has not with our vices dealt  
According to their cry;  
Nor have our sins his anger felt,  
Like their most grievous dye.

For look how high the heav'n is made  
Above the verdant sod,  
So great his mercy is display'd  
To all that fear their God.

And see how wide yon eastern ray  
Is from its western course,  
So far from us that weep and pray  
He shall our sins divorce.

Yea, as a tender father's love  
Is to his child inclin'd,  
E'en with such pity—far above  
Such pity—God is kind.

For well the Maker knows the mould,  
And gives allowance just;  
And he remembers that we hold  
A frame of mortal dust.

The days of man are as the hour  
Of verdure on the lawn—  
He thrives as flourishes the flow'r  
That opens to the dawn.

For chives and stem to death are doom'd  
By passing winds that blow,  
And that gay place on which they bloom'd  
No more their sweets shall know.

But God the Word has ever stood  
By all his faithful sons,  
And in the blood benign and good,  
The certain blessing runs

For such as with attention deep  
Reflect upon his will,  
And all his laws with spirit keep,  
And cheerfully fulfil.

God on his right has rais'd a seat  
To place the spotless Lamb;  
Thrones, Pow'rs, Dominions kiss the feet  
Of Jesus Christ "I AM."

O praise the Lord, angelic band,  
In excellency strong;  
Ye that obey his dread command,  
Or hearken to his song.

O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts,  
Upon his will intent;  
Ye servants that maintain your posts  
In highest heav'n's ascent.

O all ye works, your Maker bless,  
The good and gracious Lord;  
And with all energy and stress  
Do thou, my soul, accord.

### OR THIS.

O Praise the Lord, my soul endu'd  
With all the grace of gratitude,  
And zeal's divinest flame:  
And all that is within me bless  
The merits of his holiness,  
And honour of his name.

O praise the Lord, my soul—excite  
Thy heart's free pow'rs do him right,  
Which has such comfort sent;  
His mercies present and behind  
Remember, and maintain a mind  
Upon his love intent.

Which thee of all thy crime acquits,  
And thine iniquity remits  
By his most precious cross;  
Which earns thy troubles to appease,  
And to remove thy sore disease,  
And purify thy dross.

Which, by his tenderness extreme,  
Could from the gulph of death redeem  
Thy soul to vengeance bound;  
And with his everlasting care,  
His benediction on thy pray'r,  
Thy forfeit life has crown'd.

Which has thine appetite restor'd  
From pining sickness, and thy board  
With plenteous bounty blest;  
And has renew'd thy lusty strength,  
Like some young eagle fledge'd at length,  
And tow'ring from his nest.

The Lord his righteousness asserts,  
And his avenging pow'r exerts  
Against the tyrant's pride;  
He hears the cries of saints oppress'd,  
And sees their grievances redress'd,  
And all their wants supply'd.

His holy ways himself he taught  
To Moses, and the tribes he brought  
To Horeb's hallow'd mount;  
And deign'd in person, as they pray'd,  
And were in meek prostration laid,  
His wonders to recount.

The Lord is infinitely great  
In mercy for our weak estate,  
And gracious to endear;  
His indignation he retards,  
And all-beneficent regards  
The penitential tear.

He will not long with Israel strive,  
Nor let his chastisement survive  
One pang of due remorse;  
His wrath upon the rebel race  
Is but a momentary space,  
And not of endless force.

We have not his resentment felt  
In measure, like as we have dealt  
By his divine decrees;  
Nor will he our misdoings try,  
According to that heinous dye  
Which in his truth he sees.

As that vast interval between,  
Yon azure cloud and forests green,  
Heav'n's vault o'er earth's expanse;  
So marvellously great and clear,  
For all the servants of his fear  
His mercy-beams advance.

And as the womb of early day  
Is distant from the setting ray  
Which cheques the western shade;  
So far from our afflicted sight  
Into the realms of endless night  
He has our sins convey'd.

Yea, as the father to his child  
With fervent haste is reconcil'd,  
And pities to forgive;  
So shall the Lord of love receive  
The children which on him believe,  
And in his service live.

Because he knows our feeble frame,  
Both what we are, and whence we came,  
And where we loath or lust;  
And he remembers well our terms,  
How shortly must we to the worms  
Reign our sinful dust.

The days of human life recede  
Like grass, that's gather'd from the mead,  
And which the cattle crops;  
And all its pride, and all its pow'r,  
Is but the triumph of a flow'r,  
That buds, and blooms, and drops.

For soon as on the fragrant beds  
The tempest blows, its chives it sheds,  
And all its balmy store;  
And that gay place on which it grew,  
No more shall boast its beauteous hue,  
And taste its sweets no more.

But God his mercies to his fold  
From ever and for ever hold,  
And his most righteous sway  
From race to race is still maintain'd,  
And children's children unprofan'd,  
His holy laws obey.

Such as his covenant peruse  
With zealous diligence, and chuse  
The paths of endless bliss;  
Such as his testaments respect,  
And in the truths his laws direct  
Are never found remiss.

For one accepted Son alone  
God has prepar'd an endless throne  
In heav'n's stupendous height;  
His irresistible domain  
He shall o'er all the world retain,  
Each region, realm, and state.

O bless the Lord, ye sons of light,  
Ye that are excellent in might  
To do his dread command;  
Which in his presence are preferr'd,  
And to the thunder of his word  
In transport understand.

O bless the Lord, and make your boast  
Of his perfection, all the host  
Of Jesus and his spouse;  
Ye his good pleasure who fulfill,  
And act in all things as his will  
Permits or disallows.

O bless the Lord in every part,  
Ye works of his consummate art,  
Where'er his wisdom guides;  
From pole to sympathetic pole,  
And thou too bless him, O my soul,  
Which in my heart presides.

## P S A L M CIV.

BLESS thou the Lord, my soul—how great,  
 O Lord, what a stupendous weight  
 Of honours crown thy name;  
 Thou'rt cloth'd with majesty and might,  
 And glories how exceeding bright  
 Come clust'ring on thy fame!

With light, which thou hast purer made,  
 As with a robe thou art array'd,  
 Whose pow'r the world upholds;  
 And hang'st the skies in beauteous blue,  
 Wav'd like a curtain to the view,  
 Down heav'n's high dome in folds.

His chamber-beams in floods he shrouds,  
 His chariots are the rolling clouds  
 Upon th' etherial arch;  
 And on the rapid winds their wings  
 Majestical, the king of kings  
 Walks in his awful march.

The guardian spirits know their post,  
 His heralds are th' angelic host  
 Obedient to his will;  
 The delegated lightnings fly,  
 And flames are sent on embassy  
 His mandates to fulfill.

Fair and full-finished at her birth,  
 Firm at the first he fixt the earth,  
 And wrought her bases fast;  
 Her deep foundations has he girt,  
 That as the lively springs exert,  
 Her state of rest might last.

Upon the surface deep and wide  
 Thou pouredst out the flowing tide,  
 Like some loose garment spread;  
 The rising waters flood around,  
 And swollen above the level ground,  
 O'erthop the mountain's head.

But at the thunder of thy word  
 Their inundations were deterr'd,  
 And thy rebuke obey'd;  
 And to the centre from the top,  
 Th' unfathom'd ocean to a drop  
 Was pacify'd and laid.

Then up into the hills they go,  
 And down upon the vales below  
 Again their way they find;  
 Till at such places they abide,  
 And in those due directions glide  
 Thy wisdom has assign'd.

Thou over-rul'st the liquid mass,  
 And in the bounds they may not pass  
 Thou shalt their floods restrain;  
 The way that is prescrib'd they learn  
 For ever, nor shall they return  
 To cover earth again.

The living springs at his command  
 Are sent a succour to the land,  
 For rivers the resource;  
 Which as by stooping woods they curve  
 'Mongst intermingl'd hills preserve  
 Their interrupted course.

All beasts that haunt the distant groves,  
 Frequent the lucid stream in droves,  
 As need and nature rule,  
 And asses of the wild, assuage  
 Their thirst, and the meridian age  
 Of sultry sun-beams cool.

Near them thro' blossoms bursting ripe  
 The birds upon the perches pipe,  
 As boughs the herbage shield;  
 And while each other they salute,  
 The trees from every quiv'ring shoot,  
 Melodious musick yield.

He from his chambers dew distills,  
 And waters with his rain the hills  
 Where'er their summits soar;  
 The vales, with sweet luxuriance clad,  
 Make all the face of nature glad  
 With never-failing store.

He laid the verdant turf to graze,  
 That earth the due supplies might raise  
 Of annual food and wealth;  
 And fragrant herbs and flow'rs profuse  
 The seasons on the field produce  
 For pleasure and for health.



He planted on the rock the vine,  
To glad the heart of man with wine,  
And crown the thankful bowl;  
And to exhilarate the face,  
He gave the cruife, and broke in grace  
His bread sustains the soul.

The trees with precious balsam sweat,  
Which GRACE in seemly rows has set  
By her almighty pow'r;  
And Lebanon, which God perfumes,  
His crest with stately cedar plumes,  
Whose rusted tops embow'r.

The feather'd families of air  
Contrive their cunning fabricks there,  
What time the sexes mix;  
The storks for elevation seek  
To loftier firs with bolder beak  
Their pensile house to fix.

The kid that brouses on the thyme,  
Looks from the precipice sublime,  
And every peril braves;  
The skulking connies dwell secure,  
And for defence their young immure  
In quarries and in caves.

He taught the silver moon her way,  
Her monthly and nocturnal sway,  
Where'er she wanes or grows;  
The glorious globe that gilds the skies  
Is conscious of his early rise,  
And his descent he knows.

The lines of light and shade to mark  
Is thine, thou bidst the night be dark,  
Beneath whose solemn gloom  
The forest-beasts forsake their den,  
And all that shun the walks of men,  
Their wonted haunts resume.

The lions rouse to fill the scene,  
With eyes of baleful lightning keen  
Upon the desert rude;  
And as in surly-sounding tone  
They make the hollow caverns groan,  
From God receive their food.

But at the glancing of the dawn,  
Ere yet the sun-beams o'er the lawn  
The burnish'd orb unveil;  
Alarm'd they flee their nightly round,  
And in their place with peace profound  
Their weary'd limbs regale.

While man, frail nature to sustain,  
Awakes to labour and to pain,  
Till from the wish'd-for west  
Th' approaches of the dusky eve  
Give to his toil a short reprieve,  
And send him home to rest.

How manifold thy works are made,  
O Lord—by thankful man survey'd,  
What an exhaustless theme!  
In wisdom didst thou all dispense,  
How with thy vast munificence  
Heav'n, earth, air, all things teem!

So does the sea, whose shelvy rocks  
And depths with numberless he stocks  
From life's eternal fount;  
Some in the nether crannies skulk,  
And some of huge enormous bulk  
The swelling floods surmount.

There go the ships from shore to ~~Shore~~ *Shore*  
Of distant climes the distant ~~Shore~~ *Shore*  
To take and to discharge;  
There that Leviathan resorts,  
Which at thy blessed bidding sports  
At leisure and at large.

All these upon thy love depend,  
And on thy providence attend  
Their daily wants to urge;  
And as the star'd hour revolves,  
The bread is broke, the dew dissolves  
Upon the rising surge.

They gather that which is diffus'd,  
Nor ought is wasted or abus'd,  
So has thy wisdom will'd;  
Thy bounteous hand prepares a feast,  
And all from greatest to the least  
Thou fillest, and they're fill'd.

Thou hid'st thy face—however brief  
 Thy absence, it is instant grief  
 Of infinite degree;  
 'Tis thine to give, and to withdraw  
 Their breath, and by a stablisch'd law  
 They are, or cease to be.

But by succession they survive,  
 And sense and pow'r to move derive,  
 As from thy spirit sent;  
 Anew their moulded dust is warm'd—  
 Ev'n earth herself by thee reform'd,  
 Shall other scenes present.

The glorious majesty and love  
 Of God shall have no bounds, above  
 All mortal change and chance;  
 The Lord shall heav'n's whole choir employ  
 In anthems of exceeding joy  
 To see his works advance.

Abash'd at his tremendous look,  
 The earth with strong commotions shook,  
 Which all her awe bespoke;  
 He touch'd the hills, their summits nod,  
 And at the weighty hand of God  
 They totter, and they smoke.

That ~~continues~~ which these years prolongs,  
 Shall give new spirit to my songs  
 As measure to my span;  
 While I my life and limbs possess,  
 The bounteous author will I bless  
 With all the might of man.

As in the spirit I repeat  
 His praise, my musings shall be sweet,  
 To just refinement wrought;  
 Yea, while I yet suppress my voice,  
 To thee, O Lord, will I rejoice  
 In melody of thought.

The men, by carnal sins entic'd,  
 Must fall before the rod of Christ,  
 Confounded and amaz'd;—  
 Praise thou the Lord, my soul apart—  
 Praise ye, who hear with voice and heart—  
 The Lord our God be prais'd.

## P S A L M CV.

O To the Lord restore your thanks,  
 Invoke his name in pray'r;  
 And to the people of all ranks  
 His wond'rous works declare.

O let your holy songs ascend  
 In ecstacy of praise,  
 And let your conversation tend  
 His miracles to blaze.

With joy his hallow'd nam'd reverse,  
 And let your mirth aspire;  
 And let their hearts be of good cheer  
 Which after him enquire.

Seek ye the Lord, and pay your court  
 For ever to his might;  
 Your bodies and your souls deport  
 Toward his heav'nly light.

Remember his stupendous hand  
 The blessings it conferr'd;  
 His visitations dreadful grand,  
 And judgments of his word.

O ye that from his servant rose  
 The fruit of Abraham's loins;  
 Ye sons of Jacob, whom he chose,  
 And from the world disjoins.

He is the Lord our God alone,  
 And from our faithful tribes  
 His truth o'er all the world is sown,  
 And laws which he prescribes.

He has been mindful of the deed  
 Where love and truth engage;  
 To bless and raise the patriarch's seed,  
 Ev'n to the thousandth age.

The grant at first for Abraham made,  
 Which still his oath confirms,  
 And then to Isaac was convey'd  
 Upon as easy terms.

And therewith Jacob in his turn  
Was order'd to comply;  
A law of infinite concern  
And everlasting tie.

Importing "I will give to thee  
"A land of wine and oil,  
"And thou shalt peace and plenty see  
"In Canaan's pleasant soil.

And this high grace he deign'd to shew  
To pilgrims on the road,  
When Israel was yet but few,  
And of no fixt abode.

What time they with their flocks and kine  
Thro' various nations rang'd;  
And led by providence divine  
So many climes they chang'd.

No man could hurt their goods or lives  
As they their tents remov'd,  
And for the virtue of their wives  
He mighty kings reprovd.

"Touch not mine elders, on whose head  
"I've pour'd my hallow'd cruse,  
"And save my prophets from the dread  
"Of insult and abuse."

Moreover, he the famine sent,  
Which in their coasts prevail'd;  
Till all their corn and bread was spent,  
And their provision fail'd.

But still extremities to save  
He sped a man before;  
E'n Joseph, who was made a slave  
The plenty to restore.

Whose feet they in the stocks enthrall'd,  
And to the soul they pierc'd;  
For in the spirit he was gall'd  
To find himself amerc'd.

Until his hardship in his youth  
Was weigh'd, and cause was heard;  
And by the Lord's prophetic truth  
His innocence appear'd.

His words of peace the king convince—  
Who straight his bounds enlarg'd,  
And Egypt's fierce despotic prince  
His jeopardy discharg'd.

And as he took him from his ward  
Proceeded to console,  
By making him a mighty lord  
All Egypt to controul.

To teach their princes to conduct  
Themselves by virtue's rule,  
And all their senators instruct  
In wisdom's godly school.

And Israel drove his herds and flocks  
Where he was Pharaoh's guest,  
And Jacob with his silver locks  
Th' Egyptian monarch blest.

And by his grace his people rose  
To be a mighty host;  
And they were stronger than their foes  
In their wide-peopl'd coast.

Whose heart was chang'd to black deceit  
From friendship and good will;  
The men with cruelty to treat,  
And put in chains and kill.

Then Moses his command appoints  
To succour their complaint;  
And by the Holy Ghost anoints  
Great Aaron for his saint.

And these applied his vengeful rod  
Against their hate and guile,  
And shew'd the miracles of God  
In all the coasts of Nile.

He sent the dark till it was felt,  
And grievous was the gloom;  
Nor yet their hearts with pity melt,  
But stiffly still presume.

He turn'd their waters into blood  
As they rebell'd the more;  
And fishes choak'd in such a flood  
Were thrown upon the shore.

The pools o'erflow'd with frogs unclean  
Which on the land were heap'd,  
And were in royal chambers seen,  
And on the couches leap'd.

He spake—and of a thousand forms  
Came flies of deadly sting,  
And filthy lice in swarms on swarms  
On pompous garments cling.

The hail in massy stones he shot  
The trees and herbs to wound;  
And 'midst the show'r the lightnings hot  
Came flashing on the ground.

He smote their vines and fig-trees void  
Of blossom, leaf, and fruit;  
And all their woods and groves destroy'd,  
By breaking branch and root.

He spoke—the caterpillars came,  
And locust with his pow'rs,  
A numerous troop, to mar and maim  
The tender grass and flow'rs.

The first born of the land he smote,  
And caus'd a gen'ral grief,  
Their youths of most especial note,  
And of their strength the chief.

He brought them forth with gems and gold,  
And led himself the van;  
Nor could they in their tribes behold  
One feeble child or man.

Egypt was glad when all their force  
From their domains decamp'd,  
Such terror added to remote  
Had their oppressors damp'd.

A cloud its milder light reflects  
Their rout by day to guide;  
And fire their nightly march directs  
From heav'n itself supply'd.

While to his name with cries they sought,  
As life had been at stake,  
Innumerable quails he brought,  
The bread of heav'n he brake.

He call'd forth water from the veins  
Of marble to their thirst,  
So much, that on the desert plains  
A new-form'd river burst.

For wherefore? he remember'd well  
His covenant of grace,  
When faithful Abraham meekly fell  
Before him on his face.

Thus he his people to release  
Kept angels in employ,  
And led his heritage in peace,  
His chosen flock with joy.

And he transferr'd into their hands  
The heathen's vine to dress;  
And all their labours and their lands  
To people and possess;

That they might worship him, and serve  
For more abundant cause,  
And with fidelity observe  
The dictates of his laws.

## P S A L M CVI.

O Render thanks to God unfeign'd  
For his exceeding grace,  
Because his mercy is maintain'd  
From race to rising race.

Who can his noble acts express  
By which the world he sways,  
Or with sufficient ardour blest  
In all the modes of praise?

They are the blest to whom is giv'n  
A deep judicious mind,  
And who have in their dealings thriv'n  
By being just and kind.

Regard my suit in that degree,  
Thou blest our herds and fleece,  
And made thy people fat and free—  
O visit me with peace.

That I may see, and seeing share  
The bliss of thine elect,  
And join their gen'ral thanks and pray'r.  
Whom heav'nly pow'rs protect.

But maugre all we've seen and felt  
Of gratify'd desires,  
We have in base injustice dealt,  
Offending like our fires.

Our fathers learnt not to regard  
Thy pow'r and love display'd  
In Egypt, but their hearts were hard,  
When seas, ev'n seas obey'd.

Yet still the helpless he supply'd,  
Weak heads with heart of stone,  
That he might make his pow'r to pride  
And heathen baseness known.

He gave the sea a reprimand—  
It cleft itself in two;  
And there, as on the desert land,  
He led his people through.

And from their enemies he sav'd  
And every servile fear,  
And that stupendous gulph they brav'd  
With armies in their rear;

Which as they harra's'd their retreat,  
Returning waters drown'd,  
And total was the strange defeat,  
Not one a refuge found.

Then gave they credence to his word  
Which freed their souls from wrong,  
And praise upon the march prefer'd,  
And sang the pilgrim's song.

But soon they halted to forget  
His wonders, and were naught;  
Nor would their vain affections set  
Upon the word he taught,

Their minds abandoning to lust  
While they were in the wild,  
And still provoking God's disgust  
As they themselves defil'd.

And to their murmurs he bestow'd  
Their bodies to regale,  
While conscience ply'd his inward goad,  
And made their spirits fail.

And Moses too, the man of God,  
They in their tents inflam'd,  
And Aaron—till the budding rod  
The priest of God proclaim'd.

So yawning earth took Dathan in,  
And all his sect devour'd,  
And bold Abiram and his kin  
The terror overpow'r'd.

From hell the fiery torrents rush'd  
The rebels to consume,  
And all th' ungodly crew were crush'd  
In this tremendous doom.

At Horeb's mount they dar'd rebel,  
When Aaron they controul'd,  
And in absurd prostration fell  
Before a calf of gold.

And thus they danc'd and made a feast  
Their glory to estrange  
Into the likeness of a beast,  
That feeds upon the grange.

And God no longer was esteem'd,  
Which from their woes and toils  
And Egypt's grievous chains redeem'd  
In triumph and with spoils.

Which did such wonders in the coast  
Of them that disbeliev'd,  
And in the sea o'er Pharaoh's host  
Such fearful things achiev'd.

So that the fatal hour was fixt  
For lust and discontent,  
If Moses had not stood betwixt  
Perdition to prevent.

Yea, with misdoubtings and in scorn  
That pleasant land they view'd,  
The honey, milk, the wine and corn,  
Which by his word he shew'd.

And murmur'd loudly in their camp  
Against their Saviour's choice,  
His goodness in conceit to cramp—  
Nor hearken'd to his voice.

Then on their clamours and distaste  
He rous'd his arm to lift,  
And overthrew them in the waste,  
And sent their souls adrift.

Their seed amidst their foes to cast  
Upon a distant shore;  
And whirl them with an adverse blast  
Where comfort is no more.

To Baal-Peor in crowds they swarm'd  
With folly at their head,  
And ate, as they the rites perform'd,  
Their off'rings of the dead.

Thus reprobate, and idly vague  
From his indulgent yoke,  
The tribes he visits with a plague  
Determin'd to provoke.

Then Phineas had the grace to kneel,  
And to the Lord he pray'd;  
And as he whirl'd the missive steel  
The plague at once was stay'd.

And this was plac'd to his account  
As righteous and sublime,  
By which his glory shall surmount  
The force of death and time.

They also anger'd him by doubt  
At Marah's floods of gall;  
So that he let his fury out  
On one to rescue all.

Because they wou'd their chief incense  
By clamours in their drowth,  
So that he fell upon offence  
Incautious with his mouth:

Nor were th' idolatrous destroy'd  
According to their charge,  
But with their wives were they decoy'd,  
And let them live at large;

And mingled with the spurious foe  
The genuine seed of Seth,  
Which now into their customs grow,  
And learn their deeds of death.

In such, that to a hammer'd stock  
Their souls from God they wean'd,  
And offer'd, human ears to shock,  
Their children to the fiend.

Yea, their own tender babes themselves  
They nipp'd in early bud,  
Devoting them to Canaan's elves  
Till earth was whelm'd with blood.

Thus with their works they went astray,  
Their bodies to pollute  
With acts of shame that shun the day,  
From which there is no fruit.

Wherefore a dread consuming wrath  
Was kindled from the Lord;  
That those to whom he pledg'd his troth  
He from his heart abhor'd.

And into strangers hands he gave  
Their liberties and lives,  
Who schem'd their manners to deprave,  
And put their limbs in gyves.

The barb'rous foe oppress'd their loins  
Their morals to infect;  
What God from his good grace disjoins,  
The tyrant can subject.

Yea, many a time their ransom cost  
A most stupendous price;  
His patience they the more exhaust  
With crimes of black device.

But when their cries began to pierce  
Thro' hardship and constraint,  
He gave their terrors a reverse,  
And favour'd their complaint.

Himself in boundless love he binds  
His mercy to maintain;  
Nay more, he humaniz'd the minds  
Of those that held their chain.

From heathen realms and gross revolt  
To rank thy tribes restore,  
And thee, O God ! we will exalt,  
And in thy praises soar.

Give endless praise to Christ the king  
From ev'ry tongue and pen,  
And let all congregations sing  
Hosanna and Amen.

## P S A L M CVII.

**Y**OUR thanks return,  
O ye that burn  
With zeal's immortal blaze ;  
For mercies beam  
From God suprem  
To claim perpetual praise.

Let them repay  
Their thanks to-day,  
Who find themselves enlarg'd ;  
Whose galling yoke  
The Lord has broke,  
And from their foes discharg'd.

And call'd their bands  
From distant lands  
By mandate of his mouth ;  
From toil to rest  
From east and west,  
Cold north, and scorching south.

They took their rout,  
And round about  
Far from the ready road  
In wilds remain'd,  
Till they obtain'd  
To settle their abode.

In deserts rude,  
For lack of food,  
And waters of the brook,  
A gen'ral damp  
Throughout the camp  
For thirst their spirits took.

So through distress  
The Lord they press  
By force of fervent pray'r,  
And to their need  
His angels speed  
To save them from despair.

He led them right  
By day and night,  
His influence they felt,  
Until they came  
To build and name  
The cities where they dwelt:

O that our race  
Had sense and grace  
To bear a thankful mind,  
And joyful own  
His wonders shown  
In goodness to mankind !

For in his courts  
His word supports  
All weakness, want and woe ;  
And for the poor  
He will procure  
What bounty can bestow.

Whom men commit,  
Disgrac'd to sit  
In misery and bonds ;  
Whom cares consume,  
And in the gloom  
Of death whose heart desponds.

And for this cause—  
Against the laws  
Of Jesus they rebell'd,  
And set no price  
On God's advice,  
When he the council held.

He therefore brought  
Their pride to nought,  
And dash'd with gall their cup ;  
Which when they drunk,  
In grief they sunk,  
And none would help them up.

So through distress  
The Lord they press,  
By force of fervent pray'r;  
And to their need  
His angels speed  
To save them from despair.

From horror's wing,  
And from the sting  
Of death they gat release;  
He broke their gyves,  
And sav'd their lives  
For plenty and for peace.

O that our race  
Had sense and grace  
To bear a thankful mind,  
And joyful own  
His wonders shown  
In goodness to mankind!

For gates of brass,  
That we might pass,  
He threw into the moat,  
Embattl'd cars  
Drove o'er the bars  
Of steel in sunder smote.

His vengeance schools  
The heart of fools  
To purge them of offence;  
And from their sins  
By grace he wins  
To thought and sober sense.

Left by the Lord,  
Their souls abhorr'd  
To take a crumb or drop,  
As throes convulse,  
The vital pulse  
Was at the point to stop.

So through distress  
The Lord they press  
By force of fervent pray'r,  
And to their need  
His angels speed  
To save them from despair.

He sent his word,  
And though they err'd,  
Their grievances he heal'd;  
Perdition sav'd,  
Their souls he sav'd,  
And sentences repeal'd.

O that our race  
Had sense and grace  
To bear a thankful mind,  
And joyful own  
His wonders shown  
In goodness to mankind!

That all and each  
Would heart and speech  
To blaze his works employ,  
And praise prefer,  
With spice and myrrh,  
To Christ in thanks and joy.

They that go down  
To seek renown,  
Which ships of war maintain,  
Or ply their trade,  
By winds convey'd  
Upon the mighty main;

These men behold  
The sea controul'd,  
And in observance keep  
Each day and hour  
God's work of pow'r,  
And wonders in the deep.

For as he speaks,  
All ocean recks,  
The stormy winds arise,  
And boisterous blow  
The tides that flow  
In billows to the skies.

Then up as high  
As heav'n they fly,  
And down again they drive  
To gulphs beneath;  
They scarce can breathe  
To keep their souls alive.



With frequent shocks  
 The vessel rocks,  
 They stagger as in drink;  
 And as they rols,  
 Are at a loss  
 For pow'r to act or think.

So through distress  
 The Lord they press,  
 By force of fervent pray'r,  
 And to their need  
 His angels speed  
 To save them from despair.

For when he chides,  
 The storm subsides,  
 Submissive to his will;  
 And all the rage  
 Of winds assuage,  
 When he says "PEACE, BE STILL!"

Then they rejoice,  
 Because his voice  
 Has still'd the meek profound,  
 And as they sail,  
 A fav'ring gale  
 Conveys them where they're bound.

O that our race  
 Had sense and grace  
 To bear a thankful mind,  
 And joyful own  
 His wonders shown  
 In goodness to mankind!

That when they throng  
 To pray'r and song  
 They would exalt his laud,  
 And at the seat  
 Where senates meet  
 His glorious arm applaud!

His word can make  
 The spacious lake  
 A verdant lawn and wood;  
 And sent by him,  
 Whole navies swim  
 Where hilly deserts stood.

A fruitful soil  
 Of wine and oil  
 He turns to thorns and weeds;  
 And this event  
 From discontent  
 Of thankless lords proceeds.

Again he pours  
 The floods in show'rs  
 To make the wild a pool,  
 And gives the heath  
 A turfy sheath  
 Midst fountains fresh and cool.

And there prescribes  
 His hungry tribes  
 To let them down and feast,  
 And build and plan  
 High tow'rs for man,  
 And humble folds for beast.

There by his grant  
 They vineyards plant,  
 And sow their fields with corn,  
 And trees, whose fruit  
 And climbing shoot  
 The shaded land adorn.

His peace he sends  
 Which blessing tends  
 To multiply them all;  
 Nor lets their flock,  
 Or horned stock,  
 By rot or murrain fall.

If, on reverse,  
 The Lord arise,  
 And all their wealth reduce;  
 The tyrant's rod,  
 Or plague from God,  
 Upon them be let loose;

Though for a while  
 He cease to smile,  
 Nor usual grace perform,  
 And lets them roam,  
 Remote from home,  
 In deserts, wind, and storm;

Yet is he seen  
To stand between  
The poor and utmost grief;  
From caves and dens  
His fold he pens  
Their shepherd and their chief.

On things like these  
Upon their knees  
The righteous shall reflect,  
And clam'rous foes,  
That truth oppose,  
Shall finally be checkt.

A man whose ways  
True wisdom sways  
Such wonders will observe,  
And thence shall find  
How good and kind  
Is God to whom we serve.

## P S A L M CVIII.

MY heart, Lord Jesus, is resign'd,  
And fix'd to ev'ry point injoin'd  
By thy divine decree;  
I praise thee with my lips, the best  
Of all my members, for they're blest  
In magnifying thee.

Awake, and be thy strains renew'd,  
Thou glory of my gratitude,  
Awake, my harp, and play—  
Awake, my lute—myself shall rise,  
As soon as these uplifted eyes  
Can catch a glance of day.

O Lord, with thankful voice and hand  
Amongst the natives of the land  
I will thy mercies blaze;  
To strangers I will sing thy worth,  
And make my progress through the earth,  
To propagate thy praise.

That mercy which prevails in thee  
Is greater than eternity,  
Which nothing bounds or ends;  
Thy truth illustrious and renown'd  
Is from beneath the vast profound,  
And o'er the heav'n ascends.

O God, arise, thyself exalt  
Beyond the heav'n's stupendous vault  
From whence thy glories flow,  
Thy royal majesty assert,  
And thy magnificence exert  
O'er all the world below.

That thy belov'd, howe'er dispers'd,  
Their banishment may be revers'd  
By thy paternal care;  
And that they may be sav'd from harm,  
Lift thou thy mighty stretcht-out arm,  
And expedite my pray'r.

My joy in Christ shall never cease,  
The Word which God has sent in peace  
To canton Sechem out,  
And measure Succoth with my reed,  
That there I may recall and feed  
The sons of sin and doubt.

All Gilead's incense shall be mine,  
Manasses of the blessed line  
Shall yet be more my own;  
Ephraim, who from the standard fled,  
Shall be the strengthner of my head,  
And Judah grace my throne.

Lor's devious children shall return,  
And for a purifying urn  
E'en Moab shall be spar'd;  
Proud Palestine I will subdue,  
O'er Edom I will cast my shoe  
With gospel peace prepar'd.

Who leads me up to yonder tow'rs,  
Whose local strength and active powers  
Embattl'd troops deride;  
Who spears against so grand a mark,  
And on the ramparts sets our ark  
Where Edom's dukes reside.

Shall it not be our watch and ward,  
Can help be other than the Lord  
To whom our pray'rs apply,  
And wilt thou not our cause maintain,  
And shall not in thy name again  
Judea's streamers fly?

Lord, in the hour of doubt and chance  
Thine efficacious aid advance,  
Do thou direct our swords;  
Our thoughts and deeds are of no price,  
And vain the help and weak th' advice  
That feeble man affords.

Through God our valour shall be proof  
To make each adverse hand and hoof  
Before our walls retreat,  
With palm his champions he shall crown,  
And finally beat Satan down  
Beneath his servants feet.

## P S A L M CIX.

O God, to whom I make my suit,  
Let not thine oracles be mute,  
For vice, yea violence and fraud  
Have spread their specious lies abroad.

And from their tongues with falshood fraught  
They have their accusation brought,  
And come about me with abuse,  
Without a motive to induce.

But for the very love I bore,  
Behold, they are my friends no more;  
Mean while I practise to forbear,  
Resign'd to patience and to pray'r.

Thus in my progress have they stood,  
And thus rewarded bad for good,  
Devising and committing ill  
For turns of kindness and good-will.

Set thou a man of virtuous fame  
My foe to rule and to reclaim,  
And let thy holy angel stand  
To guide the motions of his hand.

Whene'er his cause is heard and try'd,  
Give thou the sentence on his side,  
And let his pray'r thy favour win,  
Refin'd from gross conceits and sin.

As he repents his former ways,  
Add length unto his better days,  
And grant him thine especial grace  
To keep and to adorn his place.

To many children let him be  
A sire, and live their sons to see,  
And let him cherish in his wife  
A help-meet to a godly life.

And let his rising race be fed  
With freedom's best ingenuous bread;  
To their own garners let them go,  
Nor dearth nor desolation know.

Let God's good blessing of increase  
Be on his cattle and his fleece,  
Nor let the foreigner approach  
Upon his labours to incroach.

Let him be register'd and class  
'Mongst neighbours of the Christian cast,  
And for his heirs lay up the sort  
And treasure of a good report.

Let his posterities extend  
The honours that from him descend,  
And when his years he has fulfil'd,  
His name to greater credit build.

Let what his fathers did amiss  
Be sunk in such a change as this,  
And let him, as his praise exalts,  
Atone for all his mother's faults.

And let the total sum of all,  
His race recover'd from their fall,  
Be shewn for mercy to behold,  
And be by Christ himself enroll'd.

And this the more, as at the first  
His mind was fashion'd for the worst,  
And in vexatious actions dealt,  
With soul unsympathiz'd to melt.

In unbelief he took delight,  
In deeds of obloquy and spite;  
But now he shall his tongue employ  
In benediction, love, and joy.

From habits of inveterate root  
He had no grace, and bore no fruit;  
But now through Christ his heart is new,  
He shall another course pursue.

Let him by faith his sins uncloke,  
And God through penitence invoke,  
And let the Lord's most holy word  
His loins with purity begird.

Let such returns as these dispose  
To quick conversion all my foes,  
And thus in love may I controul  
The persecutors of my soul.

But thou, O Lord, benignly deal  
With me, who thus for sinners feel,  
According to thy name intreat  
Thy servant, for thy love is sweet.

O let my charity procure  
Thy speedy help, for I am poor,  
And as mine enemies afflict,  
My heart within my breast is prickt.

I haste this fleshly veil to quit,  
Reduc'd like shadowy forms that flit,  
And hurry'd from my vernal day,  
Am driv'n like grasshoppers away.

As with such rigour I abstain,  
My knees are feeble and in pain;  
For want of their nutritious sap  
My lips and all my body chap.

Moreover I became the jest  
Of those that knew me at the best,  
And as they saw my alter'd look,  
Their heads with shrewd remarks they shook.

O Lord, my Saviour, whom I serve,  
From these calamities preserve,  
And as with meekness I behave,  
According to thy mercy save.

And they shall know that this degree  
Of goodness is alone from thee,  
That thou thyself to pray'r reveal'd,  
All my infirmities hast heal'd.

Though they with ceaseless wrath malign,  
Be thou the more and more benign,  
And baffle those that bear me down,  
With joys my fervent vows to crown.

Let all my foes to grace be sped,  
By shame to true contrition led,  
And find in a propitious hour  
The Lord's regenerating pow'r.

To God I will my duty shew  
With all that gratitude can do,  
And where the multitude resort  
By songs to lively praise exert.

For Jesus shall the poor assist  
The flesh and mammon to resist,  
Who saves the soul from Satan's sieve,  
And judges not but to forgive.

## P S A L M CX.

THE Lord unto my Lord declar'd,  
At my right hand I have prepar'd  
Thine everlasting seat;  
The subject universe is ours,  
Kingdoms, dominions, thrones and pow'rs  
All plac'd beneath thy feet.

The wand of thy pacific reign,  
Behold, I give thee to sustain  
From Zion's hallow'd shrine;  
Be thou the Saviour of the soul,  
And all thine enemies controul  
By clemency divine.

The day thou art install'd the king,  
From far shall pious easterns bring  
Their offerings of perfume;  
The benediction on thy birth  
Is as the dew-drops fresh on earth  
From morning's pregnant womb.

He sware, nor shall the Lord repent,  
 For ever on the man I sent  
 My priesthood I transferr'd;  
 I know thee without blame or speck,  
 Thy order is Melchisedeck,  
 E'en God, th' incarnate Word.

The Lord of hosts upon thy right  
 Shall kings in indignation smite  
 With many a grievous wound;  
 But in thy stripes they shall be heal'd,  
 And all vindictive laws repeal'd,  
 When CHARITY is crown'd.

His judgment shall be to forgive,  
 And by his pow'r the dead shall live,  
 And issue from their grave;  
 The heads of all the various realms,  
 Whom vice enormous overwhelms,  
 His precious blood shall save.

Where the breeze sigh'd and Cedron purld,  
 There drank the Saviour of the world,  
 Without an home or friend;  
 For which his name above all names  
 Is glorious, and his meekness claims  
 All honour without end.

## P S A L M CXI.

Tune of the old CXIII.

MY hearty thanks I will renew  
 To Christ amidst a faithful few  
 In private and domestic song,  
 And with the public worship close,  
 Where pious churchmen fill the rows,  
 And congregated angels throng.

The works of God are good and great,  
 And in the mind of man create  
 A zeal for infinite applause;  
 And all that take sublime delight,  
 The scholars of the word unite  
 Their studies in their truth and laws.

The works of God's consummate art  
 To laud and rev'rence warm the heart,  
 Where might and merit are supreme;  
 His justice o'er the foe prevails,  
 Suspending her impartial scales  
 Upon an everlasting beam.

The miracles of God the Son  
 In such stupendous grace are done,  
 And mercy to the race restor'd,  
 That their memorial should be kept,  
 And he that bled, and he that wept,  
 By ceaseless thanks and pray'rs ador'd.

By him his faithful flock is fed  
 With drink indeed and living bread,  
 Thro' which their grievous wounds are  
 And happy they that take the crumbs [heal'd;  
 When now the promis'd Shiloh comes,  
 When now the testament is seal'd.

His goodness and his pow'r divine  
 He shew'd unto the patriarch's line,  
 The people which he nam'd his own,  
 That thence Emanuel's wondrous birth,  
 Salvation to remotest earth,  
 From Israel's learning might be known.

His works are very truth, and wrought  
 To full perfection of his thought,  
 Dispos'd in Christ the master's skill;  
 The angels of his word are just,  
 Which keep the records of his trust,  
 And all his prophecies fulfil.

His everlasting types display  
 Those truths which never can decay,  
 Tho' worlds consume and language cease;  
 Their doctrine's infinitely found,  
 Their dispensations all abound  
 With matchless equity and peace.

He sent his Christ with joyful news  
 To foil the fiend and disabuse  
 The sinners, for whose sake he came;  
 He fixt his covenant of grace  
 Upon a sempiternal base;  
 August and holy is his name.

The fear of God begins the man—  
 'Tis our first wisdom and the plan  
 All hopeful edifice to raise;  
 Obedience God's applause obtains,  
 Where Christ our resurrection reigns  
 In everlasting pow'r and praise.

## P S A L M CXII.

**T**HE man of reverence to God  
 Is blessed in the highest class;  
 His ready feet with joy are shod,  
 To bring the word to pass.

His seed shall mighty pow'r invest,  
 And gain on earth the first repute,  
 And all the branches shall be blest  
 Of such a faithful root.

His soul shall have her full repast  
 Of wealth and earth's redundant store,  
 And his integrity shall last  
 In heav'n for evermore.

The good midst Satan's dark domain  
 The day-spring has before his view,  
 Such are benevolent in grain,  
 And loving, kind and true.

A good man is a common friend,  
 And in all characters complete,  
 He will be merciful to lend,  
 And in his words discreet.

For he shall never change his side,  
 But still keep steadfast and the same,  
 And God the honest man shall guide  
 To sempiternal fame.

His spirit shall not be dismay'd  
 At evil tidings unawares,  
 And his firm heart to Christ his aid  
 Submits his soul's affairs.

His heart none alteration knows,  
 Nor is from God to Belial wav'd;  
 And his desire upon his foes  
 Is that they should be sav'd.

His worldly goods unto the poor  
 He hath distributed around;  
 His worth for ever shall endure  
 In exaltation crown'd.

The wicked shall behold his rise,  
 And learn and imitate his ways;  
 Till all their envy, all their vice  
 Subside in pray'r and praise.

## P S A L M CXIII.

Tune of old C.

**A**TTE<sup>N</sup>D, ye ministers of song,  
 And bless your ever-gracious Lord,  
 The praises of his name prolong  
 Upon the full-resounding chord.

In ceaseless blessing be he nam'd,  
 As by the fathers heretofore,  
 And in all tongues and times proclaim'd  
 From henceforth and for evermore.

All flesh his glorious MAKER hails,  
 Avow'd the GREATEST and the BEST,  
 From whence the sun the morn unveils  
 To his department in the WEST.

The Lord is high above the kings  
 Of all the scatter'd regions round,  
 The radiance of his glory springs,  
 And leaves the topmost heav'n aground.

Whence can comparison be made,  
 The God above sublime to shew,  
 Which deigns his glory to degrade,  
 The kings in heav'n and earth to view?

He takes the simple from the dust,  
 As down he meekly kneels to bless,  
 And all the poor that put their trust  
 In him, he succours from distress.

That he may raise their low degree,  
 And give them with the princes place,  
 And let presumptuous rulers see  
 Their virtue rescu'd from disgrace:

He makes the barren woman big,  
If she beseech the Lord for seed;  
And blest beneath her vine and fig  
The prattling innocents to feed.

## P S A L M CXIV.

WHEN Israel came from Egypt's coast,  
And Goshen's marshy plains,  
And Jacob with his joyful host  
From servitude and chains;

Then was it seen how much the Jews  
Were holy in his sight,  
And God did Israel's kingdom chuse  
To manifest his might.

The sea beheld it, and with dread  
Retreated to make way;  
And Jordan to his fountain head  
Ran backwards in dismay.

The mountains, like the rams that bound,  
Exulted on their base;  
Like lambs the little hills around  
Skipt lightly from their place.

What is the cause, thou mighty sea,  
That thou thyself shoud'st shun;  
And Jordan, what is come to thee,  
That thou shoud'st backward run?

Ye mountains that ye leap'd so high  
From off the solid rock,  
Ye hills that ye should gambols try,  
Like firlings of the flock?

EARTH, from the centre to the sod  
His fearful presence hail,  
The presence of Jeshurun's God,  
In whom our arms prevail.

Who beds of rocks in pools to stand  
Can by his word compell,  
And from the veiny flint command  
The fountain and the well.

## P S A L M CXV.

NOT to ourselves the praise we take,  
O Lord, but to thy name  
Ascribe for truth and mercy's sake  
The merit of the claim.

Why should the heathen, who this hour  
Have felt thy chast'ning rod,  
Make impious question of thy pow'r  
With "where is now their God?"

Our God, which has the battle won,  
O'er heav'n and mortals reigns;  
Whate'er his wisdom wills is done,  
And what is done remains.

The stocks to which the pagan fools  
Their sighs and incense waft,  
Are gold and silver form'd by tools  
Of mean mechanic craft.

Their mouths are fashion'd, but from thence,  
Nor voice nor accent falls;  
Their eyes are grav'd, but have no sense  
Of vision in their balls;

Their ears are hollow'd, which to hear  
No clamour can compell;  
The noses of their busts appear  
With which they cannot smell.

Their hands are form'd, but not to feel  
Their feet, but not to move;  
Nor thro' their throats, while madmen kneel,  
Comes breath their life to prove.

The stupid maker's like the beast,  
And so are all degrees  
Of impious slaves that put their trust,  
And bow to gods like these.

But thou, Jeshurun, in the Lord  
Alone your trust repose;  
He is their saving-health to ward  
The swords of all their foes.

And you, ye priests of Aaron's stock,  
With faithfulness devout,  
Trust in the Lord, he is their rock,  
And unapproach'd redoubt.

And ye whose heart thro' fear repents,  
Who meek obeisance yield,  
Trust in the Lord—in all events  
He is their help and shield.

The Lord regards us in success,  
And in our day of need;  
And Israel's children he shall bless,  
And bless all Aaron's seed.

He blesses all that fear, and thank  
Their Saviour for his grace;  
As well the men of meaner rank  
As those of wealth and place.

The Lord shall bless you more and more  
In all you take in hand,  
And prosper your increase and store,  
Your children and your land.

Ye are thro' grace the Lord's elect,  
And he can keep you free,  
Which could th' etherial vault erect  
O'er continent and sea.

The heav'ns are God's imperial throne  
Beyond all mortal ken;  
Earth to be travers'd, till'd and sown  
He has bestow'd on men.

The barren grave affords no fruit,  
O God, to praise or pray'r;  
And mirth and melody are mute  
In darkness and despair.

But we with all our zeal and force  
Will in thy praises rise,  
Praise ye the Lord thro' nature's course,  
And for th' immortal prize.

## P S A L M CXVI.

**J**OY has taken full possession  
Of my heart and triumphs there;  
Since, thro' Christ his intercession,  
God has hearken'd to my pray'r.

Since, his gracious ear inclining,  
He has met my fervent vow,  
To his name the praise assigning,  
All my life my knees shall bow.

Long and painful did I languish,  
Death his snares began to spread;  
Horror and despair and anguish  
Brought their terrors to my bed.

Grief and trouble are conditions,  
And the colour of my state;  
Hence my soul the Lord petitions  
"Save thou blessed UNCREATE!"

For the Lord our God is gracious  
And omnipotently true,  
And his mercies efficacious  
Weeping sinners to renew.

God receives to his protection  
Simple folk when they repent;  
I was in the last dejection  
And his comforter he sent.

Turn again unto thy Saviour,  
O my soul, and take thy rest;  
God has weigh'd thy meek behaviour,  
And with recompence hath blest.

For, my soul from death redeeming,  
Thou thy servant hast solac'd;  
Wip'd his eyes with sorrow streaming,  
And his falling feet replac'd.

I shall therefore walk before thee,  
And in God direct my ways,  
Open in the light adore thee  
For example and for praise.

My belief was firmly founded,  
Therefore I with freedom spoke  
From an heart with anguish wounded,  
"All our race their meaning cloak."

For his mercies great and tender,  
For his benefits benign,  
Is their recompence to render,  
Is their honour to assign?



Mine infirmities uncloaking  
I will my confession make,  
At thy shrine thy grace invoking,  
As thine eucharist I take.

In thy holy church with fervour  
Now I will my vows direct;  
Dear to their divine preserver  
Are the lives of his elect.

See, O Lord, that I am under  
The dominion of thy name,  
Thou hast broke my bonds in sunder,  
And I from thy handmaid came.

I will sacrifice thanksgiving,  
Swelling voice and sounding chord;  
In the fragrance of good living  
I will worship to the Lord.

In thy holy church with fervour  
Now my soul her pray'r shall frame;  
Salem bless thy great preserver,  
Priests and people praise his name.

## P S A L M CXVII.

**P**RAISE the Lord with awful mirth  
Every nation, tribe and tongue;  
Christians militant on earth,  
Let your Saviour's praise be sung.

For his ministers of grace  
Ever more and more impart;  
Truth is his from race to race,  
Hallelujah from the heart!

## O R T H I S.

**O** All ye nations of the peopl'd earth,  
Whatever clime ye fill, whatever zone;  
Praise God with hallow'd mirth,  
Make Christ his merits known.

Because the current of his mercy flows  
For evermore abundant, good and great;  
His truth no period knows;  
Hosanna in the height.

## P S A L M CXVIII.

**O** Come ye to the holy place,  
And pay to God's exceeding grace  
What grateful natures owe;  
For due descending day by day,  
His mercy-beams themselves display,  
Nor pause nor period know.

Let thankful Krael now confess  
That he is gracious in excess,  
To wrath and anger slow;  
And that descending day by day,  
His mercy-beams themselves display,  
Nor pause nor period know.

Let Aaron's household now confess  
That he is bountiful to bless,  
From whom all mercies flow;  
And that descending day by day,  
His mercy-beams themselves display,  
Nor pause nor period know.

Yea, let the congregation, bere  
Assembled in religious fear  
In many a goodly row,  
Confess with joy that day by day,  
His mercy-beams themselves display,  
Nor pause nor period know.

In sorrows bitterest depths immerg'd,  
To God of heav'n my suit I urg'd  
His vengeance to forbear;  
And he my evil case review'd,  
And in its utmost latitude  
He granted all my pray'r.

Almighty God, which knows my heart,  
Is always first to take my part  
For love and mercy's sake;  
I will not fear a fleshy arm,  
Nor any terror or alarm  
That mortal men can make.

The Lord, which my distress defends,  
Is with all those that are my friends,  
And in my band insist;  
So shall I have my heart's desire  
To see mine enemies retire,  
And their attempts desist.

'Tis better in the Lord to trust,  
And all your actions to adjust  
By what his laws explain,  
Than on the son of man to lean,  
Too weak an aid, a prop too mean  
To succour or sustain.

'Tis better in the Lord to trust,  
And to a holy God and just  
With zeal to pay your court,  
Than any confidence to ground  
In princes, by the world renown'd  
For honour or support.

All nations compass'd me about,  
And strove my faithful troops to rout;  
My courage to appall;  
With multitudes their leaders came,  
But in the Lord's tremendous name  
I will defy them all.

On every side with black intent  
My steadfast few to circumvent,  
And work at once my fall,  
They kept me in on every side,  
But in the name of God my guide  
I will defy them all.

Like swarms of hornets they came on,  
Like fire extinguish'd they are gone  
Through him on whom I call;  
For in the name and matchless might  
Of God my everlasting light  
I will defy them all.

His steel the desp'rate swordsman drew,  
And made a pass to run me thro'  
With his determin'd blade;  
But God in a propitious hour  
Against the foe and all his pow'r  
Came instant to my aid.

'Tis God alone that makes me strong,  
And is the spirit of my song,  
Which to my harp I chant;  
He shall my name in heav'n enroll,  
And sure salvation to my soul  
Hereafter he shall grant.

The bloom of health and pleasure's voice  
Dwell in their tents, whose wiser choice  
Is virtue and the Lord;  
The right hand of the King of kings  
Achieves sublime and glorious things  
To punish and reward.

That right hand which can death dispense,  
Or life—and hath pre-eminence,  
O'er earth, and heav'n and hell,  
Stupendous miracles has wrought,  
Which all the pow'r of word and thought  
By infinites excels.

DAVID, there is no death for thee,  
Thy name is immortality,  
And thou wert born to live,  
God's wond'rous mercy to declare,  
Which is omnipotent to spare,  
To pity, to forgive.

The Lord his servant has chastis'd,  
But hath not utterly despis'd,  
Nor all his grace withdrawn;  
And his compassion intervenes  
'Twixt death and all the gloomy scenes  
Where vaults sepulchral yawn.

As in the faith of God I knock,  
The gates of righteousness unlock,  
That I may enter first;  
And there the fragrant odours burn,  
And there demonstrate and return  
The thanks with which I burst!

This is the gate the Lord has made,  
And they that have his will obey'd,  
The righteous, here may pass;  
Who scorning Mammon and his leav'n,  
High in the treasures of heav'n  
Immortal wealth amass.

I will my hearty thanks restore,  
That thou hast set so wide a door  
To speed the pray'r I form'd;  
And in salvation art so rich,  
Which blessing to the highest pitch  
My gratitude has warm'd.

That rock neglected and unknown  
Is now become the corner stone  
Ev'n of the house of God;  
Which all the builders to a man  
Refus'd, from him that drew the plan,  
To him that bore the hod.

It is the work of God direct,  
For he himself is architect,  
So beautiful and bold;  
'Tis elevated to surprize,  
Beyond our thought, before our eyes,  
Believe ye, and behold.

This is the day, whose livelier beams  
The Lord has glorified, and teems  
With thankfulness and praise;  
In pleasure's whiter vestments clad,  
We will be joyful, gay and glad,  
And brighten to the blaze.

Now is the happy season, now,  
O Lord, attend to hear my vow,  
And further my pursuits;  
Propitiate all thy people's toil,  
And blest their corn, their wine and oil,  
Their pastures and their fruits.

Blessed be he, or ere he came  
On such a work, in such a name,  
The Son of God indeed!  
All ye that reckon to his fold,  
Or in his church your office hold,  
We wish you to succeed.

Christ Jesus is that light, the word  
Above all thrones and pow'rs prefer'd,  
Who brought the day-spring down;  
Let loose the lambs for blood delign'd,  
And all the chains of death unbind—  
With flow'rs his altar crown.

Thou art the God which I adore,  
To thee the praise I will restore  
As holden by thy laws;  
Thou art the God in whom I live,  
The glory and my life I give  
To thee, and for thy cause.

O come ye to the holy place,  
And pay to God's exceeding grace  
What grateful natures owe;  
For due descending day by day,  
His mercy-beams themselves display,  
Nor pause nor period know.

## P S A L M CXIX.

N

THEY are the blest, whom free from guile  
No carnal appetites defile,  
As they their way pursue;  
Who by God's mandates walk direct,  
And keep, severely circumspect,  
His holy will in view.

They are the blest, the which abide,  
Nor to the right or left aside  
From his commandments start;  
Who worship with observance meek,  
And to their Lord and Saviour seek  
With all their mind and heart.

For he who wisely shuns the snares  
Of sin and Satan, and forbears,  
To lead his life amiss,  
Nor with his conscience holds debate,  
Walks in the way, he makes so straight,  
For everlasting bliss.

Thou hast with wondrous love enlarg'd  
Upon our filial fear, and charg'd  
With thy paternal care,  
That we the laws thy church dispense,  
Should keep with anxious diligence,  
Nor pains nor patience spare.

O that my ways were made so clean,  
And that I could myself demean  
So regular and right,  
That to thy temple when I speed,  
I to thy statutes may give heed,  
And in thy words delight!

So shall I never dread the lash  
Of censure, nor shall shame abash  
My spirit or my face,  
While I thy holy word obey,  
And an impartial reverence pay  
To all thy laws by grace.

I will the debt of love restore,  
And bless thy bounty more and more  
With gratitude unfeign'd,  
When I by Christ shall have access  
To knowledge and true holiness,  
I have through him attain'd.

I will to all thy rites adhere,  
That order, decency revere,  
Thy holy church adorn;  
O never leave me to my foes,  
Nor thy communicant expose  
To malice and to scorn.

2  
How shall a young man shun the lure  
Of pleasures, and his way secure,  
Thro' purity to peace?  
Ev'n in conforming to thy word,  
By which the devil is deterr'd,  
And fleshly cravings cease.

With all my heart's desire, the tide  
Of passions sway'd by God their guide,  
I have thy presence sought;  
O let me not from truth decline,  
Nor deviate from the blest design  
Of what thy voice has taught.

Thy wholesome dictates are impress'd,  
And treasur'd up within my breast,  
As pearls of passing price,  
That I may not the haunts repeat  
Of fell temptation and deceit,  
And turn from thee to vice.

O Lord, thy blessedness is great,  
And is avow'd by those that wait  
Upon thy righteous will;  
To me thy blameless doctrine shew,  
With wisdom and with grace endue  
To know and to fulfill.

My lips are practis'd to recite  
Those venerable rules of right,  
God gave the tribes he chose;  
Also the new command he sent,  
That christian charity cement  
All parties, sects and foes.

I have delight in that great end  
To which thy testimonies tend,  
Immortal life and fame,  
More than in all the mighty mass  
Of hoarded riches, which surpass  
Their owner's pow'r to name.

My conversation shall abound  
To good improvement, and confound  
What profligates object;  
And to the tenor of thy ways,  
Thy glory and eternal praise,  
I will have due respect.

Thy statutes shall be mine employ,  
My private and sequester'd joy,  
And to the world my boast;  
I will confess thy wise decrees,  
And those, when most myself I please,  
I shall remember most.

3  
O to thy servant be thou kind,  
Nor from the motions of my mind  
Thine influence withdraw;  
My need supply, my sin forgive,  
My strength confirm, that I may live,  
And live up to thy law.

Dispel each obstacle that lies  
'Twixt truth and me, and to mine eyes  
Thy mysteries unfold;  
That when I to thy shrine advance  
The wonders of thine ordinance  
I clearly may behold.

I am a stranger upon earth,  
And to my burial from my birth  
Is all a pilgrim's task;  
O let thy temple open wide,  
Nor from me thy commandments hide  
When I for guidance ask.

My soul from out my flesh escapes,  
And up to thee her flight she takes  
With fervour of desire;  
Which, at all times, and every place,  
She has thy judgments to embrace,  
And nearer home admire.

Thou hast rebuk'd and disallow'd  
The pompous speeches of the proud,  
Who talk'd so fierce and fast;  
The one thing needful to defer,  
And from thy dread commandments err,  
Is fatal at the last.

O from foul shame my lot remove,  
Nor let contemptuous fools reprove  
The servant of thine hand;  
Because I for thy tables care,  
And with solicitude and pray'r  
Obey what they command.

The princes of this world convene  
Their vile dependents, and their spleen  
Against thy servant vent;  
But he is happily bely'd,  
That in thy truth is occupy'd,  
And on thy bus'ness bent.

For I with joy to Christ repair,  
His sermons, parables and pray'r  
Which all conceptions hit;  
And for instructions, on my march  
As soldier of the Lord, I search  
The rules of holy writ.

My soul adheres to lowth and dust,  
And worldly cares and carnal lust  
Her excellence degrade:  
O with thy quick'ning spirit warm  
My breast, and graciously perform  
The promise thou hast made!

I have with meek contrition own'd  
My ways, and for the past aton'd  
With all my best amends;  
Thou condescended to my suit—  
O in thy precepts institute,  
On which my peace depends,

Make me to comprehend thy way,  
That I thy precepts may convey  
In all their genuine force;  
So shall the works of the Supreme,  
And all his wonders be the theme  
I chuse for my discourse.

My soul, which daily care involves,  
In its vexatious feuds dissolves  
Thro' burthenome fatigue;  
Let thou thine holy word refresh  
My spirit from the world and flesh,  
That make up Satan's league.

The liars and their ways expel  
From my communion, and repel  
The babbler and his tale;  
Cause me the slanderers to despise,  
Thy laws to cherish and to prize,  
Which o'er their spite prevail.

From my first hope in early youth  
The way of thine eternal truth  
I have prefer'd and trac'd;  
As life is perilous and short,  
Thy judgments, which from sin dehort,  
I have before me plac'd.

I have on thy behalf believ'd,  
And to thy testimonies cleav'd  
As constant in thy cause;  
O Lord, let no foul stain confuse,  
Nor scoffers of the world amuse  
My labour from thy laws!

Thy way, by grace so well begun,  
I shall have farther strength to run  
Until I reach the goal;  
When, Jesus, from this low degree,  
And bondage of mortality,  
Thou hast enlarged my soul.

Thy statutes in my heart inscribe,  
And teach me, that I may imbibe  
Thy salutary lore;  
O Lord, do thou the text explain,  
And in my mind I shall retain  
The sermon evermore!

Disperse and quell the guilt and gloom  
Of baleful prejudice, illumine  
My heart with wisdom's dower;  
So from thy laws I shall not swerve,  
But their remonstrances observe  
With all my strength and pow'r.

By thy benign assistance lead,  
That in thy path I may proceed,  
And to thy truth aspire;  
For there I long with love intense,  
And change the world's concupiscence  
With that divine desire.

Endue me with the special gift  
To keep thy statutes, and the thrift  
Which heaps eternal hoards;  
And let me not myself beguile  
With perishable things and vile,  
That earth beneath affords.

O from the pomp and pride below,  
And this vain world's external show  
To thee mine eyes avert;  
That I may scorn the carnal leav'n,  
And expedite my way to heav'n  
Thy quick'ning grace exert!

O in my heart thy dictates root,  
That I may bear such blessed fruit  
As year by year improves;  
And meekly worship at thy feet,  
As for a sinner it is meet,  
And servant it behoves!

Strike, hellish defamation dumb,  
Lest an offence thro' me should come,  
Which is a shame I dread;  
For all thy judgments love include,  
And therefore let no man obtrude  
His sentence in thy stead.

Behold I in thy words rejoice,  
And pay obedience to thy voice,  
O with thy quick'ning ray  
Be with me, that I may not want  
Religious courage to confront  
The foes of truth and day!

Moreover for the cross I bear,  
Let Christ thy promis'd word declare;  
Thy righteous wrath appeas'd;  
Since now the Dove's command is done  
Hear this, my Son, my darling Son,  
In whom I rest well pleas'd.

So shall I check the stand'rous fool,  
And tutor'd in the christian school,  
Benevolence retort  
For all his mockery and wrath,  
Since I believe and give my troth  
To what thy words exhort.

O let no superstition shut  
The volume of thy truth, nor put  
To silence pray'r and song;  
For to thy judgments I submit,  
And trust thy mercy will acquit  
Thy holy church of wrong!

Thus in thine house betimes and late,  
I shall observe and cultivate  
The laws thy finger wrote;  
Yea, to thy blessed word and will  
For ever and for ever still  
My services devote.

And free from tyranny and strife  
I walk the pilgrimage of life,  
And 'scape both floods and flame;  
For those commandments in thine ark  
Are what I seek for, and the mark  
Where I direct my aim.

I likewise will myself present,  
And speak upon thy Testament  
Before the face of kings;  
Nor shall a blush my cheeks invest,  
'Tis God's ambassador profess  
The sov'reign mandate brings.

This also to my peace shall add  
A new delight, and make me glad  
To think on things above;  
And with just fear for all and each  
Proceed to practise and to preach  
Thy precepts which love.

My hands I also will address  
Thy precepts which I love to bless,  
And lift them up on high;  
And thy commandments to peruse,  
And on their gracious import muse,  
With studious care apply.

1

O to thy servant have respect,  
And all thy goodness recollect  
For this mine humbled dust;  
According to thy word of pow'r,  
In which mine expectations tow'r,  
And where I ground my trust!

The same is in the hour of woe  
My consolation, when I go  
About my soul's affairs;  
For 'tis thy word, of cordial taste,  
Which nature's weariness and waste  
Requickens and repairs.

The proud, whose vanity is fed  
By fools and flatterers, on my head  
Their taunts unceasing heap;  
They scoff, they menace, and they boast,  
But yet I shrink not from my post,  
Which is thy law to keep.

For when I to this truth attend,  
That thy just judgments know not end,  
Nor thy compassion bounds,  
And that the term of life is brief,  
The thought administers relief  
And balm into my wounds.

Terror and fearful tremblings chill  
My members, and, foreboding ill,  
My soul within me shakes,  
When I behold how folly thrives,  
And with what peril of their lives  
The world thy law forsakes.

The precepts which thy words endear  
To mine affections and mine ear,  
And in my heart implant,  
All my anxieties assuage,  
And in this toilsome pilgrimage  
They are the songs I chant.

At night, when contemplation broods,  
Nor business of the world intrudes,  
My meditations soar,  
And on thy name in rapture think;  
While others on their couches sink,  
My pray'rs thy word adore.

To this degree of grace I grew  
As to my loud professions true  
I kept my ways from guilt;  
Prompt at all seasons to maintain  
Allegiance to thy laws and reign,  
In which my hopes are built.

17

Thou art my portion, the reward  
And end of all my pains, O Lord;  
I stand engag'd and bound  
Before thy mercy-seat to pray,  
And with a filial love obey  
The truth thy laws propound.

Thy loving favour I besought,  
When to sincere repentance brought  
I at thine altar knelt;  
O let thy work and word agree,  
And to my heart's impassion'd plea  
With tender mercy melt!

The failings of the former times,  
And all my abdicated crimes  
I have with tears review'd;  
The loathsome filth of vice I spurn'd,  
And to thy testimonies turn'd  
With all the man renew'd.

I hasted from the paths impure  
My soul's obedience to mature,  
And consecrate my bloom;  
Nor left what thy command appoints  
For wither'd hands and feeble joints,  
Which years and cares consume.

Tho' thieves into a gang unite,  
And to despoil me of my right,  
By dark my doors beset;  
I keep my catechism still,  
"Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not kill,"  
I well remember yet.

At midnight I will musick make,  
And keep my gratitude awake  
Before the blazing lamp;  
Because the laws thou didst enact  
Are righteous, to the truth exact,  
And bear thine heav'nly stamp.

I my most cordial love attach  
To godly men, and such as match  
Their manly fear with mine;  
My neighbours are the good and great,  
And who from excellence innate  
Unto thy laws incline.

This earth, O Lord, is heap'd and press'd,  
And with thy benefits is bless'd;  
Which day by day descend;  
In thy New Testament instruct  
My heart, and to my peace conduct,  
As I by that shall mend.

## D

O Lord, thy favour is extream,  
And on my head thy mercies beam  
Inestimably kind!  
And to thy promise thou hast stood,  
Beyond my hopes immensely good  
Thy work of love I find.

O give me wisdom to discern,  
And lively diligence to learn,  
And relish what I read;  
For thy commands I have believ'd,  
With gladness thy report receiv'd,  
And to its truth accede.

I went astray, and far from God  
I wander'd, till thy vengeful rod  
My grievous fault chastis'd;  
But now, to vice no more a slave;  
I with sobriety behave,  
As by thy word advis'd.

Thy goodness glories to refresh  
Thy creatures, and towards all flesh  
Thy bounties are diffus'd;  
O to my heart thy statutes teach  
That I may keep them free from breach,  
By conscience unaccus'd!

The proud, who thy decrees disdain,  
Against thy servant falsehoods feign,  
And in them persevere;  
But to thy laws I will ally  
My heart with every pow'ful tye,  
And with regard sincere.

While wealth abounds, and flatterers fawn,  
With luxury as fat as brawn  
Their carnal hearts they choak;  
But I my consolation build  
In that thy word I have fulfill'd,  
And yield me to thy yoke.

'Tis good that with a hand so strict  
And frequent stripes thou didst afflict  
My youth to pain inur'd;  
That I thy statutes thus might know,  
And all my trials undergo  
Undaunted and assur'd.

The law, which for thy mercies sake  
Thy mouth amidst the thund'ring spake  
To Jacob's sons of old,  
Is in my sight of greater worth  
Than all the treasures of earth  
In silver and in gold.

From thy creative hands I came  
Compleat, and in a goodly frame  
Thou hast my soul enwrapt;  
My feeble faculties endow,  
And to thy precepts as I bow,  
By grace my thoughts adapt.

They that in fear thy name confess,  
And on whose countenance express  
Thy radiant blessing glows,  
My glory will rejoice to see,  
Since in thy holy word and thee  
I still my trust repose.

I know, O Lord, thou judgest right,  
And pains my gross misdeeds requite.  
Their filthiness to purge;  
Thou shalt thy faithfulness exalt,  
In that thou visitest my fault  
With thy terrific scourge.

O send thy comforter to sooth  
My bitter agonies, and smooth  
My way thro' toil and care;  
According to thy word of truth,  
Where, in thy servant's early youth,  
Acceptance bless'd his pray'r!



O show'r thy loving mercies down  
At once my rising hopes to crown,  
And to prolong my days;  
For in thy law my life is spent,  
Hence pleasure and serene content  
My face in smiles arrays!

The scoffers and their pride abash,  
And all their deep devices quash  
With which they would destroy  
And with contempt thy servant brand,  
For in the word of thy command  
I will myself employ.

Let such as in thy grace are grown,  
And have thy testimonies known,  
With all their precious terms,  
Be turn'd to me—example warns  
The penitent, yet more reforms  
And ev'n the strong confirms.

O in my heart thy statutes ground,  
Work it regenerate and sound,  
That nothing may estrange  
My soul from her eternal rest,  
Or raise a terror in my breast,  
Or make my colour change!

Cloy'd with the dull delights of sense,  
For thy divine benevolence  
With all my soul I long;  
And I for that translation look,  
As in the sanction of thy book  
My tow'ring hope is strong.

Mine eyes, which to thy throne above  
I lift in extacy of love,  
Thy saving word beseech;  
O when wilt thou refresh my soul,  
I cry, while tears incessant roll,  
Their sympathetic speech?

For tears and sobs mine utterance choke,  
Like bottles season'd in the smoke  
Mine organs are become;  
Yet still upon thy word I wait,  
Nor sin hath made me an ingrate,  
Tho' sorrow strikes me dumb.

How many of my days remain,  
When from this state of pray'r and pain  
Shall I to thee remove?  
When shall the wretches, who debase  
Their souls by malice, have thy grace,  
And by thy word improve?

The proud, who see me thus forlorn,  
Increase their malice and their scorn,  
They dig their pits by stealth,  
Invoking all the pow'rs of hell,  
And thus against thy laws rebel,  
Thy peace and saving health.

All thy divine commands are true,  
Which from my heart I keep and do,  
O to mine aid attend,  
And drive my furious foes aloof,  
Who would condemn me without proof,  
And punish without end!

I well nigh perish'd by the force  
Of ruffian hands without remorse,  
In wounds and death expert;  
Yet was I never overaw'd  
With open violence and fraud  
Thy dictates to desert.

O with thy love my heart revive,  
And to those truths I shall arrive  
Thy blessed lips instill'd,  
And in thy laws my life enjoy,  
Which Jesus came not to destroy,  
But for us all fulfill'd!

O Lord, of everlasting pow'r,  
Whose throne immortal palms embow'r,  
Where cherubims are heard,  
And angels kneel—thy glorious word  
For ever is in heav'n prefer'd,  
Exalted and inspher'd.

Thy truth from race to race consists,  
And from eternities exists;  
The far-extended sweep  
Of steadfast earth thou hast display'd,  
And on the pillar'd arches laid  
The waters of the deep.

Thy works continue to this day,  
Both those that on their bases stay  
And they which are resolv'd;  
For all things at thy word began,  
And serving to thy wondrous plan  
Are into thee resolv'd.

Had I not valu'd from my birth  
Thy laws for their internal worth,  
And took delight therein,  
My strength could not have been supply'd,  
But in my trouble I had dy'd  
In sorrow and in sin.

I keep my mind, while life permits,  
Retentive of thy benefits,  
Nor shall my tongue be mute  
Upon the lessons of thy charge,  
For my conceptions they are large,  
And quicken my pursuit.

From baptism my god-childhood vow,  
From confirmation until now  
I am inlist'd thine;  
Save me, who with the price am bought,  
For I with diligence have sought  
The way thy laws injoin.

Ungodly men in numbers swarm'd,  
And their conspiracy they form'd  
To slay me with the sword;  
But I will search for my relief  
The words which to Jeshurun's chief  
Thy gracious hand restor'd.

I see that all things have their doom,  
And all the vanities consume  
On which the world is bent;  
But greater far than death and time  
Thy word is simple and sublime,  
And of immense extent.

Lord, how my study and delight  
Is all the livelong day and night  
To turn thy sacred page,  
From whose clear mirror I derive  
Ensamples for my youth and hive,  
Resources for mine age.

I through thy spirit am discreet  
Beyond my foes and their deceit,  
Beyond my rivals wife;  
For I thy word about me bear,  
As bracelets on my wrist I wear,  
And frontlets on my eyes.

Mine understanding comprehends  
More than my regulating friends,  
Or anxious teachers know;  
For with shrewd questions unperplex'd,  
My studies are the genuine text  
Whence all good morals flow.

My prudence is beyond my years,  
And elders, hoary priests and seers  
Are of inferior skill,  
Because, by special grace sustain'd,  
I keep those precepts unprofan'd  
Which thy commands instill.

My cautious feet from folly's maze  
I have refrain'd, and all the ways  
Of subtilty and craft,  
That fruit thy covenant may yield,  
Which is upon my forehead seal'd,  
And on my heart ingraft.

I will not from thy banner run,  
Or leave thy holy will undone  
Whate'er the tempter threats;  
For thou art with me to controul,  
And the preceptor of my soul  
A blessed pattern sets.

O thou hast sent my soul to sooth  
Thy words, how musically smooth,  
And elegantly chaste;  
Yea sweeter they their sounds endear  
To my conception and mine ear  
Than honey to my taste!

Through thy monitions I explore  
The depths of intellectual store,  
And thence my steps adjust;  
Therefore the ways that I suspect,  
And all things base and indirect,  
I from my soul disgust.

Thy word, as through the dang'rous road  
Of life I bear a cumb'rous load,  
Like lamps upon a fort,  
Directs my path o'er treach'rous tides,  
And by that light my vessel glides  
Safe to the destin'd port.

I've sworn, and will observe the terms  
While thine assistant grace confirms  
The sanction of mine oath,  
To keep with stedfast faith, and bless  
The judgments of thy righteousness  
From actual sin and sloth.

Incroaching grief by fits devours  
My strength, nor can my weaken'd pow'rs  
With such afflictions cope ;  
O Lord, my faculties renew,  
That mercy to thy servant shew,  
Thy word inspires to hope.

Let the free tribute of my tongue,  
In hymns before mine altar sung,  
Which love and faith suggest,  
Be pleasing in thy sight, O Lord,  
And all thy dread decrees record  
Upon thy servant's breast.

In daily jeopardy I stand,  
My soul is always in my hand,  
And trembles in suspense ;  
Yet will I not forget a clause  
Of what is written in thy laws  
Through error or offence.

To traps and snares the traitors stoop,  
Nor have they courage in their troop  
To make a bold assault ;  
But I revere what thou hast taught,  
Nor shall thy servant, e'en in thought,  
From thy commands revolt.

With hopes of heav'nly bliss inflam'd,  
I've in thy testimonies claim'd  
An everlasting part ;  
And why ? to be with thine and thee  
Is the supreme felicity  
Of my transported heart.

My heart I have with care revis'd,  
And in thy statutes exercis'd,  
Which also to perform  
I will persist while that shall bear,  
And while the bloomy vital heat  
My swelling veins shall warm.

I hate the wretches that invert  
God's order, and imagine hurt  
Against the souls of men ;  
But I thy law in love receive,  
And thence for all the best believe  
Within conception's ken.

Where'er I rest, where'er I roam,  
Thou art my sure defence at home,  
And buckler for the fight ;  
And trusting in thy pow'r to save,  
I fear that word beyond the grave,  
Evangelists indite.

Away, ye ministers of hell,  
Whose hearts against the light rebel,  
And start as conscience stings ;  
For o'er God's charge I pray and fast,  
And my true loyalty shall last  
To Christ the King of kings.

O stablish me, which by thy word  
Thou to thy servant hast aver'd,  
That I in peace may live ;  
All my misgiving fears remove,  
Nor let that hope abortive prove,  
Which thou hast design'd to give.

I shall emerge, if thou sustain,  
And in security remain  
By thy compassion buoy'd ;  
Yea, and as faith and hope compute  
Thy statutes their eternal fruit,  
Be with delight employ'd.

Thou hast rejected, and shalt crush  
All them that to perdition rush  
From thine eternal truth ;  
For they're deceitful in their souls,  
Their artful tongue with flatt'ry trowls,  
And poison in their tooth.

Thou from thy presence shalt divorce  
 The men who take an evil course,  
 Like dross from purer ore,  
 Who hug the snake, and spurn the Dove,  
 Therefore thy covenant I love  
 The mightier and the more.

From head to foot the tremblings seize  
 My body, while with bended knees  
 I think on my misdeeds,  
 And on thy great tribunal-day;  
 But still thy judgments to delay  
 Prevailing mercy pleads.

V

In truth and equity I deal,  
 And to thy righteous laws appeal  
 To justify my fame;  
 O save me from the pow'r of those  
 That on my back at once impose  
 The burden and the blame.

By thy compulsive grace instill  
 An inclination to thy will,  
 And to delight in good,  
 That wheresoe'er the proud and strong  
 Conspire to do thy servant wrong,  
 Their force may be withstood.

Mine eyes with watchfulness and tears  
 Are wasting, till thy mercy clears  
 The clouds that intervene,  
 And till thy righteous word be sent  
 To make a warning world repent,  
 And close the bloody scene.

O estimate my soul's offence  
 By thy divine benevolence,  
 Not from its grievous dye;  
 And on my heart thy laws impress,  
 That I in thankful faithfulness  
 All others may outvie!

I serve as teacher to thy fold,  
 The blessed doctrine which I hold,  
 O give me strength to scan!  
 And on the sacred text descant,  
 And urge the gracious covenant  
 Thou hast reveal'd to man.

'Tis time, O Lord, the flames to slack  
 With which the schismatics attack  
 Thine house, nor brook restraint,  
 And thy just judgments they deride,  
 Polluting all things sanctify'd,  
 And trampling every saint.

For thy commandments, which assist  
 The meek, whose word dispel the mist,  
 And raging torrent stems,  
 I prize in love's eternal bond  
 Beyond all pleasure, and beyond  
 Fine gold and polish'd gems.

Wherefore with firmness I conclude  
 That all thy laws are rectitude;  
 And all false ways that war  
 Against the welfare of mankind,  
 And in base chains the conscience bind,  
 I from my soul abhor.

D

Thy sacred oracles are great,  
 Above all wonder, and elate  
 The soul to glorious laud;  
 Therefore, wheres'er I set my staff,  
 I keep them in my own behalf,  
 And spread their use abroad.

Whene'er thy mighty word is shown,  
 And rolls in thunder from thy throne  
 Amidst celestial fires,  
 It cleanses that which is impure,  
 And lightens those that are obscure,  
 And simple folk inspires.

Thou, Lord and Master of my heart,  
 And well I say, for so thou art  
 In thine own words express;  
 My mouth I open'd, or had burst,  
 And hunger after thee, and thirst  
 For thy divine behest.

O on my bondage look and loose,  
 And with the rays of love transfuse  
 In pity to my case;  
 As thou art ever wont to do  
 To that select and blessed few,  
 Which thy dread name embrace!

Dispose me that my steps I take,  
And act in all things for thy sake,  
And as thy word appoints ;  
So shall no traitor over-reach,  
Nor Satan with his crimes impeach  
The man whom Christ anoints.

O shield me from the lewd reproach  
Of loose companions, that incroach  
Upon thy servant's bounds,  
That I, nor broken nor beguild,  
May keep thy doctrine undefil'd,  
Whose light itself expounds.

Against this world of change and chance  
Pour down thy radiant countenance,  
And bless me to be brave ;  
The words that God pronounc'd from heav'n,  
And Jesus gave his own eleven,  
Upon my heart engrave.

Mine eyes with tears of anguish gush,  
And for the gen'ral guilt I blush,  
With sobb my bosom heaves,  
Because thy laws they will not fear,  
But still with troubl'd minds we hear  
Of murderers and of thieves.

2

The fair perfection of thy reign  
Is endless justice without stain,  
O sovereign Lord of Lords !  
Thy judgments are exceeding wise,  
The threaten'd death, the proffer'd prize,  
Thy terrors and rewards !

The words of thy divine command,  
Which high above thine altar stand,  
That all may kneel and read,  
Their truth and righteousness unblam'd,  
All laws and rules that e'er were fram'd,  
In worth and weight exceed.

My zeal upon my vitals preys,  
Because of those perverted ways,  
Which all my foes espouse ;  
Who, while thy statutes they forget,  
And with thy goodness run in debt,  
Mine indignation rouse.

Thy word in all extremes is try'd,  
And can their ordeal flames abide,  
More glorious from the proof ;  
And I, as join'd to thine elect,  
With all my soul's desire affect  
Its beauty and behoof.

I am but small and of no class,  
The meekest of thy saints surpass  
My utmost in desert ;  
Yet will I not thy precept slight,  
But with all vehemence and might  
Their excellence assert.

Thou art our righteousness declar'd,  
And all things are, with thee compar'd,  
Ungracious and uncouth,  
And thine is the transcendent sway,  
Which shall its eminence display  
In sempiternal truth.

All bliss and comfort here below,  
Thro' sad inquietude and woe,  
Upon my spirit pall ;  
Yet have I joys which never fail,  
When to thy word before the veil  
With prostrate face I fall.

Thy testimonies are reveal'd  
In justice not to be repeal'd,  
And to retrench or add  
Is not for mortals : O increase  
My knowledge, and with endless peace  
To transport make me glad.

P

O Lord, for strength to bear thy yoke,  
Thee from my closet I invoke,  
Thee, likewise, from my couch ;  
As from my heart my pray'rs ascend,  
Thine ear to my devotions lend,  
For I thy laws avouch !

Yea, thee will I invoke for aid,  
And pray thy pity to persuade  
To these my vows aspire,  
And by thy help thou shalt enlarge  
My mind her duty to discharge,  
As thy decrees require.

To thee my soul herself sublimes,  
And utt'ring her complaint betimes,  
She must her griefs alledge;  
For to the word thou deign'd to shew,  
When thy tremendous trumpet blew,  
My stedfast troth I pledge.

Mine eyes, upon thy word intent,  
The watches of the night prevent,  
Thy volumes I unroll,  
And from all worldly cares detach  
My spirit, that I may dispatch  
The bus'ness of my soul.

O Lord, as I thy throne accost,  
Let not my humble suit be lost,  
But hearken to my plea;  
According to thine usual grace,  
Assist and animate my race  
To heav'nly bliss and thee!

The rebels, by thy laws untaught,  
And with malicious vengeance fraught,  
My very doors besiege,  
And by their wickedness evince,  
How far they are from peace her prince,  
And only sovereign liege.

Be thou, my Saviour, also nigh,  
And to my need thy help apply,  
Against this hostile rage;  
For in thy truth thou hast decreed  
A blessing on the righteous seed  
Like to the thousandth age.

Thy holy laws, which Jesus crown'd  
By sinless piety, redound,  
To gen'ral joy and use,  
And e'en by children understood,  
Are fashion'd for eternal good,  
To which they all conduce:

O with a fatherly regard  
Consider my distress, how hard  
Amongst thy sons my lot;  
Attend and patronise my cause,  
For mine allegiance to thy laws  
I never have forgot.

For me and for my foes decide,  
Against their virulence and pride,  
And all their weapons ward;  
Encourage me my woes to bear,  
By praise, by patience, and by pray'r,  
And to thy word accord.

Health is from wicked men remote,  
Which on the pomp of Mammon glote,  
And court the dust and moth;  
Which, in all offices remiss,  
Heed not the hopes of heavenly bliss,  
Nor hazard of thy wrath.

Great is thy goodness in its fruits,  
Of all thy blessed attributes  
The nearest to thy heart;  
My listless faculties arouse,  
O Lord, and to my daily vows  
Thy wonted grace impart!

I am oppress'd with foes and feuds,  
And by combining multitudes  
In tumult overborne;  
Yet will I not in thought despise  
Thy statutes, or apostatize  
From that which I have sworn.

It grieves my heart when I behold  
The world so careless and so cold  
In what their soul concerns,  
Because they will not be resolv'd,  
But each, in carnal cares involv'd,  
From church to vice returns.

Consider, ev'n in deep distress,  
With what affection I care  
The Gospel Jesus spake.  
O Lord, as thou art loving-kind,  
Of all thy mercies in my mind  
A lively sense awake!

Thy words are everlasting life,  
And can their purpose in the strife  
Of elements maintain;  
And though the Lord predicts a day,  
When heav'n and earth must pass away,  
His Gospel shall remain.

W

Proud potentates, on no pretence,  
And with unbounded insolence,  
Against me have inveigh'd;  
But with thy word my heart I arm,  
And all their terror and alarm  
Is clamour and parade.

When from thy word of light supreme  
Some new illuminations beam,  
I with the prize am pleas'd,  
As one, that after blood and toil,  
Upon some rich and gorgeous spoil  
With eager hand has seiz'd.

All lies, and wretches who suborn  
Their brethren to deceit, I scorn,  
Of thought and speech the shame;  
But I have fix'd my heart's delight  
Upon those blessed rules of right,  
Which bear our Saviour's name.

Each day, at sev'n appointed hours,  
My soul to thee in fervour tow'rs  
To bless thy pow'r divine;  
Because thy gifts for homage call  
And thy blest dispensations all  
Are righteous and benign.

All those that keep themselves from sin,  
Have great tranquillity within,  
As they thy name adore,  
Nor are offended at the course  
Of practice which thy laws enforce,  
But bless them more and more.

Lord, by a long-protracted space,  
With love's impatience for thy grace,  
I have devoutly sigh'd,  
And thy divine commands pursu'd,  
And heav'n-conducted, self-subdu'd,  
In every point comply'd.

In all the laws of life adept,  
My soul thy covenant has kept  
As of her love the test,  
And tenders it exceeding dear,  
The rather as she verges near  
To her eternal rest.

Thy covenant and each decree  
Thou made, I keep, and bow the knee  
To thee, O Lord, alone;  
For I am prov'd upon thy scale,  
And all my thoughts themselves unveil  
Before thine awful throne.

N

Let my complaint, which I prefer,  
That I from human weakness err,  
Thro' Christ, O Lord, be heard;  
According to thy word expand  
My knowledge, let the chaff be fann'd,  
And all the gloom be clear'd.

Grant to mine orisons access,  
As I thy gracious throne address,  
And with acceptance greet;  
True to thy word my soul relieve  
From bondage, under which I grieve,  
And all my vows compleat.

My lips, which cannot praise too much,  
Shall speak as by thine hallow'd touch  
They're sanctified and tun'd,  
When thou thy law hast fully taught,  
And from my heart each fruitless thought,  
And vile affection prun'd.

Yea, I will take none other theme  
For musick than thy word supreme,  
Upon my heart or tongue;  
For thy commands in truth compriz'd,  
And with such blessings harmoniz'd,  
Are worthiest to be sung.

Let thine hand save me from mischance,  
That I may with my feet advance  
Where now I send my voice;  
For by thy statutes I procure,  
My calling and election sure,  
Because they are my choice.

I long to quit the world beneath,  
And mine ejaculations breathe  
Toward my Saviour's peace;  
For from thy law my gladness springs,  
O Lord, and from all earthly things  
I sue for my release.

O give my soul to life and joy,  
Where neither moth nor worms destroy  
My toils in triumph crown;  
Amongst thy glorious saints enlist,  
And still thy judgments shall assist  
While I thy name renown.

I went astray, of grace bereft,  
Like some poor sheep, when he has left  
The shepherd at a loss;  
Let mercy seek, if love regret,  
A vagrant who could not forget  
The GOSPEL of thy CROSS.

## P S A L M CXX.

WHEN strong calamity prevail'd,  
And all my mirth was mute,  
By pray'r the topmost heav'n I scal'd,  
And Jesus heard my suit.

Shield me from lips with lies replete,  
Or which their word revoke;  
And from the language of the cheat  
Expert his thoughts to cloak.

O tongue, deceitful and obscene,  
What shall thy rage controul?  
(Unless Christ's merits intervene)  
Sharp darts and burning coal.

How long, ye faithless crooked race,  
With you must I reside?  
How long, said Christ, the prince of grace,  
Must I your ways abide?

My soul her sorrows overcharge  
Unto the last extreme,  
For while I still on peace enlarge  
They question and blaspheme.

I strive to work them up to peace  
From horror and despair;  
But at the word their bands increase,  
And they their cross prepare.

## P S A L M CXXI.

BEYOND the mountains hoary brow  
I will my views extend,  
From whence is help, and who shall now  
The needful comfort send.

My help is from the Lord of love  
In welfare or in woe,  
Which arch'd the glorious heav'n above,  
And laid the land below.

Through him thy feet their ground shall keep,  
And move secure and free,  
Nor shall the blessed watchman sleep,  
Which is on guard for thee.

Behold Jeshurun's ward, that draws  
The veil of thy repose,  
His active nature needs no pause,  
Nor sleep nor slumber knows.

The Lord, thy keeper, is intent  
On his peculiar charge,  
The Lord all dangers shall prevent,  
Thy breast-plate and thy target;

So that the sun's meridian lamp  
Shall not thy veins inflame,  
Nor shall the moon-beams, in the damp  
Of midnight, chill thy frame.

The Lord thy safety shall insure,  
All peril shall award;  
Yea, and thy soul shall rest secure  
When cherish'd by the Lord.

The Lord shall for thy ways provide  
Thro' every sea and shore;  
Thy travel and return to guide  
From henceforth evermore.

## P S A L M CXXII.

MY heart with gladness was clate  
To hear it thus agreed,  
On Jesus let us wait,  
And to his temple speed.



Our weary foot shall rest its sole,  
No more in tents to roam,  
And Salem's moat and mole  
Shall keep us safe at home.

Jerusalem's harmonious plan  
Of building well describes  
Our order man by man,  
And union of our tribes.

For there the tribes, howe'er remote,  
Upon the Lord attend,  
Their offerings to devote  
And gratitude commend.

There is the mercy-seat, the place  
For Israel to appeal,  
For David and his race  
Impartial truth to deal.

O pray for her eternal peace,  
For Salem bend the knee;  
Their welfare shall increase  
Who have a love for thee!

The peace of God within thy ports,  
And on thy walls abide,  
And in thy splendid courts  
His plenteousness reside.

For Christ, and for the brethren's sake,  
And those with whom I dwell,  
My soul thy part shall take,  
And ever with thee well.

Yea, for the zeal with which I prize  
And for the church have stood,  
My heart shall still devise  
Thy glory and thy good.

## P S A L M CXXIII.

**T**O thee from thy temple I lift up mine eyes,  
And breathe from my heart-strings the passion-  
ate sighs,  
O thou that with goodness and glory replete,  
Hast fixt in the holiest of holies thy seat!

The looks of a servant his master revere,  
The damsel her mistress with meekness and fear,  
Thus elder and matron, and all our whole race  
Attend at thy footstool for strength and for grace.

O Lord, let thine angel of comfort descend,  
With blessed compassion our woes to befriend,  
For in this dejection and wretched estate  
They make us their object of scorn and of hate.

Our souls are disgusted and loaded with care,  
Whilst hardly the taunts of the wealthy we bear,  
And stand all abash'd at the spiteful disdain  
We daily receive from the pompous and vain.

## P S A L M CXXIV.

**I**F God himself, with joy and pride,  
May Israel in salvation say;  
If God had not been on our side  
On that tremendous day,

The hostile swarms had overpower'd  
Our utmost efforts to engage,  
And quick with fire and sword devour'd,  
So furious was their rage.

Yea, Rabbah's waters stain'd with blood  
Had borne our carcases afloat,  
And we had perish'd in the flood  
That fills the circling mote.

The stream with flowing life enlarg'd,  
Had giv'n their proud revenge delight;  
The deep canal, with death surcharg'd,  
Had gratify'd their spite.

But blessed be the God of peace,  
Who hath not left his chosen fold  
For thieves and murderers to fleece  
With malice uncontroul'd.

As when the greedy fowler's snare  
The birds by providence elude,  
Our souls are rescu'd from despair,  
And their free flight renew'd.

Our help in God's most holy name  
 With perfect confidence we place,  
 Which made the world's harmonious frame,  
 And man's unnumber'd race.

## P S A L M CXXV.

**T**HEY, which their faithfulness have prov'd,  
 Shall, like fair Zion, spread, and soar  
 God's mount, that may not be remov'd,  
 But stands for evermore.

Round Salem's walls the hills ascend,  
 Ev'n so God's angels rank in air  
 His faithful people to defend,  
 For evermore his care.

For godless bands, which are a scourge,  
 Shall never share our blessed lot,  
 Lest they the righteous man should urge  
 His honest fame to blot.

Lord, thy benevolence maintain,  
 And kindly with thy people deal;  
 Thy people which are good in gain,  
 And have a heart to feel.

But they whose hearts relapse to sin,  
 Shall with the profligates be sped,  
 While peace external and within  
 Shall rest on Israel's head.

## P S A L M CXXVI.

**W**HEN Zion's sons, in bonds detain'd,  
 God hasten'd to redeem,  
 A pleasing doubt at first remain'd  
 As unto those that dream.

Then smiles bedeck'd each alter'd face  
 Thro' fulness of content;  
 And songs and anthems held the place  
 Of sighs in sorrow sent.

Then said the heathen, as they freed  
 Our feet from out the gyves,  
 God's wond'rous grace has thus decreed  
 Your liberties and lives.

Yea, God has done stupendous things  
 Both now and all along,  
 For which our grateful nation sings  
 With many a joyful song.

Turn thou, O Lord, our captive state  
 As southern rivers flow,  
 Which first foam turbid, but abate,  
 And brighten as they go.

To those who mournful till the ground,  
 And on the furrows weep,  
 Their travel shall to peace redound  
 When they with pleasure reap.

He that with tears his grief relieves,  
 And bears a kindly grain,  
 Shall in true gladness bind his sheaves  
 When Christ shall come again.

## P S A L M CXXVII.

**I**F the work be not direct,  
 And the Lord the fabrick build,  
 All the plans that men project  
 Are but labour idly spill'd.

If the Lord be not the guard,  
 And the forts and tow'rs sustain,  
 All the city gates are barr'd,  
 And the watchman wakes in vain.

Vainly for the bread of care  
 Late and early hours ye keep,  
 For 'tis thus by fervent pray'r  
 That he lays the blest asleep.

Lo! thy children are not thine,  
 Nor the fruits of female love,  
 But an heritage divine,  
 And a blessing from above.

Like as arrows in the grasp  
 Of a valiant man of might,  
 Are the children that you clasp  
 In some future hour of fight.

Blest! who in his quiver stows  
Darts like these, a goodly freight,  
Nor shall blush when with his foes  
He shall parley in the gate.

## P S A L M CXXVIII.

**BLESSED** are all that love and fear  
The Lord their God, and self-severe  
Their appetites restrain,  
Who follow fame, and dread dispraise,  
And walk directly in the ways  
Which he has made so plain.

For thou shalt live upon thine own,  
And what thine industry has sown  
Thy hand shall surely reap;  
When thou get'st up, O well is thee,  
And in serene felicity  
Securely shalt thou sleep.

Domestick sweetness shall be thine,  
Thy partner like the fruitful vine  
In all its clust'ring bloom,  
Which to the gard'ner's will is bent,  
And spreads an useful ornament  
Round every shaded room.

The children of thy plighted vows  
Shall flourish, like thine olive-boughs,  
About thy social board;  
And each o'er other, as they rise,  
Shall to your love-delighted eyes  
A pleasing scene afford.

Behold that blessings, great as these,  
Shall rest upon the faithful knees  
Of him who fears the Lord;  
And he, the father of us all,  
To those that on his godhead call  
Such treasures shall award.

Reveal'd from Zion in the height,  
The Lord new blessing shall create  
Alike to thine and thee,  
And highly favour'd branch and stem,  
The welfare of Jerusalem  
Thou all thy life shall see.

Yea, thou shalt live to see thy face  
Resembled in thy children's race,  
And hail the genuine breed;  
Born in good days to shear the fleece,  
When God sends plenty, pow'r and peace  
To Jacob's chosen seed.

## P S A L M CXXIX.

**FULL** often the barbarian host,  
May Israel urge with truth,  
Arose in arms against our coast, [youth.  
To this my stablish'd reign from early

Yea, many a time from youth till now  
They have our coast assail'd;  
But through our valour and our vow  
They have not yet with all their force  
prevail'd.

With ploughs to mark their camp they came  
As on our fields they throng'd,  
And harrow'd up my vital frame [long'd.  
While their insulting furrows they pro-

But God from fear his own exempts  
Whatever foe invade,  
To quell both violent attempts,  
And foil the schemes of secret ambuscade.

Let their embattl'd lines be broke  
And turn'd to flight with shame,  
Whoe'er their idols aid invoke  
Against fair Zion's fortitude and fame.

Make all the snares which they have plann'd,  
Like grass upon the wall,  
Which fades without the gath'rer's hand,  
Of none effect, or benefit at all.

From whence the garner has no gain,  
Nor damsel garland weaves,  
Nor can there any thing remain  
For him that whets the scythes or binds  
the sheaves.

So that the passenger beholds  
 No heaps to make him blest;  
 The Lord increase your lands and folds,  
 We wish you for the sake of Christ success.

## P S A L M CXXX.

FROM out the deep with piercing strain  
 My soul express'd her grief,  
 O Lord, let piteous cries obtain  
 An audience and relief.

O ponder with paternal ears  
 The voice with which I pray,  
 And these my penitential tears  
 With melting eyes survey.

If thou, O Lord of endless bliss,  
 Shouldst rigid truth assume,  
 To try what mortals do amiss,  
 Who shall support his doom!

But pow'ful mercy is thine own  
 In Christ that dy'd for all,  
 And therefore trembling at thy throne  
 Shall adoration fall.

I look for God, and watch and fast  
 To purify my dust;  
 My soul shall in his precepts cast  
 The anchor of her trust.

My soul to God pursues her flight  
 When once his aid's withdrawn,  
 As guards nocturnal seek the light,  
 And watchmen wish for dawn.

O Israel, in the Lord your king  
 A firm reliance ground,  
 Through him redemption's living spring  
 Both grace and truth abound.

And he most surely shall redeem  
 The manners and the times,  
 And hallow by his pow'r supreme  
 All Israel from their crimes.

## P S A L M CXXXI.

O Lord, I am not apt to deal  
 In pompous thoughts and self-esteem,  
 Nor, with the failings that I feel,  
 Upon superior greatness dream;  
 Nor, shew to bear my neighbour down,  
 A haughty supercilious frown.

I study not to train my tongue  
 In subtle and abstruse disputes,  
 Nor is my fixt attention hung  
 On him that reasons or refutes;  
 I am not fond to interfere  
 With things that soar beyond my sphere.

But grace by pray'r my soul refrains,  
 And keeps it low with all her means,  
 As when the nurse herself constrains,  
 And from the breast her infant weans;  
 Yea, like the suckling from the breast,  
 I keep my soul from food and rest.

O children of the chosen stock  
 From all the nations of mankind,  
 Your trust repose in God your rock,  
 And bear his benefits in mind;  
 And call'd of Jesus Christ, adore  
 His mercies ev'n more and more.

## P S A L M CXXXII.

Remember David's care,  
 O God of praise and peace,  
 To his complaints repair,  
 And all his debts release;  
 Which press upon him such a load,  
 And his repining heart corrode.

Remember how he nam'd  
 The Lord unto his vow,  
 And what an oath he fram'd,  
 As on fair Zion's brow  
 His soul adjur'd the Lord of hosts,  
 Whose angels, Jacob, guard thy coasts.

I will not quit the sod  
 From whence my pray'rs aspire,  
 Nor from the face of God  
 To privacy retire;  
 Nor by temptation's hand be led  
 To climb and rest upon my bed.

I will not bow to yield  
 Mine eyes in wonted sleep,  
 Nor let their lids be seal'd  
 As soothing slumbers creep;  
 Nor these my robes of pray'r divest  
 To let my temples take their rest.

Until at length I trace  
 For God's establish'd fane  
 An eligible place  
 His glory to contain;  
 An habitation in the east  
 For Jacob's gracious God and priest.

Of such a blessed site  
 We from the spirit learn'd,  
 And to our great delight  
 In Ephrata discern'd;  
 And there we mark'd it in the wood  
 The temple of the GREAT and GOOD.

We will with one accord  
 To his cathedral speed,  
 And to the blessed Lord  
 Our mutual ardour feed;  
 With meekness there his presence greet  
 And fall before his altar's feet.

Arise, O God, arise,  
 And to thy rest resort,  
 And as thy standard flies  
 Thy glorious host exhort;  
 And to thine ark of strength come down,  
 The hallow'd shrine of thy renown.

Let all thy mitred seers  
 With righteousness be clad,  
 Which rising virtue cheers  
 And reprimands the bad;  
 And let thy saints rejoice and sing  
 Hosanna to the Lord their king.

Thy succour we implore,  
 And that for David's sake;  
 Abscond thyself no more  
 From these the pray'rs we make;  
 Nor let us breathe in vain our vows,  
 Nor Christ be absent from his spouse.

The Lord my seed hath sown,  
 And made a faithful oath  
 Respecting David's throne,  
 Himself and children both;  
 Nor will he fail his word express,  
 By which he bound himself to bless.

From Jesse's goodly root  
 I will my BRANCH educe  
 Of matchless bloom and fruit,  
 By giving love a loose;  
 I will the throne of David build  
 Till it shall be with Jesus fill'd.

And if thy future sons  
 Shall to their Saviour earn,  
 The words, which he that runs  
 May read, if they will learn,  
 Their children also in thy room  
 The royal sceptre shall resume.

For God has set his mind  
 Upon fair Zion's mound,  
 The house his grace design'd  
 His goodness there shall found;  
 And for her heart-directed songs,  
 And pray'rs of penitence he longs.

Upon her stately tow'rs  
 My glory shall descend,  
 My word her height impow'rs  
 To flourish without end;  
 All rivalry she shall excell,  
 And I with her will love to dwell.

My blessing on her food  
 And on her garners sent,  
 Shall daily be renew'd,  
 Her stores I will augment;  
 Her poor shall to the full be fed,  
 Nor ever know the want of bread.

Her priests shall glow with health,  
 And strength to pray and fast,  
 While pleasures, thrift and wealth  
 Shall to the crowd be cast;  
 Her saints with heav'n-affisted voice  
 Shall in exalted hymns rejoice.

There will I cause the horn  
 Of David still to sprout,  
 And with those wreathes adorn  
 I weave for kings devout;  
 I will anoint and fix him mine  
 In a translucent sphere to shine.

I will the tumults hush  
 Which trouble his repose,  
 And spread a shameful blush  
 Upon his noisy foes;  
 But in his crown the gems shall beam,  
 And with superior lustre stream.

## P S A L M CXXXIII.

**B**EHOLD, my brethren, which around  
 To these my psalms of praise attend,  
 How good a doctrine, and how sound,  
 And in what bliss it need must end;  
 To dwell together in the Lord  
 Like-minded, and of one accord.

'Tis like the precious fragrant cruse  
 When pour'd upon the hoary head,  
 Which ran upon the beard profuse,  
 Ev'n Aaron's beard where it was shed;  
 And thence descending from his breast,  
 It reach'd the border of his vest.

'Tis like the blessed honey-dew  
 Which first fair Hermon's cedars fill'd,  
 And thence with its ethereal glue  
 On Zion's mount the sweets distill'd;  
 So that all orders and degrees  
 Might take the balmy prize with ease.

For in that heav'n-directed show'r  
 God deign'd a further bliss to send,  
 And promis'd Israel to embow'r  
 In glorious mansions without end;  
 Eternal life—immense reward,  
 And that thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.

## P S A L M CXXXIV.

**A**TTE<sup>N</sup>D to the musick divine  
 Ye people of God with the priest,  
 At once your Hosanna combine  
 As meekly ye bow to the east.

Ye servants that look to the lights  
 Which blaze in the house of the Lord,  
 And keep up the watch of the nights  
 To bless each apartment and ward,

The holy of holies review,  
 And lift up your hands with your voice,  
 And there sing your anthems anew,  
 In praise to Jehova rejoice.

The Lord that made heav'n and earth,  
 Which rules o'er the night and the day,  
 His blessing bestow on your mirth,  
 And hear you whenever ye pray.

## P S A L M CXXXV.

**O** Praise the Lord, and bless his name,  
 Ye servants of the Lord,  
 To God your anthems frame  
 With swelling voice and chord.

You unto whom are stated posts  
 Within God's hallow'd fane,  
 Who serve the Lord of hosts,  
 And in his courts remain,

O to the Lord address your praise,  
 Which is with grace replete,  
 His fair perfections blaze,  
 For they are passing sweet.

For Jacob claims his Saviour's care  
 As God's peculiar plant,  
 And Israel is his heir  
 Assign'd by special grant.

I know the Lord our God is great  
 And infinite, above  
 The measure or the weight  
 Of other pow'r or love.

Whatever is the Lord's command  
Beyond, beneath the sun,  
In ocean or by land,  
Or in the depth, is done.

He from the world's remotest ends  
The pregnant cloud explores;  
With rain he lightning sends,  
The wind is from his stores.

His plagues th' Egyptian race consume  
From greatest to the least,  
The firstlings from the womb  
Of man as well as beast.

Then institutes his paschal lamb,  
And triumphs o'er the waves,  
And thee, O land of Ham,  
With Pharaoh and his slaves.

He smote with his Mosaic rod  
The realms of divers climes;  
And he, th' almighty God,  
Slew tyrants for their crimes.

Sihon, who dwelt at Heshbon, fell,  
And Og, the world's disgrace,  
And all the tools of hell,  
In Canaan's boundless space;

And gave their regions far and wide  
Of vineyards, fruits and flow'rs,  
For Israel to divide,  
Proud domes and fragrant bow'rs.

O God, thy name and word endure  
In infinite renown;  
From race to race secure  
Thy fame is handed down.

For God, in our behalf arous'd,  
Will strict reprisals make;  
His people thus espous'd,  
His special grace partake.

As for the gods the heathen serves  
And true religion mocks,  
They're mov'd by fictitious nerves,  
Cast gold and silver blocks.

Their mouths are fram'd, from whence there  
Not e'en the breath of lies; [comes  
Ecstatic death benumbs  
Their glass-constructed eyes.

Their ears are fashion'd by the mould,  
Nor can they hear a sound;  
Their molten lips are cold,  
In breathless fetters bound.

The founders of such gods as these  
Resemble their own dross,  
And so do all whose knees  
Are bow'd to form and gloss.

Praise ye the Lord, each branch and bud  
Of Jacob's chosen root,  
And you of Aaron's blood  
The praise to God impute:

Praise ye the Lord of Levi's line  
That in the temple keep;  
In fear and praises join  
Ye congregated sheep.

The Lord be praised from Zion's brow  
Which dwells in Salem's dome,  
And gives his people now  
The promis'd milk and comb.

## P S A L M CXXXVI.

O To God your thanks repay,  
For most gracious is his sway,  
And his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

O give thanks to God, which claims  
Homage from all pow'rs and names;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

O the thanks and praise restore,  
And the Lord of lords adore;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

Which alone at once conceives,  
And the wond'rous works achieves;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

Whose transcendent skill so high  
Arch'd the cov'ring of the sky;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

Which the pregnant earth has spread  
O'er the waters purer bed;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

Which hath fashion'd and renew'd  
Lights of glorious magnitude;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

First the sun of genial beam,  
O'er laborious day supreme;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

Then the stars and lunar light  
O'er the perils of the night;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

Egypt, that his pow'r defy'd,  
He destroy'd, their prince and pride;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

And brought Israel from his chain  
In the midst of their domain;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

With the trumpet and alarm,  
Mighty hand, and stretch'd-out arm;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

Which the Red-Sea right and left  
Into wide partitions cleft;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

And made all his people pass  
Safely thro' the liquid mass;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

But king Pharaoh and his slaves  
Perish'd in the whelming waves;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

Which in most stupendous sort  
Could his tribes through wilds escort;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

Which in indignation smote  
Kings of most especial note;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

Yea, encount'ring, overcame  
Kings of memorable name;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

Sihon royally array'd,  
Whom fierce Amorites obey'd;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

With gigantic Og, the boast  
And the hope of Bashan's host;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

And their realms upon the spot  
Gave for heritage by lot;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

E'en an heritage in lands  
To his own victorious bands;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

Which remember'd us and bless'd,  
When our tribes were sore oppress'd;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.



And aveng'd our righteous cause  
From blasphemers of his laws;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

Which is provident to give  
Food for all that breathe and live;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

O give thanks to God alone,  
Which has made the heav'n his throne;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

O with thankful rev'rence bow,  
And the Lord of lords avow;  
For his mercy, since the fall,  
Is for ever and for all.

## P S A L M CXXXVII.

**P**ENSIVE we sat the silent hours  
Where by the Babylonian tow'rs  
At large the waters stray,  
Till mem'ry brought thee to our eyes,  
O Zion, then the tears and sighs  
Burst out and made their way.

No matter for our harps—our care  
Was not on mirth and musick there,  
All solace we declin'd;  
We sate and suffer'd them in view  
To hang as bended, or as blew  
The willows or the wind.

When they, that led our captive train,  
Bade us our heavy hearts refrain  
From grief to joys extreme;  
Thus they commanded their request,  
“Sing us a song, and sing your best,  
“And Zion be the theme!”

What, in a land by God abhorr'd,  
Shall we profane unto the Lord  
The consecrated songs;  
And Israel's harp and hands employ,  
To strike up symphonies of joy  
‘Mongst foreigners and wrongs?

Jerusalem! O blest in woe,  
If I forget thee, or forego  
When heav'n and nature call,  
May this right hand, and God's own heart  
Forget his spirit, and her art  
To touch the strings at all!

May my tongue to my palate cleave.  
If I forget thee when I grieve;  
If to all realms on earth  
I not Jerusalem prefer,  
Jerusalem! and harp on her  
When most my might in mirth!

O Lord, when it shall be fulfill'd  
That thou Jerusalem rebuild,  
Remember unto good,  
How “down with it, th' insulting band  
“Cry'd, down with it, and mar the land  
“Where all that splendour stood.”

Renown'd the man! that shall reward  
And serve thee as thou'st serv'd the Lord,  
Thou shalt thy turn deplore;  
There's desolation too for thee,  
Thou daughter of calamity,  
And Babylon no more!

But he is greatest and the best,  
Who spares his enemies profess,  
And Christian mildness owns;  
Who gives his captives back their lives;  
Their helpless infants, weeping wives,  
And for his sin atones.

## P S A L M CXXXVIII.

**O** Lord, my God, with zeal intense  
I will declare the pious sense  
Which my whole bosom warms,  
I will return my lively thanks,  
And that before cherubic ranks,  
And glorious archangelic forms.

I will direct my face to pray  
Betimes before the rising ray  
Where stands thine eastern shrine;  
For truth and love, thy word and name  
Are far beyond what thought can frame,  
Or utmost study can combine.

What time to thee thro' Christ I cry'd,  
 Thy kind attention was apply'd;  
 And when my soul was faint,  
 In him her vigour she renew'd,  
 And her celestial flight pursu'd  
 From grievous illness and restraint.

All kings and potentates that be,  
 Shall learn and give the praise to thee,  
 O Lord, for Christ his sake;  
 For they thy gospel have perus'd,  
 The words which GRACE to guilt infus'd  
 As humbl'd in the flesh he spake.

Yea, instituted in the ways  
 Which Christian verity displays,  
 They shall rejoice with songs,  
 That Christ is magnitude and might,  
 That glory to the Lord of right  
 And sempiternal fame belongs.

For tho' the Lord our God be high,  
 And tow'rs beyond the mental eye,  
 He yet regards the poor;  
 And for the sons of pomp and scoff  
 He keeps them at a distance off,  
 Nor can such insolence endure.

What tho' I walk along the road  
 Of life, while thorns of anguish goad,  
 Thou shalt my way refresh;  
 Thy hand outstretched shall controul  
 The furious hunters of my soul,  
 The Devil, the sinful world and flesh.

The Lord, which dy'd upon the rood,  
 Shall with my soul his peace conclude,  
 And to his promise stand;  
 Thy loving kindness to men  
 Endure for ever, scorn not then  
 The chosen vessels of thine hand.

## P S A L M CXXXIX.

O Lord, my soul thy spirit tries,  
 Thou know'st me when I close mine eyes,  
 And when my rest I leave;  
 My thoughts, from all deception free,  
 Unveil their purposes to thee  
 Ere I myself conceive.

Thou art about my daily tour,  
 And when my respite I procure  
 Thou art about my bed;  
 And all the complicated maze  
 Of truth and error in my ways  
 By thee are seen and read.

For lo! there's not a word or name,  
 These organs of my voice can frame,  
 But thou, O Lord, canst tell;  
 Ere yet my tongue itself prepare,  
 To give the measur'd accents air,  
 Thou understandest well.

Thou hast adorn'd with manly grace  
 The features of my ruddy face  
 In seemly sort agreed,  
 And laidst thy hand upon my loins,  
 Where strength with symmetry conjoins  
 To bleis myself and seed.

Beyond my reach such wonders tow'r,  
 Too excellent thy art and pow'r  
 Above all height sublime;  
 My thoughts exalt themselves and grow,  
 Thy works stupendous leave them low  
 How far soe'er they climb.

Where shall I then thy spirit shun,  
 To what extremes of distance run  
 Its motions to escape;  
 And by what mystery or might  
 Shall I the bearings of my flight  
 From omnipresence shape?

Should I to highest heav'n ascend,  
 And with superior beings blend,  
 There art thou in thy reign;  
 Or should I in the depths immerge  
 Of death and hell's contiguous verge,  
 And thou art there again.

If with the morning's rosy wings  
 Quick from her perch my spirit springs,  
 And o'er the rolling tide  
 Her climate and her haunts she change,  
 And from thy house herself estrange,  
 And far from home abide,

There also nothing shall obstruct  
Thy careful eye, thou shalt conduct  
My wand'rings with thy hand;  
And there thy right hand shall support,  
And my good guard against the sport  
Of chance and malice stand.

If to the darkness I appeal,  
The darkness shall at least conceal  
And quench thy piercing ray;  
The thought convincing conscience checks,  
And thine internal truth detects,  
And turns my night to day.

To thee the darkness is no gloom,  
Alike to thee the morning's womb,  
And evening's barren shade;  
Thee all created objects strike,  
The dawn and the still dusk alike,  
Which their relations made.

For modell'd by thy skill divine,  
The texture of my reins is thine,  
And in the female mould  
When the weak embryo was inclos'd,  
The forming parts thou then dispos'd,  
And didst with care infold.

To what a rapture hast thou warm'd  
These limbs, for fear and trembling form'd,  
And in such wonder skil'd;  
My conscious soul adores thine art,  
And from the workings of my heart  
My gratitude I build.

The substance of each nerve and bone  
To thee are intimately known,  
And at my hour of birth  
Thou didst thy quick'ning spirit breathe,  
Though I be taken from beneath,  
And but refin'd from earth.

Thine eyes review'd th' imperfect sketch  
Ere yet my limbs began to stretch  
And were for action ripe;  
Before my members were of age,  
For birth, thou wrote them in thy page,  
And with the fairest type.

Which day by day assay'd to live,  
And as thou didst conception give,  
Were warm'd with gradual heat;  
When flesh and vital moisture both  
Slept in the burial of their growth,  
And none were yet complet.

O God, to what a pitch are wrought  
The councils of omniscient thought,  
How dear unto my soul,  
To what an infinite of sums  
Their meanest estimation comes,  
What worlds on worlds the whole!

If I should set about to count  
Their number, they by far surmount  
The sand upon the shore—  
When in the morning first I wake,  
By pray'r towards their source I make,  
And on my face adore.

O Lord, shall not the foes to good  
By thy protection be withstood,  
The reprobates repress;  
Depart ye men that are the first  
To violate my laws, and thirst  
For slaughter in excess?

Against thy providence they scheme,  
And to thy name, which they blaspheme,  
Unrighteous things impute;  
And all thine enemies avow'd  
Are open, insolent and loud  
In their absurd dispute.

Are not the traitor and ingrate,  
O Lord, the monsters of my hate,  
And do I not disgust  
The rebels of thy holy cause,  
That arm against thy church and laws,  
The fiends of wrath and lust?

Yea, from my soul I disapprove  
All those dire engines that they move,  
And friends which they suborn;  
And I detest them more by far  
Than when my private peace they mar  
With all their rage and scorn.

Try me, O God, and seek the ground  
Of this my heart, if it be sound,  
And worthy of a man;  
Do thou unravel all the clue  
Of all and every thing I do,  
And purposes I plan.

Peruse me well, if spite or guile  
My breast with inward taint defile,  
And with my nature mix;  
Reform what there thou find'st amiss,  
And in the way of endless bliss  
For Christ his merit fix.

## P S A L M CXL.

**L**ORD, save me from his wicked lure  
Who for corruption strives;  
And make, thro' grace, my rescue sure  
From men of lawless lives;

From men, who mischief, for the sake  
Of mischief, still conceive,  
And keep the coals of wrath awake  
From early day till eve.

Their tongue, by malice sharpen'd, works  
With anger and untruth;  
The venom of the viper lurks  
Beneath their lip and tooth.

O Lord, preserve me from the hand  
Of wickedness and force,  
And from the godless men, who band  
To overthrow my course.

The wealthy world's imperious lords  
Have spread abroad their net,  
And aim'd to take my feet with cords,  
And traps which they have set.

Unto my Saviour I profess'd  
I have no God but Thee;  
O hear me, as thy name is bless'd,  
And meekness bends my knee.

O Lord, thou shalt my health sustain,  
And art my helm and targe  
Whenever in th' embattl'd plain  
I join the furious charge.

Let not the wicked have his will,  
Who wishes for the worst,  
Nor his outrageous thoughts fulfill,  
Lest sin with pride should burst.

Let those that compass me around,  
Whose bitter words I feel,  
Be saved themselves from every wound  
They meditate or deal.

Let not the flaming coals they blow  
The mischief-makers burn,  
Nor let them to those regions go  
Whence soul nor flesh return.

A wordy man shall never reach  
The point he has in view;  
The consequence of evil speech  
The babbler shall pursue.

I have a sure and certain sign  
Of comfort in my soul,  
That Jesus will the helpless join,  
And with his woes condole.

The righteous also shall give thanks  
To thine eternal might,  
And he shall mingle with the ranks  
Of angels in thy fight.

## P S A L M CXLI.

**L**ORD, I thy present help implore,  
Respect my voice, and meet  
My breathings as they soar  
Towards thy holy seat.

The pray'r which I set forth receive  
As frankincense and nard,  
And as a gift at eve  
My lifted hands regard.

Set thou a watch my youth to ward  
From inadvertent slips,  
And lock, O gracious Lord,  
The portal of my lips.

O let my heart be clean and chaste,  
Nor let my members share  
In wicked works, nor taste  
Of Mammon's tempting fare.

No, let the righteous rather thwart  
And friendly smite my cheek,  
I would not then retort,  
But be resign'd and meek.

But let not what they give for balm  
Increase my raging smart;  
Nay, I will pray my psalm  
Against their hand and heart.

Let such false judges as commend  
Their harsh precarious prose,  
To this my song attend,  
Which in sweet measure flows.

Our bones beside the grave are straw'd  
From life's extinguish'd spark,  
Like timber cast abroad,  
Which woodmen fell and bark.

But, holy Lord, and God most just,  
To thee mine eyes I turn;  
In thee I put my trust,  
Nor thou my spirit spurn.

Preserve me from the cover'd mines  
That impious men have made,  
And from the dark designs  
Which traitors have assay'd.

Let thy deceivers be confus'd  
As they their bounds infringe;  
But let my soul be loos'd  
From every net and springe.

## P S A L M CXLII.

**T**O thy seat, O Consolation,  
I have made my plaintive plea,  
And prefer'd my supplication,  
O my Saviour God, to thee.

Tears and tender strains diffusive,  
I presented as I knelt,  
And compos'd my words allusive  
To the troubles which I felt.

Thou, when all my mirth subsided,  
Saw the path I went to pray;  
As to thee my steps I guided,  
Traitors laid me by the way.

To my right-hand I bestow me,  
Where my former friends were plac'd,  
But I find that none will know me,  
Thus dejected and disgrac'd.

Of our refuge, not a city  
Op'd her hospitable gate,  
Nor was there a man to pity  
My poor soul's abandon'd state.

To the Lord I cry'd, confessing  
His benevolence and pow'r;  
Thou my hope, and thou my blessing,  
Ev'n to life's extremest hour.

O consider my condition,  
Whence arises such complaint  
For, remov'd from thy tuition,  
I am quite reduc'd and faint.

From my burden disencumber,  
From my persecutors save;  
For their malice, strength and number  
Are too much for me to brave.

Take me from this bondage hateful,  
Which my spirit so dismay,  
That again the good and grateful  
May attend my song of praise.

## P S A L M CXLIII.

**H**EAR, O Lord, and weigh the motions  
Of my spirit as I kneel,  
Stoop to my sincere devotions,  
Which to love and truth appeal.

And arraign me, not demanding  
 Strict account for every deed,  
 For at thy tribunal standing  
 Sinners no excuse can plead.

For the fiend of persecution  
 Has deprest'd my life with those,  
 Whom in death and dissolution  
 Darkness and the grave inclose.

Hence my spirit is tormented,  
 Fretting with affliction's thorn,  
 And my heart is discontented,  
 And within my breast forlorn.

Yet I will indulge reflexion  
 As upon thy works I muse;  
 Yea, in thought to sooth dejection,  
 All thy wonders I peruse.

To thy throne my hands extending  
 In the spirit I complain,  
 And I gasp for grace descending,  
 As a thirsty land for rain.

Hear me, Lord, with expedition,  
 For my spirit faints with care,  
 Hide thee not from my contrition,  
 Lest a death-like form I wear.

Early with the rising morning  
 To my faith thy grace decree,  
 With thy word my conduct warning,  
 For I lift my soul to thee.

Lord, by Christ his intercession  
 From my furious foes release,  
 For I flee to take possession  
 Thro' his merits of thy peace.

Teach me that correct behaviour  
 Which is pleasing in thy sight;  
 For thou art my Lord and Saviour,  
 Speed me to the realms of light.

Lord, from this despondence rousing,  
 For the glory of thy name,  
 And my righteous cause espousing,  
 Bring my soul from bonds and shame.

And my foes and evil neighbours,  
 Lord, by charity controul;  
 For I dedicate my labours  
 To the Saviour of my soul.

## P S A L M CXLIV.

THE glory to the Lord I yield,  
 Whose hands new strength impart,  
 To brave the ensanguin'd field,  
 And top the warrior's art.

My hope, my Saviour, and my helm,  
 My castle and my fort,  
 By whom my subject realm  
 Themselves in peace comport.

Lord, what is man, that thou should leave  
 For his concerns thy rest,  
 A sinful son of Eve  
 So cherish'd and so blest?

Man is a thing of little worth,  
 Thro' folly and misdeeds,  
 Resembling from his birth  
 The shadow, that recedes.

Bow down the heav'ns, O Lord, in pray'r  
 As I thy name invoke.  
 Upon the mountains bear,  
 And incense they shall smoke.

Cast forth thy lightnings, and disperse  
 Ungodliness and gloom,  
 Thine arrows fiery fierce  
 Shall Satan's works consume.

O send and save me with that hand  
 Which all attempt controuls,  
 From adverse floods that land  
 The foreigners in shoals.

From every loud vain-glorious fool,  
 With tongue by truth unaw'd,  
 Whose right hand is a tool  
 Of violence and fraud.

O Lord, I will an anthem chuse  
Of novelty divine,  
And with thy holy muse  
The ten-string'd bass shall join.

The royal arms have peace thro' thee,  
By victory restor'd;  
And David now is free  
From hostile fire and sword.

Save me from tongues of foreign stile,  
And of thy grace bereft,  
Whose right hand is of guile,  
A hand of blood and theft.

So that our sons like plants may grow,  
Our polish'd daughters shine  
Like cherubs in a row,  
Carv'd in the holy shrine.

So that our ~~garners be~~ profuse  
With much and various stores,  
And that our sheep produce  
Ten thousand at our doors.

So that our oxen may be strong,  
As toil disease defeats;  
That murmurs, rapes and wrong  
No more infect our streets.

Blest is the people which have got.  
Such treasure in their coasts;  
Yea, blessed is their lot  
Who serve the Lord of hosts.

## P S A L M CXLV.

O God, my king, I will adore  
And magnify thy name,  
To thee the praise I will restore,  
And blazon ever more and more  
Thy glory, of eternal fame.

I will acknowledge day by day  
Thy grace with thankful heart;  
And to thy name the praise repay,  
And thine immortal worth display,  
Nor ever from the theme depart.

The Lord is infinitely great,  
And of amazing might;  
His endless being knows no date,  
His greatness is above all height,  
And should our utmost laud excite.

One generation shall declare  
To all succeeding times  
Thy works and providential care,  
Thy pow'r, which high o'er earth and air,  
And topmost heav'n itself sublimes.

As for my part, I will converse  
Upon religious themes,  
Thy glory and thy praise rehearse,  
And psalms upon thy word disperse,  
Which with perpetual wonder teems:

So that the language of mankind  
Upon thine acts shall dwell;  
Thy works in matchless skill design'd,  
And in such harmony combin'd,  
I likewise will the chorus swell.

The justly memorable tale  
Of thine abounding love,  
Shall o'er malevolence prevail,  
And men with songs thy truth shall hail,  
Connecting earth with heav'n above.

The Lord is of exceeding grace  
In pardon to our sin,  
Long-suffering to the human race,  
And great our follies to efface,  
And good our contrite hearts to win.

The Lord his tenderness extends  
To every man and beast;  
His pity with his bounty blends,  
To all their sustenance he sends,  
From greatest to the last and least.

Lord, all thy works thy laud include,  
The vocal and the mute;  
And all thy saints elect, endu'd,  
With never-failing gratitude,  
To their glad harps their numbers suit.

The glories of thine endless reign  
 In hymns of praise they shew;  
 And sing of thy supreme domain,  
 Which thou transcendest to maintain  
 By marvels various, great and new.

That thine uncontroverted pow'r,  
 The lustre of thy throne,  
 And might exerted day and hour,  
 Which can o'er all resistance tow'r,  
 Should to all human kind be known.

Thou art an everlasting king,  
 In endless glory crown'd;  
 Truth is the signet of thy ring,  
 And thy dominion takes a wing  
 From alpha—from omega—round.

The Lord, the grand support of all,  
 From heav'n where he resides,  
 Recovers such as faint or fall,  
 And kindly listens to the call  
 Of those that sink, or him that slides.

The eyes of all, O Lord, appeal,  
 And heav'nwards look to thee;  
 And in due season thou shalt deal  
 For every beak and mouth its meal,  
 By fixt and regular decree.

Thine hand, omnipotent to save,  
 Thou open'st from on high,  
 And to it all things living crave,  
 From air, from earth, and from the wave,  
 And have a plentiful supply.

The Lord has all his word fulfill'd  
 In measure passing thought;  
 And whatsoever his wisdom will'd,  
 His matchless art has aptly skill'd,  
 And to the last perfection brought.

The Lord to those is ever near  
 Whose lips his aid invoke;  
 Yea, such as hearty faith endear  
 By holy meekness, and by fear,  
 And yield them to his easy yoke.

He will compleat the fervent vows  
 Of them that fear his laws,  
 He likewise will their part espouse,  
 And for their help his might arouse,  
 And patronize their righteous cause.

The Lord is gracious to uphold  
 All those that love his word;  
 But severs from his special fold,  
 And will not such a race behold,  
 As have nor praise nor pray'r prefer'd.

My mouth shall to the Lord confess  
 His meritorious praise;  
 Let all mankind his fear carefs,  
 And as with holy thanks they blefs  
 His name for ever, ever blaze.

## P S A L M CXLVI

TO God, my soul, exalt the strains,  
 While I these active pow'rs possess;  
 Yea, while the life is in my veins  
 I will be bound to blefs.

O wait not on a prince's smile,  
 Nor in a mortal put your trust,  
 For there's no grace of God in guile,  
 Nor is there help in dust.

For as the breath and life depart  
 From man returning to his mould,  
 Conception fails his head and heart  
 When once his limbs are cold.

The man is blest who pays his court  
 To Jacob's God to be supply'd;  
 And who for his eternal fort  
 In Jesus shall confide.

The Lord, who fram'd the brilliant spheres;  
 He roll'd the floods, the land he laid,  
 And for eternity reveres  
 The promise that he made.

Which to the souls that suffer wrong  
 Can their just property secure,  
 And helps the halt and lame along,  
 And feeds the hungry poor.



The Lord is present to unbind  
The shackl'd prisoners as they pray,  
The naked cloaths, and to the blind  
Restores the chearful day.

The Lord recovers from the brink  
Of hell, and from the tempter's snares,  
All such as into danger sink,  
And for the righteous cares.

He takes the weary stranger in,  
And widows, orphans he defends;  
And all the ways of death and sin  
He by his truth amends.

The Lord, O Zion, Christ shall lead  
Thine armies, and command thy sons,  
While age from age and seed from seed  
Th' eternal series runs.

## P S A L M CXLVII

**HOSANNA**—musick is divine,  
When in the praise the psalmists join,  
And each good heart is warm;  
Yea, joy is sweetest so renew'd,  
And all the rites of gratitude  
Are rapture to perform.

The Lord fair Salem shall replace,  
And set upon his ancient base  
Hananiël's goodly tow'r;  
Make captives free, the barren big,  
And under his own vine and fig  
All Jacob re-embow'r.

He shall the broken heart repair,  
And for all sickness and despair  
A cure in Christ provide;  
And heal the wounded and the bruise'd,  
His oil into their sores infus'd,  
And soothing balm applied.

Tho' their bright swarms the sand surpass,  
Of every magnitude and class  
He knows th' ætherial flames;  
The numb'r of their host is He,  
And to his summons "here we be,"  
They answer by their names.

For God is magnitude immense,  
His prowess is omnipotence  
That knows no date or end;  
His wisdom infinitely great,  
And all duration, depth and height,  
His mysteries transcend.

The Lord with approbation sees  
The meek, and from his faithful knees  
He lifts him up on high;  
But spurns the sinner and unjust,  
And leaves low luxury and lust  
To worms that never die.

Sing praises all degrees and ranks,  
As in the pray'r of general thanks  
The holy church commune;  
As to the touch the harp revives,  
Sing praises with your lips and lives  
To Christ the word and tune.

He the blue heav'n in beauty shrouds,  
And ballances the plummy clouds  
Which for the rain he wrings;  
He causes the mild dew to drop,  
And grass upon the mountain top  
In rusted verdure springs.

For every thing that moves and lives,  
Foot, fin, or feather meat he gives,  
He deals the beasts their food  
Both in the wilderness and stall,  
And hears the raven's urgent call,  
And stills her clam'rous brood.

And yet his maker has no need  
Of the train'd ox, or prancing steed,  
Tho' thunder cloath his chest;  
And man that manages the rein,  
Is but a creature brief and vain  
With such proportion blest.

But God is pleas'd with dutious fear,  
Men with clean hands and conscience clear,  
Which at thy mercy-gate  
With ceaseless application knock,  
And patient on him as their rock  
For sure redemption wait.

O Sion, praise the Lord, and thou,  
Fair Salem, to his praises bow  
Thine olives and thy palms;  
Are there afflicted? let them pray,  
But mirth shall dedicate her day  
To hymns and festive psalms.

For by his might the Lord supports  
Thy mounds, and fortifies thy forts,  
Thy brazen bars he nails;  
Thy sportive children fill the streets,  
Thy foe without the wall retreats,  
Nor want within prevails.

He sheathes the sword and blunts the spears,  
And thy redoubtable frontiers  
Barbarian inroads scorn;  
That thou may'st in thy peace possess  
The blessings of a social mess,  
And flour of choicest corn.

He sends his word upon the earth  
To call conception into birth,  
And kind with kind to match;  
And to sustain all human race,  
The blessed angels of his grace  
Make infinite dispatch.

His snow upon the ground he teems,  
Like bleaching wool beside the streams,  
To warm the tender blade;  
Like ashes from the furnace cast,  
His frost comes with the northern blast  
To pinch and to pervade.

Like vitreous fragments o'er the field,  
In ice the waters are congeal'd,  
Their liquid swiftness lost;  
The breath steams on the sharpen'd air,  
And who so hardy as to bear  
The quickness of his frost!

He sends the word of his command  
To melt and loosen all the land,  
And let the floods at large;  
He blows, and with the genial breeze,  
The fount and river by degrees  
Their usual tale discharge.

His word to Jacob he disclos'd,  
When he upon the stones repos'd  
And worship'd in a trance;  
And laws to Israel enjoin'd  
When o'er the nations of mankind  
He bade his tribes advance.

Such wond'rous love has not been shown,  
But to the patriarch's seed alone  
His duty to requite;  
And judgments on the rest impend,  
Till Jesus make them comprehend  
His ways, his truth and light.

## P S A L M CXLVIII.

**H**OSANNA to the king  
On his eternal throne,  
Let heaven's high convex ring  
With pray'r and praise alone!  
Praise him which ~~treads~~ <sup>travels</sup> th' etherial vault,  
And with the theme your strains exalt.

Praise him, cherubic flights,  
And ye seraphic fires,  
Angelical delights  
With voices, lutes and lyres;  
And ye who shall extol him most,  
Ye blest innumerable host!

Praise him, thou source of heat,  
Great ruler of the day,  
And thou serenely sweet,  
O moon, his praise display;  
Praise him ye glorious lights that are,  
The planet and the sparkling star.

Praise him ye heav'ns above  
The highest heav'n sublime,  
Where tun'd to truth and love  
The spheres symphonious chime;  
Praise him where holy spirits lave,  
Ye waters of eternal wave.

Let them to praise his name  
With choral musick flow;  
For from his word they came,  
He spake and it was so;  
His are the glorious, great and fair,  
For he commanded, and they were.

—For he hath made them fast  
 For ever and again ;  
 For ever they shall last,  
 And in their spheres remain ;  
 In all their movements seek or shun,  
 The law that he commands is done.

Praise ye the Lord of earth,  
 All ye that dwell therein,  
 And leap with active mirth,  
 Ye fish of ev'ry fin ;  
 Praise ye, that hide where ocean sleeps,  
 Ye dragons of unfathom'd deeps.

Ye metcours, fire and hail,  
 With ev'ry cloud that snows,  
 As o'er the land they sail,  
 And various wind that blows  
 The rapid terror of the storm,  
 At once his mandate to perform.

Ye mountains of the air,  
 And hills of less degree,  
 And you ye groves that bear  
 On ev'ry goodly tree  
 The summer fruits, and vernal bloom,  
 And lusty cedars of perfume.

Ye beasts that haunt the wild,  
 From servile bondage loose,  
 Ye cattle tame and mild  
 For man's domestic use,  
 Ye reptiles of the ground adore,  
 Ye birds sing praises, as ye soar.

Praise him, each scepter'd seer  
 Advanc'd to hold the helm,  
 And to his praise appear,  
 Ye people of the realm ;  
 Ye princes by the world renown'd,  
 And judges, that the laws expound.

Ye youths the maids engage  
 In melody divine,  
 Let infancy with age  
 To praise the Lord combine,  
 Whose name, whose merits have no end,  
 But measure and immense transcend.

He shall exalt the crest  
 Of his peculiar fold,  
 And all the wise and blest  
 This festival shall hold ;  
 Ev'n Jacob's sons and Judah's bands,  
 Whole faith, whose firm allegiance stands.

## O R T H I S.

**H**ALLELUJAH! kneel and sing  
 Praises to the heav'nly king ;  
 To the God supremely great,  
 Hallelujah in the height!

Praise him, archangelic band,  
 Ye that in his presence stand ;  
 Praise him, ye that watch and pray,  
 Michael's myriads in array.

Praise him, sun, at each extreme  
 Orient streak, and western beam,  
 Moon and stars of mystic dance,  
 Silv'ring in the blue expanse.

Praise him, O ye heights, that soar  
 Heav'n and heav'n for evermore ;  
 And ye streams of living rill,  
 Higher yet, and purer still.

Let them praise his glorious name,  
 From whose fruitful word they came,  
 And they first began to be  
 As he gave the great decree.

Their constituent parts he founds  
 For duration without bounds,  
 And their covenant has seal'd,  
 Which shall never be repeal'd.

Praise the Lord on earth's domains,  
 And the mutes that sea contains,  
 Ye that on the surface leap,  
 And ye dragons of the deep.

Batt'ring hail, and fires that glow,  
 Steaming vapours, plumy snow,  
 Wind and storm his wrath incur'd,  
 Wing'd and pointed at his word.

Mountains of enormous scale,  
 Ev'ry hill, and ev'ry vale,  
 Fruit-tries of a thousand dyes,  
 Cedars that perfume the skies.

Beasts that haunt the woodland maze,  
 Nibbling flocks, and droves that graze;  
 Reptiles of amphibious breed,  
 Feather'd millions form'd for speed;

Kings, with Jesus for their guide,  
 Peopl'd regions far and wide,  
 Heroes of their country's cause,  
 Princes, judges of the laws;

Age and childhood, youth and maid,  
 To his name your praise be paid;  
 For his word is worth alone,  
 Far above his crown and throne.

He shall dignify the crest  
 Of his people rais'd and blest,  
 While we serve with praise and pray'rs  
 All, in Christ, his saints and heirs.

# P S A L M CXLIX.

**H**OSANNA! God be prais'd,  
 The song of thanks pursue;  
 Let ev'ry thought be rais'd,  
 And ev'ry note be new;  
 Let saints assembl'd in his fane  
 The chorus of applause sustain.

Let Jacob's heart be glad  
 In his Creator's name,  
 Ev'n him which made and clad  
 His soul in such a frame;  
 Let Zion's grateful sons be gay,  
 And bless his sempiternal sway.

Praise him, ye youthful pairs,  
 As ye the dance complete,  
 Which to the quick'ning airs  
 Has wing'd your active feet,  
 And strike the timbrel to the strings  
 Of him that plays the harp and sings.

Because there is increase  
 To God's eternal bliss  
 When men exult in peace  
 To such a tune as this,  
 And he shall in the spirit wait  
 On those, whose meekness makes them great.

Let those his holy saints  
 That have put off their earth,  
 Whom spite no more attains,  
 Rejoice in glorious mirth,  
 And let their gladness be impress'd  
 On those bright mansions, where they rest.

Let hymns, of praise compos'd  
 In mirth and mystic skill,  
 To God began and clos'd,  
 Their mouths with musick fill,  
 And as they modulate their psalms,  
 Their hands present triumphant palms.

To meditate the good  
 And glory of mankind,  
 That vice may be withstood,  
 And heathens well inclin'd;  
 That vengeance, violence, and guile  
 No more the human race defile.

To make their princes bow  
 To Christ's indulgent yoke,  
 And God's best name avow  
 As they their sins uncloak;  
 To bid their noblemen unite  
 With Christians in the Lord of light.

That war, and hate, and pride,  
 And ev'n the name of foe  
 May in that love subside  
 Which Christian champions show;  
 For thus the holy Gospel runs,  
 Such honour have his saints and sons.

# O R T H I S.

**H**ALLELUJAH! soul of song,  
 New from heav'n the notes conceive;  
 Saints, assembled morn and eve,  
 The grateful strains prolong.

Let the people of his choice,  
Children that his heart allows,  
To their Maker pay their vows,  
To Christ their king rejoice.

Let the youth his praise repeat,  
As they dance with active might;  
To his laud the tabret smite,  
And harp sublimely sweet.

For the Lord with pleasure deigns  
To behold his faithful sheep,  
As his festivals they keep,  
And meekness he sustains.

Let his glorious saints from earth  
Sever'd in his faith and fear,  
Ev'ry martyr in his sphere,  
Rejoice with heav'nly mirth.

For the word ~~that~~ Christ bequeath'd  
Let them hold the book of grace;  
Tears wip'd off from ev'ry face,  
And ev'ry weapon sheath'd.

That opposers may be drawn  
To the covenant of peace,  
And that Christians may increase  
From follies past and gone.

In the bond of love to bind  
Kings contending for renown,  
And their potentates to crown,  
As worthies of mankind.

That as vengeance is controul'd,  
Great salvation may attend  
Truth persisting to the end,  
As Christ assures his fold.

## P S A L M CL.

**H**OSANNA! praise the Lord, and bless  
According to his holiness,  
And let your praises tow'r;  
O bless him in sublimest strains,  
Where in the firmament he reigns  
Of his exalted pow'r.

The works of his Almighty hand,  
Which on eternal record stand,  
With hymns of thanks review;  
On his majestic glory dwell,  
Whose rays all excellence excel,  
And give the praises due.

The best and boldest blast be blown  
From trumpet of triumphant tone  
Abroad his praise to send;  
His name upon the lute be sung,  
With citerns to his praises strung,  
The work of joy attend.

Take up the trimbrel, let the sound  
Extol him as the dances bound,  
And let the pipes conspire  
To give his praises to the wind,  
And let your organ's voice be join'd  
By minstrels on the wire.

Well order'd to a just degree  
Of their most perfect melody  
With cymbals praise his name  
And let the cymbals full and strong  
Together and with all their song  
Aloud his praise proclaim.

Let all things that have breath to breathe  
From heav'n above, from earth beneath,  
To Christ's renown repair;  
O give him back your breath again,  
Put all the life into the strain,  
And soar by praise and pray'r!

THE END OF THE PSALMS.



# GLORIA PATRI.

## TO THE FIRST MEASURE.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost in One,  
The glory we restore;  
As in beginning was, is now,  
While on our knees we meekly bow,  
And shall be evermore.

## TO THE SECOND.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
The glory we restore,  
As is and was in Jacob's coast,  
And shall be evermore.

## TO THE THIRD.

To Christ the Godhead thrice in One  
The glory we restore—  
As is, was, shall be done  
From henceforth evermore.

## TO THE FOURTH.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
We the Trinity proclaim;  
Blest of old in Jacob's coast,  
Now and ever more the same.

## TO THE FIFTH.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
We the Trinity proclaim,  
Blest of old for might and merit  
Now and evermore the same.

## TO THE SIXTH.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
The praise and glory we restore,  
Which is and was in Jacob's coast,  
And shall be evermore.

## TO THE SEVENTH.

To Father, and to Son,  
And to the Holy Ghost,  
The Godhead thrice in One,  
We sing and make our boast;  
As is and was in ages past,  
And ever shall be to the last.

## TO THE EIGHTH.

To God, with the Lamb and the Dove,  
All honour and praise we commend,  
As is, was in truth, and in love,  
And shall be the world without end.

## TO THE NINTH.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost in One,  
The praise and glory we restore  
From henceforth and for evermore.

## TO THE TENTH.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
The glory we restore,  
As is and was in Jacob's coast,  
And shall be his eternal boast  
From henceforth and for evermore.

## TO THE ELEVENTH.

The glory we restore  
To Father, and to Son,  
And Holy Ghost in One,  
From henceforth evermore.

## TO THE TWELFTH.

The Godhead thrice in One,  
Christ Jesus we adore,  
As is, and was, and shall be done  
From henceforth evermore.

## TO THE THIRTEENTH.

To God, the Lamb and Dove  
The Glory we restore,  
As is our bounden love,  
From henceforth evermore.

## TO THE FOURTEENTH.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Holy Ghost in One,  
The praise and glory we restore,  
As ever was, is now,  
While on our knees we bow,  
And shall be henceforth evermore.

## TO THE FIFTEENTH.

To Father, to Son,  
All honour and praise  
As is, was, and shall be  
And all realms and regions.

and their Holy Ghost,  
his servants commend,  
throughout our own coast,  
the world without end.

## TO THE SIXTEENTH.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The praise and glory we restore,  
As is, and was in Jacob's coast,  
And shall be henceforth evermore.

## TO THE TWENTY-FIRST.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
The Glory we restore,  
As is and was in Jacob's coast,  
And shall be henceforth and for evermore.

## TO THE SEVENTEENTH.

Lord, Lamb, and Dove,  
Faith, hope, and love,  
The glory we restore;  
And him avow,  
Which was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

## TO THE TWENTY-SECOND.

Hosanna! to the Lord of love,  
Which all the world's wide empire sways,  
Hosanna! to the Lamb and Dove,  
Co-equal in their pow'r and praise;  
As is and was in ages past;  
And ever shall be to the last.

## TO THE EIGHTEENTH.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost in One,  
The praise and glory we restore;  
As in beginning was, is now,  
While on our knees we meekly bow,  
And shall be henceforth evermore.

## TO THE TWENTY-THIRD.

To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Holy Ghost in One,  
Praise and glory we restore-  
Henceforth and for evermore.

## TO THE NINETEENTH.

To God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
The praise and adoration we restore,  
As was in Jacob's coast,  
Is, shall be evermore.

## TO THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost in One,  
The glory we restore;  
As in beginning was, is now,  
While on our knees we meekly bow,  
And shall be henceforth evermore.

## TO THE TWENTIETH.

To Father, to Son, and to their Holy Ghost,  
We sing the sweet service, and make our loud  
boast;  
Which has been the glory of centuries past,  
And shall be while thanks and true fervency last.

## TO THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

Praise and glory we restore  
To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Comforter in One,  
From henceforth evermore.



H Y M N S

A N D

S P I R I T U A L S O N G S

F O R T H E

F A S T S A N D F E S T I V A L S

O F T H E

C H U R C H O F E N G L A N D.

*Te decet Hymnus.*

שיר ל' ומצד לו שיר בכל  
נפלאות



# H Y M N S

## A N D

### S P I R I T U A L S O N G S.

#### H Y M N I.

##### N E W Y E A R.

**W**ORD of endless adoration,  
Christ, I to thy call appear;  
On my knees ~~in silent contemplation~~  
To begin a better year.

Spirits in eternal waiting,

\* Special ministers of pray'r,

Which our welcome antedating,  
Shall the benediction bear.

Which, the type of vows completed,  
Shall the wreathed garland send,  
While new blessings are intreated,  
And communions attend.

Emblem of the hopes beginning,  
Who the budding rods shall bind,  
Way from guiltless nature's winning,  
In good-will to human kind.

Ye that dwell with cherub-turtles  
Mated in that upmost light,  
Or parade † amongst the myrtles,  
On your flocks of speckl'd white.

Ye that fall from the portal  
Of yon everlasting bow'rs,  
Sounding symphonies immortal,  
Years, and months, and days, and hours.

\* Tobit xiii. 15.

† Zec. i. 8.

But nor myrtles, nor the breathing  
Of the never-dying grove,  
Nor the chaplets sweetly wreathing,  
And by hands angelic wove;

Not the musick or the mazes  
Of those spirits aptly tim'd,  
Can avail like pray'r and praises  
By the Lamb himself sublim'd.

Take ye therefore what ye give him,  
Of his fulness grace for grace,  
Strive to think him, speak him, live him,  
Till you find him face to face.

Sing like David, or like Hannah,  
As the spirit first began,  
To the God of heights hosanna!  
Peace and charity to man.

Christ his blessing universal  
On th' arch-patriarch's seed bestow,  
Which attend to my rehearsal  
Of melodious pray'r below.

#### H Y M N II.

##### C I R C U M C I S I O N.

**W**HEN Abraham was blest'd,  
And on his face profess'd  
The Saviour Christ hereafter born;  
"Thou pilgrim and estrang'd,  
"Thy name, said God, is chang'd,  
"Thy lot secur'd from want and scorn.

" O Abraham, my friend,  
 " My covenant attend,  
 " Which Shilo's self shall not repeal,  
 " Chastise from carnal sin  
 " Thy house and all thy kin,  
 " Thy faith by circumcision seal."

The promis'd Shilo came,  
 And then receiv'd the name  
 Of Jesus, Saviour of the soul;  
 As he the law fulfill'd  
 Which-checks the fleshly-will'd,  
 And o'er the passion gives controul.

O clean and undefil'd!  
 Thou shalt not be beguil'd  
 By youthful heat and female art,  
 To thee the strains belong  
 Of that mysterious song  
 Where none but virgins bear a part.

Come every purer thought,  
 By which the mind is wrought  
 From man's corruption, nature's dust;  
 Away each vain desire,  
 And all the fiends that fire  
 The soul to base and filthy lust.

Ye swans that sail and lave  
 In Jordan's hallow'd wave,  
 Ah sweet! ah pensive! ah serene!  
 Thou rose of maiden blush,  
 Like Joseph's guiltless blush,  
 And herb of ever-grateful green;

Ye lilies of perfume,  
 That triumph o'er the loom,  
 And gaudy greatness far outshine;  
 And thou the famous tree,  
 Whose name is chastity,  
 And all the brilliants of the mine;

Ye doves of silver down  
 That plume the seraph's crown,  
 All, all the praise of Jesus sing,  
 The joy of heav'n and earth,  
 And Christ's eternal worth,  
 The pearl of God, the Father's ring.

Let elegance, the flow'r  
 Of words, in tune and pow'r,  
 Find some device of cleanest choice  
 About that gem to place—  
 " This is my HEIR of GRACE,  
 " In whose perfections I rejoice."

## H Y M N III.

## E P I P H A N Y.

**G**RACE, thou source of each perfection,  
 Favour from the height thy ray;  
 Thou the star of all direction,  
 Child of endless truth and day.

Thou that bidst my cares be calmer,  
 Lectur'd what to seek and shun,  
 Come, and guide a western palmer  
 To the Virgin and her Son.

Lo! I travel ~~in the spirit~~  
 On my knees my course I steer  
 To the house of might and merit  
 With humility and fear.

Poor at least as John or Peter  
 I my vows alone prefer;  
 But the strains of love are sweeter  
 Than the frankincense and myrrh.

Neither purse nor scrip I carry,  
 But the books of life and pray'r;  
 Nor a staff my foe to parry,  
 'Tis the cross of Christ I bear.

From a heart serene and pleasant  
 'Midst unnumber'd ills I feel,  
 I will meekly bring my present,  
 And with sacred verses kneel.

Muse, through Christ the Word, inventive  
 Of the praise so greatly due;  
 Heav'nly gratitude retentive  
 Of the bounties ever new.

Fill my heart with genuine treasures,  
 Pour them out before his feet,  
 High conceptions, mystic measures,  
 Springing strong and flowing sweet.

Come, ye creatures of thanksgiving,  
 Which are harmoniz'd to blest,  
 Birds that warble for your living,  
 Beasts with ways of love express.

Thou the shepherd's faithful fellow,  
 As he lies by Cedron's stream,  
 Where soft airs and waters mellow  
 Take their Saviour for their theme.

Thou too gaily grave domestic,  
 With whole young fond childhood plays,  
 Held too mean for verse majestic,  
 First with me thy Maker praise.

Browsing kids ~~and lambskins~~ grazing,  
 Colts and younglings of the drove,  
 Come with all your modes of praising,  
 Bounding through the leafless grove.

Ye that skill the flow'rs to fancy,  
 And in just assemblage sort,  
 Pluck the primrose, pluck the pansy,  
 And your prattling troop exhort.

" Little men, in Jesus mighty,  
 " And ye maids that go alone,  
 " Bodies chaste, and spirits flighty,  
 " Ere the world and guilt are known.

" Breath so sweet, and cheeks so rosy—  
 " Put your little hands to pray,  
 " Take ye ev'ry one a posy,  
 " And away to Christ, away."—

Youth, benevolence, and beauty,  
 In your Saviour's praise agree,  
 Which this day receives our duty,  
 Sitting on the virgin's knee.

That from this day's institution  
 Ev'ry penitent in deed,  
 At his hour of retribution,  
 As a child, through him may speed.

## H Y M N IV.

## CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL.

**T**HRO' him, the chief, begot by Nun,  
 Controul'd the progress of the sun;  
 The shadow too, through him, retir'd  
 The ten degrees it had acquir'd.

The barren could her fruit afford,  
 The woman had her dead restor'd,  
 The statesman could himself demean  
 To seek the river, and be clean.

At his command, ev'n Christ I Am,  
 The cruse was fill'd, and iron swam;  
 The floods were dry'd to make a track,  
 And Jordan's wave was driven back.

All these in ancient days occur'd,  
 The great achievements of the Word,  
 By Joshua's hand, by Moses' rod,  
 By virtue of the men of God.

But greater is the mighty deed  
 To make a profligate recede,  
 And work a boisterous madman mild,  
 To walk with Jesus like a child.

To give a heart of triple steel  
 The Lord's humanity to feel;  
 And there, where pity had no place,  
 To fill the measure of his grace;

To wash internal blackness white,  
 To call the worse than dead to light;  
 To make the fruitless soil to hold  
 Ten thousand times ten thousand fold.

To turn a servant of the times  
 From modish and ambitious crimes;  
 To pour down a resistless blaze,  
 " Go, persecutor, preach and praise."

## H Y M N V.

## KING CHARLES THE MARTYR.

**T**HE persecutor was redeem'd,  
 And preach'd the name he had blasphem'd;  
 But, ah! tho' worded for the best,  
 How subtle men his writings wrest.

Hence heresies and sects arose  
According to the saint they chose,  
All against Christ alike—but all  
Of some distorted text of Paul.

Had not such reas'ners been at strife  
With Christ's good doctrine and his life,  
The land of God's selectest sheep  
Had 'scap'd this day to fast and weep.

Ah great unfortunate, the chief  
Of monarchs in the tale of grief,  
By marriage ill-advis'd, akin  
To Moab and the man of sin!

When Christ was spitted on and slain,  
The temple rent her veil in twain;  
And in the hour that Charles was cast  
The church had well nigh groan'd its last.

But now aloft her head she bears,  
Accepted in his dying pray'rs;—  
Great acts in human annals shine—  
Great sufferings claim applause divine.

## H Y M N .VI.

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE  
TEMPLE.

Preserver of the church, thy spouse,  
From sacrilege and wrong,  
To whom the myriads pay their vows,  
Give ear, and in my heart arouse  
The spirit of a nobler song.

When Hiero built, from David's plan,  
The house of godlike style,  
And Solomon, the prosp'rous man,  
Whose reign with wealth and fame began,  
O'erlaid with gold the glorious pile;

Great was the concourse of mankind  
The structure to review;  
Such bulk with sweet proportion join'd  
The labours of a vaster mind,  
In all directions grand and true.

And yet it was not true and grand  
The Godhead to contain;  
By whom immensity is spann'd,  
Which has eternal in his hand  
The globe of his supreme domain.

Tho' there the congregation knelt  
The daily debt to pay,  
Tho' there superior glories dwelt,  
Tho' there the host their blessings dealt,  
The highest GRACE was far away.

At length another fane arose,  
The fabrick of the poor;  
And built by hardship midst her foes,  
One hand for work and one for blows,  
Made this stupendous blessing sure.

That God should in the world appear  
Incarnate—as a child—  
That he should be presented here,  
At once our utmost doubts to clear,  
And make our hearts with wonder wild.

Present ye therefore, on your knees,  
Hearts, hands resign'd and clean;  
Ye poor and mean of all degrees,  
If he will condescend and please  
To take at least what orphans glean—

I speak for all—for them that fly,  
And for the race that swim;  
For all that dwell in moist and dry,  
Beasts, reptiles, flow'rs and gems to vie  
When gratitude begins her hymn.

Praise him ye doves, and ye that pipe  
Ere buds begin to stir;  
Ev'n every finch of every stripe,  
And thou of filial love the type,  
O stork! that sit'st upon the fir.

Praise him thou sea, to whom he gave  
The shoal of active mutes;  
(Fit tenants of thy roaring wave)  
Who comes to still the fiends, that rave  
In oracles and school disputes.

By Jesus number'd all and priz'd,  
 Praise him in dale and hill;  
 Ye beasts for use and peace devis'd,  
 And thou which patient and despis'd,  
 Yet shalt a prophecy fulfill.

Praise him ye family that weave  
 The crimson to be spread  
 There, where communicants receive,  
 And ye, that form'd the eye to grieve,  
 Hid in green bush or wat'ry bed.

Praise him ye flow'rs that serve the swarm  
 With honey for their cells;  
 Ere yet the vernal day is warm,  
 To call out millions to perform  
 Their gambols on your cups and bells.

Praise him ye gems of lively spark,  
 And thou the pearl of price;  
 In that great depth or caverns dark,  
 Nor yet are wrested from the mark,  
 To serve the turns of pride and vice.

Praise him ye cherubs of his breast,  
 The mercies of his love,  
 Ere yet from guile and hate protest,  
 The phoenix makes his fragrant nest  
 In his own paradise above.

## H Y M N VII.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

FIRST DAY OF LENT.

O Charity! that couldst receive  
 The dying thief's repentant pray'r;  
 And didst upon the cross relieve  
 Thy fellow-sufferer there!

Tho' he revil'd among the rest—  
 Before the point of utmost dread,  
 Grace unto pray'r was first impress'd,  
 And then forgiveness sped.

Alas! the more of us defraud  
 The Lord of his most righteous due,  
 And live by guiding truth unaw'd,  
 And vanities pursue.

The harlot vice with joy we clasp,  
 Nor shun to meet her tainted breath;  
 And leave repentance to the gasp  
 Of hope-retarded death;

Albeit there are appointed times  
 For men to worship and to fast;  
 Then purge your conscience of its crimes  
 At least while those shall last.

The words of vengeance threat the tree,  
 And fix their axes to the helms—  
 Pray therefore—pray for such as flee  
 Their Saviour and themselves.

Since some are but the more defil'd,  
 As canons urge them to comply,  
 And Christ's example in the wild  
 By thwarting texts deny;

Read on your knees the holy book  
 That's penn'd to sooth despondent fears—  
 And if the Lord but deign a look,  
 Remember Peter's tears.

## H Y M N VIII.

ST. MATTHIAS.

HARK! the cock proclaims the morning,  
 Match the rhyme, and strike the strings;  
 Heav'nly muse, embrace the warning,  
 Raise thy voice, and stretch thy wings.

Lo! the poor, alive and likely  
 Midst desertion and distress,  
 Teach the folk that deal obliquely,  
 They had better bear and bless.

If we celebrate Matthias,  
 Let us do it heart and soul;  
 Nor let worldly reasons bias  
 Our conceptions from their goal.

As the fancy cools and rambles,  
 Keep her constant, keep her chaste;  
 Ward from wine, and from the shambles,  
 Sight and appetite, and taste.

Tho' thy craving bowels murmur  
And against thy pray'r rebell;  
Yet be firmer still, and firmer  
In the work begun so well.

Sick and weakly, pris'ners, strangers,  
Cold in nakedness we lie;  
Train'd in hunger, thirst and dangers,  
As in exercise to die.

All avail not to dispirit  
Toil, determin'd to succeed;  
And we trust in Christ his merit,  
As we have his woes to plead.

Yea, our lot is fallen fairer  
Than the sons of wealth and pride;  
While our Saviour is a sharer  
In all hardships that betide.

Hard and precious are together,  
Stripes and wounds are endless gain;  
If with him the storm we weather,  
With him also we shall reign.

We shall take the traitors places,  
And their forfeit office hold,  
And to Christ shall show our faces,  
Not betray'd by us or sold.

Lord, our spirits disencumber,  
From the world our hearts dismiss;  
Let us reckon to the number  
Of thy saints in fruitful bliss.

Let the few of Christ be hearty  
In the cause they bleed to win,  
And religion make her party  
Good against the pow'r of sin.

Let us pray—by self-denial  
Every sense to Christ resign,  
Till we from the fiery trial  
Pure as purity refine.

## H Y M N IX.

## THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

O Purity, thou test  
Of love amongst the blest,  
How excellent thou art,  
The Lord Jehovah's heart,  
Whose sweet attributes embrace,  
Every virtue, praise and grace.

Thou fair and good dispos'd,  
Midst glories undisclos'd,  
Inspire the notes to play  
Upon the virgin's day;  
High above all females nam'd,  
And by Gabriel's voice proclaim'd.

Glad herald, ever sent  
Upon some blest event,  
But never sped to ~~men~~  
On such a charge till then—  
When his Saviour's feet he kiss'd,  
To promulge his birth dismiss'd.

Hail mystery! thou source  
Of nature's plainest course,  
How much this work transcends  
Thine usual means and ends—  
Wherefore call'd, we shall not spare  
Louder praise, and oft'ner pray'r.

But if the work be new,  
So shou'd the song be too,  
By every thought that's born  
In freshness of the morn;  
Every flight of active wings,  
Every shift upon the strings.

To praise the mighty hand  
By which the world was mann'd,  
Which dealt to great and small  
Their talents clear of all;  
Kind to kind by likeness linkt,  
Various all, and all distinct.



Praise him seraphic tone  
Of instruments unknown,  
High strains on golden wire,  
Work'd by etherial fire;  
Blowing on unceasing chords,  
" King of kings, and lord of lords."

Praise Hannah, of the three,  
That sang in Mary's key;  
With her that made her psalm  
Beneath the bow'ring palm;  
With the dame—Bethulia's boast,  
Honour'd o'er th' Assyrian host.

Praise him faith, hope, and love  
That tend Jehovah's dove;  
By men from lust repriev'd  
As females best conceiv'd;  
To remount the man and muse  
For above all earthly views.

## H Y M N X.

## THE CRUCIFIXION OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

THE world is but a sorry scene,  
Untrue, unhallow'd, and unclean,  
And hardly worth a man;  
The bend upon the land prevails,  
And o'er the floods in triumph sails,  
Do goodness all she can.

How many works for such a day?  
How glorious? that ye scourge and slay  
Ye blind, by blinder led;  
All hearts at once devising bad,  
Hands, mouths against their Maker mad,  
With Satan at the head—

Are these the race of saints profess,  
That for authorities contest,  
And question and debate?  
Yet in so foul a deed rebell,  
Beyond example, ev'n from hell,  
To match its barb'rous hate.

Behold the man! the tyrant said,  
As in the robes of scoff array'd,  
And crown'd with thorns he stood;  
And feigning will to let him go  
He chose Barabbas, open foe  
Of human kind and good.

And was it He, whose voice divine,  
Could change the water into wine,  
And first his pow'r averr'd;  
Which fed in Galilee's groves  
The fainting thousands with the loaves  
And fishes of his word!

And was it He, whose mandate freed  
The palsied suppliant, and in deed  
The sabbath-day rever'd;  
Which bade the thankful dumb proclaim  
The Lord omnipotent by name,  
Till loosen'd deafness heard!

And was it He, whose hand was such,  
As lighten'd blindness at a touch,  
And made the lepers whole;  
Could to the dropsy health afford,  
And to the lunatic restor'd  
Serenity of soul!

The daughter that so long a term  
By Satan's bonds had been infirm,  
Was rescued and receiv'd;  
Yea, with the foes of faith and hope  
His matchless charity cou'd cope,  
When Malchus was reliev'd.

The woman in his garment's hem  
Conceiv'd a prevalence to stem  
The sources of her pain,  
He calls—the dead from death arise,  
And as their legions he defies  
The dev'ls descend again.

His irresistible command  
Convey'd the vessel to the land,  
As instant as his thought;  
He caus'd the tempest to forget  
Its rage, and into Peter's net,  
The wond'rous capture brought.

The roarings of the billows cease  
To hear the gospel of his peace  
Upon the still profound—  
He walk'd the waves—and at his will,  
The fish to pay th' exactor's bill  
To Judah's coast was bound.

The wither'd hand he saw and cur'd,  
And health from gen'ral ail secur'd  
Where'er disease was rife;  
And was omniscient to tell  
The woman at the patriarch's well  
The story of her life.

But never since the world was known,  
One so stupendous as his own,  
And rich of vast event;  
From love ador'd, as soon as seen,  
Had not his hated message been  
To bid the world repent.

Ah, still desirous of a king,  
To give voluptuous vice its swing  
With passions like a brute;  
By Jesus Christ came truth and grace,  
But none indulgence, pension, place,  
The slaves of SELF to suit.

The Lord on Gabbatha they doom,  
Before the delegate of Rome,  
Deserted and exposed—  
They might have thought on Israel's God,  
Which on the sapphire pavement trod,  
To sev'nty seers disclos'd.

They might have thought upon the loss  
Of Eden, and the dreadful cross  
That happen'd by a tree;  
Ere yet with curst throats they shout  
To bring the dire event about,  
Tho' prophecy'd to be.

O God, the bonds of sin enlarge,  
Lay not this horror to our charge,  
But as we fast and weep,  
Pour out the streams of love profuse,  
Let all the pow'rs of mercy loose,  
While wrath and vengeance sleep.

## H Y M N XI.

## E A S T E R D A Y.

AWAKE—arise—lift up thy voice,  
Which as a trumpet swell,  
Rejoice in Christ—again rejoice,  
And on his praises dwell.

The muse at length, no more perplex  
In search of human wit,  
Shall kneel her down, and take her text  
From lore of sacred writ.

My lot in holy ground was cast,  
And for the prize I threw;  
And in the path by thousands past  
The Lord shall make me new.

O let the people, with the priest,  
Adorn themselves to pray,  
And with their faces to the east  
Their adoration pay.

Let us not doubt, as doubted some,  
When first the Lord appear'd;  
But full of faith and reverence come  
What time his voice is heard.

And ev'n as John, who ran so well,  
Confess upon our knees  
The prince that locks up death and hell,  
And has himself the \* keys.

'Tis He that puts all hearts in tune  
With strings that never jar,  
And they that rise to praise him soon,  
Shall win the † MORNING STAR.

The morning star, and pearl of price,  
And ‡ stone of lucid white,  
Are all provocatives from vice,  
To heav'n and true delight.

O GLADNESS! that suspend'st belief  
For fear that rapture dreams;  
Thou also hast the tears of grief,  
And failest in wild extreams.

Tho' Peter make a clam'rous din,  
Will he thy doubts destroy?  
Will little Rhoda let him in,  
Incredulous with joy?

And thus thro' gladness and surprize  
The saints their Saviour treat;  
Nor will they trust their ears and eyes  
But by his hands and feet.

These hands of lib'ral love indeed  
In infinite degree,  
Those feet still frank to move and bleed  
For millions and for me.

A watch, to slavish duty train'd,  
Was set by spiteful care,  
Lest what the sepulchre contain'd  
Should find alliance there.

Herodians came to seal the stone  
With Pilate's gracious leave,  
Lest dead and friendless, and alone,  
Should all their skill deceive.

O dead arise! O friendless stand  
By seraphim ador'd—  
O solitude! again command  
Thy host from heav'n restor'd.

Watchmen sleep on, and take your rest,  
And wake when conscience stings;  
For Christ shall make the grave his nest  
Till God return his wings.

He died—but death itself improv'd  
To triumph o'er the foe,  
And preach'd, as God's great spirit mov'd,  
To sinners chain'd below.

The souls that perish'd in the flood  
He bid again to bliss;  
And caus'd his rod with hope to bud  
From out the dread abyss.

The seventh day above the week  
Still would he keep and bless;  
The pain'd to sooth, the lost to seek,  
And grievance to redress.

Yet never such a day before  
Of holy work was spent,  
While hardship infinite he bore  
That malice might relent.

And whether from success exempt  
The story is not told;  
But sure most glorious was th' attempt,  
Whose fame in heav'n's enroll'd.

And each man in his spirit knows  
That mercy has no bound;  
And from that upmost zenith flows  
The lowest depth to sound.

And therefore David calls for praise  
From all the gulphs that yawn,  
Our thoughts by greater strokes to raise  
Than e'er before were drawn.

Beyond the height that science kens,  
Where genius is at home;  
And poets take their golden pens  
To fill th' immortal tome.

Ye that for psalmody contend,  
Exert your trilling throats;  
And male and female voices blend  
With joys divinest notes.

By fancy rais'd to Zion's top  
Your swelling organ join;  
And praise the Lord on every stop  
Till all your faces shine.

With sweetest breath your trumpets fill'd,  
Shall forward strength and grace;  
Then all your warbling measures build  
Upon the grounding bass.

The boxen pipe, for deepness form'd,  
Involve in strains of love,  
And flutes, with inspiration warm'd,  
Shall imitate the dove.

Amongst the rest arouse the harp,  
And with a master's nail;  
And from the quick vibrations carp  
The graces of the scale.

The flow'rs from every bed collect,  
And on the altar lift;  
And let each silver vase be deckt  
With nature's graceful gift.

And from the steeple's summit stream  
The flag of golden glofs,  
Exposing to the glancing beam  
The glorious English cross;

And let the lads of gladness born  
The ringers be renew'd;  
And as they usher'd in the morn,  
Let them the day conclude.

## H Y M N XII.

ST. MARK.

**P**ULL up the bell-flow'rs of the spring,  
And let the budding greenwood ring  
With many a cheerful song;  
All blessing on the human race,  
From CHRIST, evangelist of grace,  
To whom these strains belong.

To whom belong the tribe that vie  
In what is music to the eye,  
Whose voice is "stoop to pray"—  
While many colour'd tints attire  
His fav'rites, like the golden wire,  
The beams on wind flow'rs play.

To whom belong the dress and airs  
Of nature in her warbling pairs,  
And in her bloomy pride;  
By whom the man of pray'r computes  
His year, and estimates the fruits  
Of every time and tide.

To whom the sacred penman cries,  
And as he heav'nwards lifts his eyes,  
With meekness kneels him down;  
Then what inspiring truth indites,  
His strengthen'd memory recites,  
The tale of God's renown.

O holy Mark! ordain'd in youth  
To be historian of the truth  
From heav'n's first fountain brought;  
And Christ his hand was on thy head,  
To bless thee that thou shouldst be read,  
And in his churches taught.

And tho', as Peter's scribe and son,  
Thou mightst a charity have done  
To cover his disgrace;  
Yet strictly charg'd thou wouldst not spare  
At large the reason to declare,  
And in its order place.

Thus in the church, to cleanse our sin,  
By fair confession we begin,  
And in thanksgiving end;  
And they that have the Lord deny'd,  
Must not come there the crime to hide,  
But promise to amend.

Then let us not this day refuse,  
With joy to give the Christian dues  
To Lazars at the door;  
"O for the name and love of Christ  
"Spare one poor dole from all your grift,  
"One mite from all your store!"

And those that in by-places lurk,  
Invite with overpay to work,  
Thy garner'd hay to fill;  
And worship on the new mown sod,  
And active to the Lord thy God,  
Keep lust and conscience still.

## H Y M N XIII.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

**N**OW the winds are all composure,  
But the breath upon the bloom,  
Blowing sweet o'er each inclosure,  
Grateful off'rings of perfume.

Tansy, calaminth and daisies,  
On the river's margin thrive;  
And accompany the mazes  
Of the stream that leaps alive.

Muse, accordant to the season,  
Give the numbers life and air;  
When the sounds and objects reason  
In behalf of praise and pray'r.

All the scenes of nature quicken,  
By the genial spirit fann'd;  
And the painted beauties thicken  
Colour'd by the master's hand.

Earth her vigour repossessing  
As the blasts are held in ward;  
Blessing heap'd and press'd on blessing,  
Yield the measure of the Lord.

Beeches, without order seemly,  
Shade the flow'rs of annual birth,  
And the lily smiles supremely  
Mention'd by the Lord on earth.

Couflips seize upon the fallow,  
And the cardamine n. white,  
Where the corn-flow'rs join the mallow,  
Joy and health, and thrift unite.

Study sits beneath her arbour,  
By the basin's glossy side;  
While the boat from out its harbour  
Exercise and pleasure guide.

Pray'r and praise be mine employment,  
Without grudging or regret,  
Lasting life, and long enjoyment,  
Are not here, and are not yet.

Hark! aloud, the black-bird whistles,  
With surrounding fragrance blest,  
And the goldfinch in the thistles  
Makes provision for her nest.

Ev'n the hornet hives his honey,  
Bluecap builds his stately dome,  
And the rocks supply the coney  
With a fortress and an home.

But the servants of their Saviour,  
Which with gospel-peace are shod,  
Have no bed but what the pavour  
Makes them in the porch of God.

O thou house that hold'st the charter  
Of salvation from on high,  
Fraught with prophet, saint, and martyr,  
Born to weep, to starve and die!

Great to-day thy song and rapture  
In the choir of Christ and WREN  
When two prizes were the capture  
Of the hand that fish'd for men.

To the man of quick compliance  
Jesus call'd, and Philip came;  
And began to make alliance  
For his master's cause and name.

James, of title most illustrious,  
Brother of the Lord, allow'd;  
In the vineyard how industrious,  
Nor by years nor hardship bow'd!

Each accepted in his trial,  
One the CHEERFUL, one the JUST;  
Both of love and self-denial,  
Both of everlasting trust.

Living they dispens'd salvation,  
Heav'n-endow'd with grace and pow'r;  
And they dy'd in imitation  
Of their Saviour's final hour.

Who, for cruel traitors pleading,  
Triumph'd in his parting breath;  
O'er all miracles preceding  
His ineffable death.

## H Y M N XIV.

THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD JESUS  
CHRIST.

“AND other wond'rous works were done  
“No mem'ry can recall;  
“Which were they number'd every one,  
“Not all the space beneath the sun  
“Cou'd hold the fair detail of all.”

The text is full, and strong to do  
The glorious subject right;  
But on the working mind's review  
The letter's like the spirit true,  
And clear and evident as light.

For not a particle of space  
Where'er his glory beam'd,  
With all the modes of site and place,  
But were the better for his grace,  
And up to higher lot redeem'd.

For all the motley tribe that pair,  
And to their cover skim,  
Became his more immediate care,  
The raven urgent in his pray'r,  
And those that make the woodland hymn.

For every creature left at will  
The howling WASTE to roam,  
Which live upon the blood they spill,  
From his own hands receive their fill,  
What time the desert was his home.

They knew him well, and could not err,  
To him they all appeal'd;  
The baft of sleek or shaggy fur,  
And found their natures to recur  
To what they were in Eden's field.

For all that dwell in depth or wave,  
And ocean—every drop—  
Confess'd his mighty pow'r to save,  
When to the floods his peace he gave,  
And bade careering whirlwinds stop.

And all things meaner from the worm  
Probationer to fly;  
To him that creeps his little term,  
And countless rising from the sperm  
Shed by sea-repiles, where they ply.

These all were bless'd beneath his feet,  
Approaching them so near;  
Vast flocks that have no mouths to bleat,  
With yet a spirit to intreat,  
And in their rank divinely dear.

For on some special good intent,  
Advancement or relief,  
Or some great evil to prevent,  
Or some perfection to augment,  
He held his life of tears and grief.

'Twas his the pow'rs of hell to curb,  
And men possess'd to free;  
And all the blasting fiends disturb  
From seed of bread, from flow'r and herb,  
From fragrant shrub and stately tree.

The song can never be pursu'd  
When Infinite's the theme—  
For all to crown, and to conclude,  
He bore and bless'd ingratitude,  
And insult in its worst extreme.

And having then such deeds achiev'd  
As never man before,  
From scorn and greater ~~rejoicing~~,  
In highest heav'n he was receiv'd,  
To reign with God for evermore.

## H Y M N XV.

## W H I T S U N D A Y.

**K**ING of sempiternal sway,  
Thou hast kept thy word to-day,  
That the COMFORTER should come,  
That gainsayers should be dumb.  
While the tongues of men transfus'd  
With thy spirit should be loos'd,  
And untutor'd Hebrew speak,  
Latin, Arabic, and Greek.

That thy praises might prevail  
On each note upon the scale,  
In each nation that is nam'd,  
On each organ thou hast fram'd;  
Every speech beneath the sun,  
Which from Babel first begun;  
Branch or leaf, or flow'r or fruit  
Of the Hebrews ancient root.

This great miracle was wrought,  
That the millions might be taught,  
And themselves of hope assure  
By the preaching of the poor—  
O thou God of truth and pow'r  
Bless all Englishmen this hour;  
That their language may suffice  
To make nations good and wise.

Yea, the God of truth and pow'r  
Blesses Englishmen this hour;  
That their language may suffice  
To make nations good and wise—  
Wherefore then no more success—  
That so much is much to bless—  
\* Revelation is our own,  
Secret things are God's alone.

## H Y M N XVI.

## TRINITY SUNDAY.

IF Jesus be reveal'd,  
There is no truth conceal'd  
For honour or for awe,  
That tends to drive or draw  
To the hope of heav'nly bliss,  
From the dread of hell's abyss.

If oracles be mute,  
And every dull dispute  
Of ostentatious gloom  
In Athens or in Rome;  
We should, sure, amend our ways  
By submission, pray'r and praise.

O THREE! of blest account  
To which all sums amount,  
For if the church has two  
The work of pray'r to do,  
God himself, th' Almighty word,  
Will be there to make the third.

One Lord, one faith, one font,  
Are all good christians want  
To make the fiend retreat,  
And build the faint compleat;  
Where the Godhead self-allied,  
Faith, hope, charity reside.

Deut. xxix. 29.

Man, soul and angel join  
To strike up strains divine;  
O blessed and ador'd,  
Thine aid from heav'n afford;  
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY THREE,  
Which in One, as One agree.

For angel, man and soul  
Make up upon the whole,  
One individual here,  
And in the highest sphere;  
Where with God he shall repose,  
From whose image first he rose.

Ye books, that load the shelves,  
To lead us from ourselves,  
Where things, in doubt involv'd,  
Are rather made than solv'd;  
Render to the dust and worm  
All ye question or affirm.

Ye poets, seers and priests,  
Whose lore the spirit feasts,  
And keep the banquet on,  
From Moses ev'n to John;  
On your truth I will regale,  
"Which is great and must prevail."

The Trinity is plain,  
So David's psalms maintain,  
—Who made not God his boast  
But by the HOLY GHOST;  
Thence prophetick to record  
All the full rings of the Lord.

Yet all the Scriptures run  
That God is great and one,  
Or else there is no cause  
Of nature or her laws;  
To controul and comprehend  
All beginning, course and end.

## H Y M N XVII.

## THE KING'S RESTORATION.

**ALMIGHTY** Jesu! first and last,  
The sole original and cause  
Of all heroic actions past, [laws;  
The God of patriot deeds, and gracious  
Which didst at sea this western empire found  
The chief, the lords and people in thy love  
renown'd.

We thank thee that we were despis'd,  
And as unblest barbarians held;  
For then and therefore thou devis'd [cell'd;  
All things in which we have the rest ex-  
The progeny, that God's free woman bare,  
In all their leagues and dealings faithful, just  
and fair.

We thank thee for the spacious stream,  
Thrice rolling thro' the sounding arch;  
O'er which the dome of **CHRIST** supreme  
Sees George's gallant horse exalt their  
march,

And thence their prosp'rous embarkation speed,  
Against the fraud and pride of Moab's spuri-  
ous seed.

We thank thee for the naval sway  
Which o'er the subject seas we claim;  
And for the homage nations pay,  
Submissive to the great Britannic fame;  
Who soon as they thy precious cross discern,  
Bow lowering to the staff on our imperial stern.

We thank thee for Eliza's reign,  
When to the realm thy spirit spake;  
And for thy triumphs on the main [Drake;  
By Howard, Forbisher, and glorious  
Whose heart was offer'd, resolute and free,  
To bleed for Englishmen, but that was done  
by thee.

We thank thee for thy pow'r divine, [heav'n;  
By which our ships were mann'd from  
What wonder then if three should join scorn,  
To play their destin'd balls and conquer  
That Forest, Suckling, Langdon should pre-  
vail, righteous scale.  
When thou hadst weigh'd the combat in thy

The glory to thy name we yield,  
By which the vast exploit was done;  
At Poictier's and in Cressy's field  
Against vain Moab must'ring ten to one,  
"Enough to kill, to take and put to flight,"  
By faith of Englishmen in God's redoubted  
might.

The glory to thy name for Cam,  
Immortal from the hour he bled,  
Who stoutly fixt himself to dam [head;  
The torrent, rushing on his **LEADER's**  
The glory to thy name, for each and all,  
Of Henry's gifted sword, or Edward's noble  
stall.

The glory to thy name for Ann,  
And for the houses that she built;  
And for that great victorious man,  
Who ran profane oppression to the hilt;  
Born **HIS** sublime achievement to fulfill,  
Which bids **IMPOSSIBLE** make speed to do  
his will.

The glory to thy name for Ann,  
Sweet princess, with thy grace endu'd;  
And for that charitable plan, [his food;  
By which the poor may preach, and have  
And for the special pray'r that she prefer'd,  
Which for the famous march of deathless Webb  
was heard.

The glory to thy name for Ann,  
Again a princess, and most sweet,  
To meet her Saviour Christ she ran, [feet;  
And gently stoop'd to wash the poor man's  
Queen of the wave, to cherish with her wing  
A Ruffel, Shovel, Rook, a Benbow, and a  
Byng.

We give the glory for the means  
By which the reformation rose;  
Thy grace to stop the bloody scenes  
Of pride and cruelty, thy deadly foes;  
Whence now the church in dignity sublines,  
The simple truth of Christ, and praise of pris-  
tine times.



We give the glory for thy word,  
That it so well becomes our tongue;  
And that thy spirit is transferr'd  
Upon the strains of old in Hebrew sung.  
And for the services dispers'd abroad,  
—The church her seemly course of practice  
prayer and laud.

We give the glory for the eyes  
Of science, and the realm around;  
The two great rivals for the prize,  
Ingenuous to a blessing on the sound.  
Well may their schools and num'rous chapels  
teach, [preach.]  
“The word is very Christ, that we adore and

O fair possessions! ghastly wealth!  
Nigh laid and lost on Charles's block,  
What time the constitution's health [shock;  
Was broke, and ruin'd by the general  
Till God ~~was with the~~ loyal prayer implor'd,  
And THIS DAY saw the heir acknowledg'd  
and restor'd.

On this day, therefore, we support  
The joy with such applause begun,  
Which sounding from th' imperial fort,  
Redoubles clam'rous roar from gun to gun.  
Controuling unto good the sulph'rous blaze,  
And making Satan's wrath benevolent of praise.

Lift!—as ye bless at each discharge,  
Remember where the glory's due  
(In every house, and bow'r and barge)  
To Christ his love for everlasting true.  
Accordant to the prophecies express,  
His people to redeem, revisit and redress.

Remember all the pious vows  
Made by our ancestors, for us,  
That we should thus dispose the boughs,  
And wear the royal oak in triumph thus;  
And to the skies, the caps of freedom hurl'd,  
Should thus proclaim the queen of islands and  
the world.

Ye soldiers reverend with scars,  
Remember Chelsea's pleasant groves;  
And you, ye students of the stars, [coves;  
Remov'd from seaman's toils to fair al-  
Remember Edward's children train'd in art,  
Which now can con the card, and now can  
plan the chart.

Remember all ye may of good,  
Select the nosegay from the sod;  
But leave the brambles in the wood—  
Remember charity is God—  
Which, scorning custom, her illib'ral crowds  
Brings virtue to the sun, while slips and crimes  
the clouds.

## H Y M N XVIII.

S T. B A R N A B A S.

**D**ARING as the noon-tide ray  
On the summer's longest day,  
Is the truth of Christ supreme;  
Proving at its sacred touch,  
Whether Ophir's gold be such,  
Or a shift to seem.

Jesus, who can doubt thee now,  
Who will not thy faith allow,  
With thy lands, for Christ, at sale?  
By foul lucre undesil'd,  
In the spirit Jesus' child,  
Son of comfort, hail!

For a substance to endure  
Hast thou list'd with the poor,  
Triumph o'er thyself achiev'd—  
Thee thy Saviour God inrolls  
In the calendar of souls,  
Sainted and receiv'd.

Heroes of the Christian cause,  
Candidates for God's applause,  
—Leaving all for Christ his sake;  
Scorning temporal reward,  
Ready to confess the Lord  
At the cross or stake.

Shew your everlasting store  
To one great believer more,  
And your ghostly gifts impart—  
Grutching treasures for the moth,  
To the Lord he pledg'd his troth,  
And ally'd his heart.

Hence instructed, let us learn  
Heav'n and heav'nly things to earn,  
And with want by pray'r to cope;  
To the Lord your wealth resign,  
Distribution is divine,  
Misers have no hope.

## H Y M N XIX.

THE NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

**G**REAT and bounteous **B**ENEFACTOR,  
We thy gen'rous aid adjure,  
Shield us from the foul exactor,  
And his sons, that grind the poor.

Lo the swelling fruits of summer,  
With inviting colours dy'd,  
Hang, for ev'ry casual comer,  
O'er the fence projecting wide.

See the corn for plenty waving,  
Where the lark secur'd her eggs—  
In the spirit then be saving,  
Give the poor that sings and begs.

Gentle nature seems to love us  
In each fair and finish'd scene,  
All is beauteous blue above us,  
All beneath is cheerful green.

Now when warmer rays enlighten  
And adorn the lengthen'd time,  
When the views around us brighten,  
Days a rip'ning from their prime,

She that was as barren reckon'd,  
Had her course completely run,  
And her dumb-struck husband beckon'd  
For a pen to write a son.

**J**OHN, the child of Zacharias,  
Just returning to his earth,  
Prophet of the Lord Messias,  
And fore-runner of his birth.

He too martyr'd, shall precede him,  
Ere he speed to heav'n again,  
Ere the traitors shall implead him,  
And the priest his God arraign.

John beheld the great and holy,  
Hail'd the love of God supreme;  
O how gracious, meek, and lowly,  
When baptiz'd in Jordan's stream!

If from honour so stupendous  
He the grace of pow'r deriv'd,  
And to tyrants was tremendous,  
That at fraud and filth conniv'd;

If he led a life of rigour,  
And th' absteritious vow obey'd;  
If he preach'd with manly vigour,  
Practis'd sinners to dissuade;

If his voice by fair confession  
Christ's supremacy avow'd;  
If he check'd with due suppression  
Self-incitements to be proud.

Vice conspiring to afflict him  
To the death that ends the great,  
Offer'd him a worthy victim  
For acceptance in the height.

## H Y M N XX.

ST. PETER.

**H**IGH above the world's pursuit,  
Far beyond the fool's conceit,  
Where the cherub plays her lute,  
Dwells the man of God complete.

Greatness here severely shunn'd,  
Falls in heav'n to virtue's share,  
And the poor man finds a fund  
Of eternal treasures there.

To the Lord is not access  
But by magnitude above,  
And exalted strength must bless  
In yon upper flights of love.

Peter from repentance rose  
To the magnitude requir'd,  
First of all his master chose  
In celestial pomp attir'd.

But he is a stranger still  
To the Roman frauds and fees;  
He nor sold to vice her will,  
Nor to Mammon left his keys.

Hence the practice, prais'd at Rome,  
Christian principle confounds—  
What! at eminence presume,  
And not skill to know the grounds?

What I can pride and kingly pow'r,  
With the soldier kept in pay,  
And a crown like Babel's tow'r,  
Suit the sons of YEA and NAY?

YEA is Christ avouch'd by truth,  
Sharing hardship with her prince,  
Feed my lambs—entrust the youth—  
Feed my sheep—the old convince.

NAY is quit thy house and land,  
And all carnal things abjure;  
NAY is neither rich nor grand,  
But refuses for the poor.

Peter, when with Christ he went,  
Made this excellence his plea—  
“Here we are, and rest content,  
“Quitting all, and tending thee.”

Wherefore he was worthy deem'd  
On the mountain-top to tread,  
While surpassing glories beam'd  
On his master's hallow'd head.

Wherefore too this day we hold  
As of honourable note,  
We of Christ's peculiar fold,  
That protect against the goat.

Wherefoe'er we are dispers'd,  
In the ocean, or ashore,  
Still the service is rehears'd,  
Still we worship and adore.

Thanks to God we have a form  
Of sound words aboard the ship,  
In the calm, or in the storm,  
To exalt him heart and lip.

There Jehōvāh's dove may perch  
On the topmast as she swims—  
Ev'ry vessel is a church  
Meet for praise, for pray'r, and hymns.

## H Y M N XXI.

ST. JAMES.

SURE a seaman's lot is bless'd,  
Gen'rous, faithful, frank, and brave,  
Since the Lord himself possess'd  
Of disciples from the wave.  
Sure a realm, whose fame depends  
On their deeds the rest transcends.

Yea, from fishers on the coast,  
Poor, and by the nations scorn'd,  
With our navy's gallant host  
Seas are crouded and adorn'd,  
Wherefoe'er the billows toss,  
Bearing Christ's triumphant cross.

Lo! the Lord is on the cliff,  
Peter's partner, come away;  
Leave thy tackle and thy skiff  
For a life to preach and pray—  
James shall answer the command,  
Soon as he can make the land.

Let the net no more be hawl'd,  
Zebedee, thy fire neglect  
Now, the son of thunder call'd,  
E'en the word of God direct—  
Thou disputing sects shall foil,  
And conviction bless thy toil.

Having now obtain'd release  
 From thy low concerns and cares,  
 Go, and preach the Spaniard peace,  
 Teach ambitious pomp her pray'rs,  
 Fav'ring still, in Jesus' stead,  
 God in England at the head.

O that all the human race  
 In what region, clime, or zone,  
 Would the genuine faith embrace,  
 As in these thy kingdom's known;  
 Prosper thou the pilgrims sent  
 To prepare the great event.

Prosper thou, O God of light,  
 Them which propagate thy word  
 In the realms that fiends benight—  
 By no seas or toils deter'd;  
 More and more in this employ  
 Thy cherubic guard convoy.

God of heartiness and strength,  
 God of English pray'r and laud,  
 May good-nature speed at length,  
 Join'd with grace, to foes abroad,  
 Thou that lend'st a special ear  
 To the simple and sincere.

## H Y M N XXII

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

“**BEHOLD** an Israelite indeed,  
 “In whom there is no guile,”—  
 Whom neither wordly ways mislead,  
 Nor treach'rous thoughts defile.

**SINCERITY**, belov'd of Christ,  
 For him herself has kept,  
 And neither purchas'd, nor intic't,  
 With him has smil'd and wept.

Her Jesus in his arms infolds,  
 And to his church ascribes—  
 She wears the precious ring that holds  
 Each jewel of the tribes.

Gold is not very gold, nor myrrh  
 True myrrh, nor rubies glow,  
 If first not try'd and prov'd by her  
 That they indeed are so.

She is a fountain from the truth,  
 And floods embracing all;  
 Hypocrisy shall gnash its tooth  
 Whene'er it hears her call.

Who then amongst mankind can thrive  
 That has such ghastly worth?  
 The saint must needs be slay'd alive,  
 Possessing her on earth.

Come then, or sword, or fire, or ax,  
 Devour me branch and stem,  
 I will not fail to pay the tax  
 Of life for such a gem.

## H Y M N XXIII.

ST. MATTHEW.

**EV'N** exactors of the toll,  
 And the harlot of the stew,  
 Sooner give the Lord his due  
 Than men disguis'd of foul.

Matthew made the Lord a feast,  
 Wealth and business left behind,  
 Of his tribe, and of his kind,  
 Among the worst and least.

Yet he had an eye to God  
 Soon as Jesus Christ drew near,  
 And with meekness, faith, and fear,  
 He worship'd to his nod.

Humbl'd therefore by the shame  
 Of his worldly filth and guilt,  
 By his hand the Lord has built  
 A pillar to his name.

One for ev'ry point are four,  
 Matthew for an obvious praise,  
 His in Hebrew chose to raise,  
 That easterns might adore.

Of a meaner order, Mark,  
As he would the north address,  
Yet his word of God exprefs  
Illuminates the dark.

Luke diffusive takes a sweep,  
Rising to command the west,  
And by Jesus Christ is blest,  
Historic high and deep.

John, above the rest divine,  
In the church her southern isle,  
Stands of plain majestic stile,  
Where warmth and brightness join.

These combin'd the church sustain,  
But this day assigns to thee,  
Matthew, rather than the three,  
The heav'n directed strain.

Sure the ~~moths~~ ~~tongue~~ is great,  
Since it is what seraphs use;  
Since with that the cherub woos  
To mutual praise his mate.

## H Y M N XXIV.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

ANGELIC natures, great in arms  
Against the dragon and his pow'rs,  
Whom Michael's excellence alarms  
From highest heav'n's imperial tow'rs;

Ye that in Christ his church attend  
What time the services are sung,  
And your propitious spirits blend  
With our united heart and tongue.

O come, celestial watch and ward,  
As in the closet I adore  
My fellow-servants of the Lord,  
To whom these measures I restore.

If Satan's malice was withstood  
Where Moses cold and breathless lay,  
Give Michael, patient, meek, and good,  
Through Christ, the glory of the day.

If Tobit's charitable soul,  
A type of Jesus Christ to come,  
Was blessed from the poor man's dole  
Ev'n to the social sparrow's crumb;

If to the living and the dead  
His hand was rich in deeds of love,  
First Raphael from his Master fled  
By mandate in the heights above.

If Zacharias was inform'd  
That God his pious pray'rs should crown,  
The barren womb to ripeness warm'd,  
Twas Gabriel brought the tidings down.

Hail mighty princes in the height,  
Which o'er stupendous works preside  
Of vast authority and weight—  
But there are other pow'rs beside.

These, one for every man, are sent  
God in the spirit to reveal,  
To forward ev'ry good event,  
And each internal grief to heal.

## H Y M N XXV.

ST. LUKE.

LUKE, physician of the wound,  
Where the troubld conscience stings,  
Far beyond the skill profound  
Of the graduates here renown'd,  
Or the costly springs.

Thy conversion soon is wrought,  
When thou seest thy Saviour's cures,  
So surpassing human thought,  
What thy books from Greece have taught,  
Or thy hope assures.

Henceforth, without scrip or purse,  
Go on embassy divine;  
Med'cines of the soul disperse  
To the wicked and perverse  
Thou wert wont to join.

Thee thy Saviour shall allot  
His great actions to relate,  
And thy brethren's sins to blot;  
Greater blessing there is not  
In a mortal state.

Thou shalt also tell the deeds  
Of that apostolic band,  
While the happy convert reads  
How in Christ the prisoner pleads  
By a master's hand.

Sure thy skill in picture came  
To th' assistance of thy pen,  
If the was of heavenly flame,  
That is now a sin and shame,  
By the frauds of men.

Her the hypocrites adore  
In the fane of modern Rome;  
And from shadow's aid implore,  
That they may blaspheme the more,  
And the more presume.

Christ from such detested arts  
Guard thy church with watchful eyes,  
Keep from Satan's snares and darts,  
Innocent as doves our hearts,  
But as serpents wise.

### H Y M N XXVI.

#### THE ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE III.

BY me, says Wisdom, monarchs reign,  
And princes right decree;  
The conduct of the land and main  
Is minister'd by me.

Where neither Philip's son was sped,  
Nor Roman eagles flew,  
The English standard rears its head,  
To storm and to subdue.

Our gallant fleets have won success,  
Christ Jesus at the helm,  
And let us therefore kneel and bless  
The sovereign of the realm.

This day the youth began his race,  
With angels for allies,  
And God shall give him strength and grace  
To claim the naval prize.

His righteous spirit he fatigu'd  
To speak the nation's peace;  
Yet more and more the Papists leagu'd  
To mar the world's increase.

The Lord accept his good intent,  
And be his great defence,  
And may his enemies repent  
At no prescrib'd expence.

As yet this ill the proof has stood,  
Which God from all disjoins;  
O make him singularly good,  
And bless with fruit his loins.

His eastern, western ~~bound~~ ~~colours~~,  
Which swarms in vain contest,  
And keep the people of his charge  
In wealth and godly rest.

### H Y M N XXVII.

#### ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

PEACE be to the souls of those  
Which for Jesus Christ have bled,  
Or that triumph'd o'er their foes  
With the coals upon their head.

Which for him have undergone  
Any other dread or dearth,  
Crucify'd, or stabb'd, or sawn,  
Blessing to their latest breath.

Simon well may claim a place  
In our book of Common Prayer;  
Here he likewise planted grace  
By his apostolic care.

He his pilgrimage perform'd  
Far as the Britannic coast,  
And the ready converts swarm'd  
To receive the Holy Ghost.

Fair sincerity's the ground  
For the Lord to sow his seed,  
That will flourish and abound  
With a goodly crop indeed.

Christ is pow'rful to renew  
Men so quick his will to know,  
Whence ten thousand churches grew,  
And ten thousand more shall grow.

Farther yet, and farther east,  
English sails shall be unfurl'd,  
Waiting many a pious priest  
To protest against the world.

Farther yet, and farther west,  
We shall send the faith abroad,  
Against nations to protest,  
That are still by Christ unaw'd.

We shall cite from holy Jude  
Wholesome texts to mend their way,  
Whom our praise and pray'rs include  
In the duty of to-day.

He is full of just complaint,  
As foul deeds his wrath provoke;  
And they massacred the saint  
For the cutting words he spoke.

Let us therefore well provide  
This good festival to hold,  
Left to us they be apply'd  
As to wand'ers from the fold.

Lo! the church herself attires  
For the work of pray'r and song;  
To the strains that Christ inspires  
Crowds of either sex shall throng.

## H Y M N XXVIII.

## ALL SAINTS.

**M**ANY male and female names,  
From the cross, the sword, and flames;  
To their blessed Saviour dear,  
Have escap'd memorial here.

These are all the Lord's elect,  
Which the church must not neglect,  
But appoints a day to raise  
Anthems for a gen'ral praise.

Stars of the superior class,  
Which in magnitude surpass,  
From the time they rose and shone,  
Have their names and places known.

Mazaroth his circuit runs,  
With Arcturus and his sons;  
Pleiad twinkles o'er the streams  
Of Orion's bolder beams.

But what glories in array  
Brighten all the milky way,  
Where innumerable vie,  
Told alone by God Most High!

Enoch of exceeding grace,  
Abr'ham of unnumber'd race,  
Jael bursting into fame,  
Joab of stupendous name.

These the seers of God commit  
To the rolls of holy writ,  
With a multitude of note,  
Which our children have by rote.

There are thousand thousands more;  
Like the sand upon the shore,  
Through the love of Christ reveal'd,  
All in heav'n receiv'd and seal'd.

## H Y M N XXIX.

## THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

**W**HAT impression God and reason  
Had on some abandon'd times,  
Was made evident by treason,  
And the most flagitious crimes.

England lay dissolv'd in slumber,  
Toil and emulation ceas'd,  
Till the malice, strength, and number  
Of her foes were all increas'd.

Eat and drink, and die to-morrow,  
From the cottage to the helm,  
Till the blessed man of sorrow  
Was not heard in all the realm.

This was deem'd a fit occasion  
For the Papiſts to be bold,  
For the children of evaſion  
To come ſneaking from their hold.

What a plan of deſtation,  
That the dev'l alone could ſtart,  
How at once to cruſh the nation  
In the bowels, head, and heart!

There is no ſuch great perdition  
In the ſtory of mankind,  
Not by craft and ſuperſtition,  
Yea, and cruelty combin'd.

God, in a ſtupendous manner,  
Bade a ſpendthrift nation home—  
Let us therefore fix the banner  
On the high cathedral's dome.

Play the muſick—call the fingers—  
Open wide the priſon door—  
Make a banquet for the ringers—  
Give to poverty the ſtore.

Fire away the joyful volley,  
Deck your houſes, bleſs your wine;  
Triumph o'er the Papiſts folly,  
Who their God would undermine.

## H Y M N XXX.

ST. ANDREW.

O Lord, thou God of bliſs,  
Which higheſt natures leave  
To rectify the things amiſs  
Amongſt the ſons of Eve.

From time to time they came  
To warn and to correct;  
But ah! the dreadful ſin and ſhame,  
With ſmall or none effect.

At length no more with-held  
By ſeraph's tears and pray'r,  
The God of heav'n himſelf compell'd  
This fleſhly veil to wear.

But how to find a friend  
In poverty and woe,  
Omnipotence muſt needs attend  
His ſteps where'er they go.

When John his Saviour ſpy'd,  
Behold the LAMB (ſaid he),  
If it be ſo, St. Andrew cry'd,  
No more I follow thee.

His teacher he forſook,  
And on his face he fell,  
And inſtantly himſelf betook  
To life's eternal well.

Then from a life reform'd,  
He ſpread example wide,  
And multitudes with zeal he warm'd  
To take their Saviour's ſide.

At length the words prevail  
Which Chriſt prophetic ſpoke,  
And to the croſs the ſaint they hale  
That ruſſian traitors make.

Tormented, tried, and bound  
Two well-ſupported days,  
His life his dying accents crown'd,  
E'en to their laſt effays.

His body was remov'd  
From Patræ to the Turk,  
Where it, through Chriſt, ſhall be improv'd  
To do a glorious work.

The Spirit ſhall deſcend,  
And churches ſhall aſpire,  
—And they that now the moſques attend,  
Of Jeſus ſhall inquire.

Yea Edom one and all  
Shall chooſe the Lord their chief;  
And he ſhall finally recall  
The ſons of unbelief.



## H Y M N XXXI.

ST. THOMAS.

AH! Thomas, wherefore wouldst thou doubt,  
And put the Lord in pain,  
And mad'st his wounds to spout  
Anew from ev'ry vein?

Lo! those of God are blessed most,  
Which, simple and serene,  
Believe the Holy Ghost,  
That operates unseen.

This is that great and prior proof  
Of God and of his Son,  
Beneath whose sacred roof  
To-day the duty's done.

Tho' seventeen hundred years remote,  
We can perform our part,  
And to the Lord devote  
The tribute of our heart.

O Lord, the slaves of sin release,  
Their ways in Christ amend,  
Our faith and hope increase,  
Our charities extend.

Make thou our alter'd lives of use  
To all the skirts around,  
And purge from each abuse  
Thy church, so much renown'd.

Enlarge from Mammon's spells her priests,  
And from all carnal cares,  
And bid to ghostly feasts,  
To pure cherubic airs.

Thy people in that choir employ  
Whose business is above,  
In gratitude and joy,  
In wonder, praise, and love.

## H Y M N XXXII.

THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR.  
JESUS CHRIST.

WHERE is this stupendous stranger,  
Swains of Solyma, advise,  
Lead me to my Master's manger,  
Shew me where my Saviour lies?

O Most Mighty! O MOST HOLY  
Far beyond the seraph's thought,  
Art thou then so mean and lowly  
As unheeded prophets taught?

O the magnitude of meekness!  
Worth from worth immortal sprung;  
O the strength of infant weakness,  
If eternal is so young!

If so young and thus eternal,  
Michael tune the shepherd's reed,  
Where the scenes are ever vernal,  
And the loves be love indeed!

See the God blasphem'd and doubted  
In the schools of Greece and Rome;  
See the pow'rs of darkness routed,  
Taken at their utmost gloom.

Nature's decorations glisten  
Far above their usual trim;  
Birds on box and laurels listen,  
As so near the cherubs hymn.

Boreas now no longer winters  
On the desolated coast;  
Oaks no more are riv'n in splinters  
By the whirlwind and his host.

Spinks and ouzles sing sublimely,  
"We too have a Saviour born;"  
Whiter blossoms burst untimely  
On the blest Mosaic thorn.

God all-bounteous, all-creative,  
Whom no ills from good dissuade,  
Is incarnate, and a native  
Of the very world he made.

## H Y M N XXXIII.

ST. STEPHEN.

OMAKER! of almighty skill,  
Whose word all wonders can fulfil,  
Where'er the sun, where'er the planets shine,  
Exertion and effect at once are thine.

God! great and manifest around,  
In earth, and air, and depth profound,  
In every movement, animals that breathe,  
And all the beauties visible beneath.

But nobler works about his throne,  
And brighter glories are his own,  
Where high o'er heav'n the loves his Spirit  
mates,  
And virtues, graces, mercies he creates.

A saint is a stupendous thing,  
Sublimest work of Christ the king;  
For ere his blessed Saviour can succeed,  
How many foes to foil, and veins to bleed!

Soon as the Lord resum'd the skies,  
He put up his immortal prize,  
And in a full maturity of soul,  
Great Stephen ran the first, and past the goal.

His therefore is the champion's crown—  
And his the firstlings of renown—  
O GRACE, thou never rais'd a sweeter flow'r,  
Which sprang, and gemm'd, and blossom'd in  
an hour.

Then welcome to a quick reward,  
Ev'n in the bosom of the Lord,  
To hear, "Well done, thou good and faithful  
friend,  
"Receive thy Saviour's joy, that knows no  
end.

"Beyond the bliss of ear or eye,  
"Beyond the heart's conception high,  
"Beyond the topmost flight of mortal ken,  
"Hosanna! hallelujah! and amen."—

#### H Y M N XXXIV.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

**H**OSANNA! yet again,  
Another glorious day,  
Ye cherubs sing and play,  
Ye seraphs swell the strain.

Hail! highly favour'd man,  
Thy name and lot transcend  
All praise that e'er was penn'd  
Since first the verse began.

O dear to Christ supreme,  
His bosom friend declar'd,  
And yet for all he cur'd  
With tenderness extreme.

As Benjamin was blest,  
When he to Egypt came,  
By Joseph full of fame,  
And honour'd o'er the rest.

But Christ was meek and poor,  
No chariot his to ride,  
No Goshen to divide,  
No favours to procure.

Yet in his realms above,  
Which are the highest heav'n,  
First of th' elect elev'n,  
Thou claim'st thy master's love.

#### H Y M N XXXV.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

**L**OVE and pity are ally'd,  
So are cruelty and pride;  
But they never met till now,  
As in Herod's hellish vow.

Ev'ry tyrant of his time  
Stands abash'd at such a crime;  
Not a monster since the flood  
Was in equal guilt of blood.

Rachael, with a mother's grief,  
Sees the ruffians and their chief,  
Piercing heav'n and earth with cries,  
For her children's rescue tries.

"Cherubs lend your aid in air;  
"Seraphim, ye shall not dare  
"Such a scene as this to see,  
"And not succour God and me."

Woman, speed thee back to bliss —  
At a greater price than this,  
Ere the plan of Christ we build,  
Prophecies must be fulfill'd.

Blessed be the Lord's escape,  
When the gulph began to gape,  
And the fiends from hell were sent,  
Man's salvation to prevent.

By the hope which prophets give,  
By the psalmist "he shall live,"  
Sav'd for a sufficient space  
To perform his work of grace.

Though the heav'n and earth shall fail,  
Yet his spirit shall prevail,  
Till all nations have concurr'd  
In the worship of the WORD.

THE END OF THE HYMNS.



A

S O N G

T O

D A V I D.

DAVID the Son of Jesse said, and the MAN who was RAISED UP ON HIGH, the  
ANOINTED OF THE GOD of JACOB, and the SWEET PSALMIST OF ISRAEL said,  
The SPIRIT OF THE LORD spake by ME, and HIS WORD was in my TONGUE.

2 SAM. xxiii. 1, 2.

B b

## C O N T E N T S.

Invocation, ver. 1, 2, 3.—The excellence and lustre of David's character in twelve points of view, ver. 4; proved from the history of his life, to ver. 17.—He consecrates his genius for consolation and edification.—The subjects he made choice of—the Supreme Being—angels; men of renown; the works of nature in all directions, ~~which~~ particularly or collectively considered, to ver. 27.—He obtains power over infernal spirits, and the malignity of his enemies; wins the heart of Michael, to ver. 30.—Shews that the pillars of knowledge are the monuments of God's works in the first week, to ver. 38.—An exercise upon the decalogue, from ver. 40 to 49.—The transcendent virtue of praise and adoration, ver. 50 and 51.—An exercise upon the seasons, and the right use of them, from ver. 52 to 64.—An exercise upon the senses, and how to subdue them, from ver. 65 to 71.—An amplification in five degrees, which is wrought up to this conclusion, That the best poet which ever lived was thought worthy of the highest honour which possibly can be conceived, *as the Saviour of the world was ascribed to his house, and called his son in the body.*

## A

## S O N G T O D A V I D.

## I.

**O** THOU, that sit'st upon a throne,  
 With harp of high majestic tone,  
 To praise the King of kings;  
 And voice of heav'n-ascending swell,  
 Which, while its deeper notes excell,  
 Clear, as a clarion, rings;

## II.

To bless each valley, grove and coast,  
 And charm the cherubs to the post  
 Of gratitude in throngs;  
 To keep the days on Zion's mount,  
 And send the year to his account,  
 With dances and with songs:

## III.

O Servant of God's holiest charge,  
 The minister of praise at large,  
 Which thou may'st now receive;  
 From thy blest mansion hail and hear,  
 From topmost eminence appear  
 To this the wreath I weave.

## IV.

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,  
 Sublime, contemplative, serene,  
 Strong, constant, pleasant, wise!  
 Bright effluence of exceeding grace;  
 Best man!—the swiftness and the race,  
 The peril, and the prize!

## V.

Great—from the lustre of his crown,  
 From Samuel's horn and God's renown,  
 Which is the people's voice;  
 For all the host, from rear to van,  
 Applauded and embrac'd the man—  
 The man of God's own choice.

## VI.

Valiant—the word, and up he rose—  
 The fight—he triumph'd o'er the foes,  
 Whom God's just laws abhor;  
 And arm'd in gallant faith he took  
 Against the boaster, from the brook,  
 The weapons of the war.

## VII.

Pious—magnificent and grand;  
 'Twas he the famous temple plann'd:  
 (The seraph in his soul)  
 Foremost to give the Lord his dues,  
 Foremost to bless the welcome news,  
 And foremost to condole.

## VIII.

Good—from Jehudah's genuine vein,  
 From God's best nature good in grain,  
 His aspect and his heart;  
 To pity, to forgive, to save,  
 Witness En-gedi's conscious cave,  
 And Shimei's blunted dart.

## IX.

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure,  
And love, which could itself inure  
To fasting and to fear—  
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,  
To smite the lyre, the dance compleat,  
To play the sword and spear.

## X.

Sublime—invention ever young,  
Of vast conception, tow'ring tongue  
To God th' eternal theme;  
Notes from yon exaltations caught,  
Unrival'd royalty of thought,  
O'er meaner strains supreme.

## XI.

Contemplative—on God to fix  
His musings, and above the fix  
The sabbath-day he blest;  
'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest prun'd,  
And heavenly melancholy tun'd,  
To bless and bear the rest.

## XII.

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace,  
Rememb'ring, when he watch'd the fleece,  
How sweetly Kidron pur'd—  
To further knowledge, silence vice,  
And plant perpetual paradise  
When God had calm'd the world.

## XIII.

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy  
Satan, and all his powers that lie  
In sempiternal night;  
And hell, and horror, and despair  
Were as the lion and the bear  
To his undaunted might.

## XIV.

Constant—in love to God THE TRUTH,  
Age, manhood, infancy, and youth—  
To Jonathan his friend  
Constant, beyond the verge of death;  
And Ziba, and Mephibosheth,  
His endless fame attend.

## XV.

Pleasant—and various as the year;  
Man, soul, and angel, without peer,  
Priest, champion, sage and boy;  
In armour, or in ephod clad,  
His pomp, his piety was glad;  
Majestic was his joy.

## XVI.

Wise—in recovery from his fall,  
Whence rose his eminence o'er all,  
Of all the most revild;  
The light of Israel in his ways,  
Wise are his precepts, prayer and praise,  
And counsel to his child.

## XVII.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,  
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,  
For all the pangs that rage;  
Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,  
The more than Michal of his bloom,  
Th' Abishag of his age.

## XVIII.

He sung of God—the mighty source  
Of all things—the stupendous force  
On which all strength depends;  
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,  
All period, pow'r, and enterprize  
Commences, reigns, and ends.

## XIX.

Angels—their ministry and meed,  
Which to and fro with blessings speed,  
Or with their cisterns wait;  
Where Michael with his millions bows,  
Where dwells the seraph and his spouse,  
The cherub and her mate.

## XX.

Of man—the semblance and effect  
Of God and Love—the Saint elect  
For infinite applause—  
To rule the land, and briny broad,  
To be laborious in his land,  
And heroes in his cause.



## XXI.

The world—the clustring spheres he made,  
The glorious light, the soothing shade,  
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;  
The multitudinous abyfs,  
Where fecrecy remains in blifs,  
And wisdom hides her skill.

## XXII.

Trees, plants, and flow'rs—of virtuous root;  
Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,  
Choice gums and precious balm;  
Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,  
And with the sweetners of the gale  
Enrich the thankful psalm.

## XXIII.

Of fowl—e'en ev'ry beak and wing  
Which chear the winter, hail the spring,  
That live in peace or prey;  
They that make music, or that mock,  
The quail, the brave domestic cock,  
The raven, swan, and jay.

## XXIV.

Of fishes—ev'ry size and shape,  
Which nature frames of light escape,  
Devouring man to shun;  
The shells are in the wealthy deep,  
The shoals upon the surface leap,  
And love the glancing sun.

## XXV.

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task;  
While the sleek tygers roll and bask,  
Nor yet the shades arouse:  
Her cave the mining coney scoops;  
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,  
The kids exult and brouse.

## XXVI.

Of gems—their virtue and their price,  
Which hid in earth from man's device,  
Their darts of lustre sheathe;  
The jasper of the master's stamp,  
The topaz blazing like a lamp  
Among the mines beneath.

## XXVII.

Blest was the tendernefs he felt  
When to his graceful harp he knelt,  
And did for audience call;  
When satan with his hand he quell'd,  
And in serene fufpenfe he held  
The frantic throes of Saul.

## XXVIII.

His furious foes no more malign'd  
As he fuch melody divin'd,  
And fenfe and foul detain'd;  
Now striking strong, now soothing soft,  
He sent the godly founds aloft,  
Or in delight refrain'd.

## XXIX.

When up to heav'n his thoughts he pil'd,  
From fervent lips fair Michal fmil'd,  
As blush to blush she stood;  
And chofe herfelf the queen, and gave  
Her urmoft from her heart, "fo brave,  
" And plays his hymns fo good."

## XXX.

The pillars of the Lord are fev'n,  
Which ftand from earth to topmoft heav'n;  
His wisdom drew the plan;  
His WORD accomplifh'd the defign,  
From brighteft gem to deepeft mine,  
From CHRIST enthron'd to man.

## XXXI.

Alpha, the caufe of caufes, firft  
In ftation, fountain, whence the burft  
Of light, and blaze of day;  
Whence bold attempt, and brave advance,  
Have motion, life, and ordinance,  
And heav'n itfelf its ftay.

## XXXII.

Gamma fupports the glorious arch  
On which angelic legions march,  
And is with fapphires pav'd;  
Thence the fleet clouds are fent adrift,  
And thence the painted folds, that lift  
The crimfon veil, are wav'd.

## XXXIII.

Eta with living sculpture breathes,  
 With verdant carvings, flow'ry wreathes  
 Of never-wasting bloom;  
 In strong relief his goodly hase  
 All instruments of labour grace,  
 The trowel, spade, and loom.

## XXXIV.

Next Theta stands to the Supreme—  
 Who form'd, in number, sign, and scheme,  
 Th' illustrious lights that are;  
 And one address'd his saffron robe,  
 And one, clad in a silver globe,  
 Held rule with ev'ry star.

## XXXV.

Iota's tun'd to choral hymns  
 Of those that fly, while he that swims  
 In thankful safety lurks;  
 And foot, and chapitre, and niche,  
 The various histories enrich  
 Of God's recorded works.

## XXXVI.

Sigma presents the social droves,  
 With him that solitary roves,  
 And man of all the chief;  
 Fair on whose face, and stately frame,  
 Did God impress his hallow'd name,  
 For ocular belief.

## XXXVII.

OMEGA! GREATEST and the BEST,  
 Stands sacred to the day of rest,  
 For gratitude and thought;  
 Which bless'd the world upon his pole,  
 And gave the universe his goal,  
 And clos'd th' infernal draught.

## XXXVIII.

O DAVID, scholar of the Lord!  
 Such is thy science, whence reward,  
 And infinite degree;  
 O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe!  
 God's harp thy symbol, and thy type  
 The lion and the bee!

## XXXIX.

There is but One who ne'er rebell'd,  
 But One by passion unimpell'd,  
 By pleasures unintric't;  
 He from himself his semblance sent,  
 Grand object of his own content,  
 And saw the God in CHRIST.

## XL.

Tell them I am, JEHOVA said  
 To MOSES; while earth heard in dread,  
 And smitten to the heart,  
 At once above, beneath, around,  
 All nature, without voice or sound,  
 Replied, O Lord, THOU ART.

## XLI.

Thou art—to give and to confirm,  
 For each his talent and his term;  
 All flesh thy bounties share:  
 Thou shalt not call thy brother fool;  
 The porches of the Christian school  
 Are meekness, peace, and pray'r.

## XLII.

Open, and naked of offence,  
 Man's made of mercy, soul, and sense;  
 God arm'd the snail and wile;  
 Be good to him that pulls thy plough;  
 Due food and care, due rest, allow  
 For her that yields thee milk.

## XLIII.

Rise up before the hoary head,  
 And God's benign commandment dread,  
 Which says thou shalt not die:  
 "Not as I will, but as thou wilt,"  
 Pray'd He whose conscience knew no guilt;  
 With whose bless'd pattern vie.

## XLIV.

Use all thy passions!—love is thine,  
 And joy, and jealousy divine;  
 Thine hope's eternal fort,  
 And care thy leisure to disturb,  
 With fear concupiscence to curb,  
 And rapture to transport.

## XLV.

Ask simply, as occasion asks;  
Put mellow wine in season'd casks;  
Till not with ass and bull:  
Remember thy baptismal bond;  
Keep from commixtures foul and fond,  
Nor work thy flax with wool.

## XLVI.

Distribute: pay the Lord his tithe,  
And make the widow's heart-strings blithe;  
Resort with those that weep:  
As you from all and each expect,  
For all and each thy love direct,  
And render as you reap.

## XLVII.

The slander and its bearer spurn,  
And propagating praise sojourn  
To ~~make any~~ welcome last;  
Turn from old Adam to the New;  
By hope futurity pursue;  
Look upwards to the past.

## XLVIII.

Controul thine eye, salute success,  
Honour the wiser, happier blest,  
And for thy neighbour feel;  
Grutch not of mammon and his heaven,  
Work emulation up to heaven  
By knowledge and by zeal.

## XLIX.

O DAVID, highest in the list  
Of worthies, on God's ways insist,  
\* The genuine word repeat.  
Vain are the documents of men,  
And vain the flourish of the pen  
That keeps the fool's conceit.

## L.

PRAISE above all—for praise prevails;  
Heap up the measure, load the scales,  
And good to goodness add:  
The gen'rous soul her Saviour aids,  
But peevish obloquy degrades;  
The Lord is great and glad.

\* Pl. cxix.

## LI.

For ADORATION all the ranks  
Of angels yield eternal thanks,  
And DAVID in the midst;  
With God's good poor, which, last and least  
In man's esteem, thou to thy feast,  
O blessed bride-groom, bidst.

## LII.

For ADORATION seasons change,  
And order, truth, and beauty range,  
Adjust, attract, and fill:  
The grass the polyanthus cheques,  
And polish'd porphyry reflects,  
By the descending rill.

## LIII.

Rich almonds colour to the prime  
For ADORATION; tendrils climb,  
And fruit-trees pledge their gems;  
And † Ivis with her gorgeous vest  
Builds for her eggs her cunning nest,  
And bell-flowers bow their stems.

## LIV.

With vinous syrup cedars spout;  
From rocks pure honey gushing out,  
For ADORATION springs:  
All scenes of painting croud the map  
Of nature; to the mermaid's pap  
The scaled infant clings.

## LV.

The spotted ounce and playful cubs  
Run rustling 'mongst the flow'ring shrubs,  
And lizards feed the moss;  
For ADORATION † beasts embark,  
While waves upholding halcyon's ark  
No longer roar and toss.

† Humming-bird.

‡ There is a large quadruped that preys upon fish, and provides himself with a piece of timber for that purpose, with which he is very handy.

## LVI.

While Israel sits beneath his fig,  
 With coral root and amber sprig  
     The wean'd advent'rer sports;  
 Where to the palm the jafmin cleaves,  
 For ADORATION 'mong the leaves  
     The gale his peace reports.

## LVII.

Increasing days their reign exalt,  
 Nor in the pink and mottled vault  
     Th' opposing spirits tilt;  
 And, by the coasting reader spy'd,  
 The silverlings and cruisions glide  
     For ADORATION gilt.

## LVIII.

For ADORATION rip'ning canes  
 And cocoa's purest milk detains  
     The western pilgrim's staff;  
 Where rain in claping boughs inclos'd,  
 And vines with oranges dispos'd,  
     Embow'r the social laugh.

## LIX.

Now labour his reward receives,  
 For ADORATION counts his sheaves  
     To peace, her bounteous prince;  
 The nectarine his strong tint imbibes,  
 And apples of ten thousand tribes,  
     And quick peculiar quince.

## LX.

The wealthy crops of whit'ning rice,  
 'Mongst thynne woods and groves of spice,  
     For ADORATION grow;  
 And, marshall'd in the fenced land,  
 The peaches and pomegranates stand,  
     Where wild carnations blow.

## LXI.

The laurels with the winter strive;  
 The crocus burnishes alive  
     Upon the snow-clad earth:  
 For ADORATION myrtles stay  
 To keep the garden from dismay,  
     And bleis the sight from dearth.

## LXII.

The pheasant shows his pompous neck;  
 And ermine, jealous of a speck  
     With fear eludes offence:  
 The sable, with his glossy pride,  
 For ADORATION is descried,  
     Where frosts the wave condense.

## LXIII.

The chearful holly, pensive yew,  
 And holy thorn, their trim renew;  
     The squirrel hoards his nuts:  
 All creatures batten o'er their stores,  
 And careful nature all her doors  
     For ADORATION shuts.

## LXIV.

For ADORATION, DAVID's psalms  
 Lift up the heart to deeds of alms;  
     And he, who kneels and ~~changes~~,  
 Prevails his passions to controul,  
 Finds meat and med'cine to the soul,  
     Which for translation pants.

## LXV.

For ADORATION, beyond match,  
 The scholar bulfinch aims to catch  
     The soft flute's iv'ry touch;  
 And, careless on the hazle spray,  
 The daring redbreast keeps at bay  
     The damsel's greedy clutch.

## LXVI.

For ADORATION, in the skies,  
 The Lord's philosopher espies  
     The Dog, the Ram, and Rose;  
 The planets ring, Orion's sword;  
 Nor is his greatness less ador'd  
     In the vile worm that glows.

## LXVII.

For ADORATION \* on the strings  
 The western breezes work their wings,  
     The captive ear to sooth.—  
 Hark! 'tis a voice—how still, and small—  
 That makes the cataraacts to fall,  
     Or bids the sea be smooth.

\* Æolian harp.

## LXVIII.

For ADORATION, incense comes  
 From bezoar, and Arabian gums;  
 And from the civet's furr.  
 But as for pray'r, or ere it faints,  
 Far better is the breath of saints  
 Than galbanum and myrrh.

## LXIX.

For ADORATION from the down,  
 Or dam'sins to th' anana's crown,  
 God sends to tempt the taste;  
 And while the luscious zest invites,  
 The sense, that in the scene delights,  
 Commands desire be chaste.

## LXX.

For ADORATION, all the paths  
 Of grace are open, all the baths  
 Of purity refresh:  
 And all the rays of glory beam  
 To deck the man of God's esteem,  
 Who triumphs o'er the flesh.

## LXXI.

For ADORATION, in the dome  
 Of Christ the sparrows find an home;  
 And on his olives perch:  
 The swallow also dwells with thee,  
 O man of God's humility,  
 Within his Saviour's CHURCH.

## LXXII.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,  
 And drops upon the leafy limes;  
 Sweet Hermon's fragrant air:  
 Sweet is the lily's silver bell,  
 And sweet the wakeful tapers smell  
 That watch for early pray'r.

## LXXIII.

Sweet the young nurse with love intense,  
 Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;  
 Sweet when the lost arrive:  
 Sweet the musician's ardour beats,  
 While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,  
 The choicest flow'rs to hiva.

\* The sword-fish.

## LXXIV.

Sweeter in all the Strains of love,  
 The language of thy turtle dove,  
 Pair'd to thy swelling chord;  
 Sweeter with ev'ry grace endu'd,  
 The glory of thy gratitude,  
 Respir'd unto the Lord.

## LXXV.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;  
 Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,  
 Which makes at once his game:  
 Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;  
 Strong through the turbulent profound  
 Shoots \* xiphias to his aim.

## LXXVI.

Strong is the lion — like a coal  
 His eye-ball — like a bastion's mole  
 His chest against the foes:  
 Strong the gier-eagle on his sail,  
 Strong against tide, th' enormous whale  
 Emerges, as he goes.

## LXXVII.

But stronger still, in earth and air,  
 And in the sea, the man of pray'r;  
 And far beneath the tide;  
 And in the feat to faith assign'd,  
 Where ask is have, where seek is find,  
 Where knock is open wide.

## LXXVIII.

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;  
 Beauteous the multitudes in mail,  
 Rank'd arms and crested heads:  
 Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,  
 Walk, water, medicated wild,  
 And all the bloomy beds.

## LXXIX.

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn;  
 And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn,  
 The virgin to her spouse:  
 Beauteous the temple deck'd and fill'd,  
 When to the heav'n of heav'ns they build  
 Their heart-directed vows.

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## LXXX.

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,  
The shepherd king upon his knees,  
For his momentous trust;  
With wish of infinite conceit,  
For man, beast, mute, the small and great,  
And prostrate dust to dust.

## LXXXI.

Precious the bounteous widow's mite;  
And precious, for extreme delight,  
\* The largess from the churl:  
Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,  
And † alba's blest imperial rays,  
And pure cerulean pearl.

## LXXXII.

Precious the penitential tear;  
And precious is the sigh sincere,  
Acceptable to God:  
And precious are the winning flow'rs,  
In gladsome Israel's feast of bow'rs,  
Bound on the hallow'd sod.

## LXXXIII.

More precious that diviner part  
Of David, ev'n the Lord's own heart,  
Great, beautiful, and new:  
In all things where it was intent,  
In all extreams, in each event,  
Proof — answ'ring true to true.

\* Sam. xxv. 18.      † Rev. xi. 17.

## LXXXIV.

Glorious the sun in mid career;  
Glorious th' assembled fires appear;  
Glorious the comet's train:  
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;  
Glorious th' almighty stretch'd-out arm;  
Glorious th' enraptur'd main:

## LXXXV.

Glorious the northern lights astream;  
Glorious the song, when God's the theme;  
Glorious the thunder's roar:  
Glorious hosanna from the den;  
Glorious the catholic amen;  
Glorious the martyr's gore:

## LXXXVI.

Glorious — more glorious is the crown  
Of Him, that brought salvation down  
By meekness, call'd thy Son;  
Thou art stupendous truth believ'd,  
And now the matchless deed's atchiev'd,  
DETERMIN'D, DARD, and DONE.

## F I N I S.

## E R R A T U M.

Page 101. col. 2. 5th stanza, l. 1. for *fore* r. *flora*. Ibid. l. 2. for *fore* r. *flora*.